ESTABLISHED 1831

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34 East 12th Street, New York
(Corner University Place)

Leipzig London Paris Berlin

Importers and Exporters of

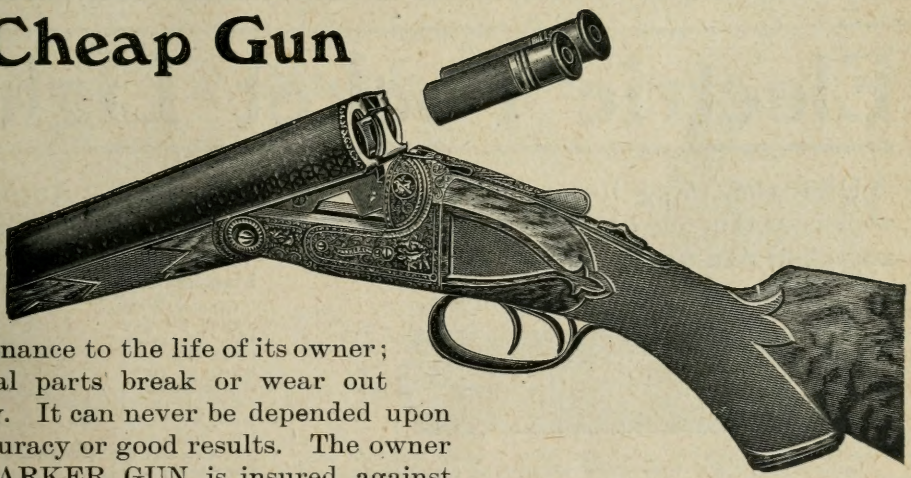
RAW FURS

Highest Prices Prompt Returns Fair Assortments

All shipments kept separate until remittance is found satisfactory.

REFERENCES—Mercantile Agencies and Banks.

A Cheap Gun



is a menance to the life of its owner; its vital parts break or wear out quickly. It can never be depended upon for accuracy or good results. The owner of a PARKER GUN is insured against ALL of these evils.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

N. Y. Salesrooms,
32 Warren St.

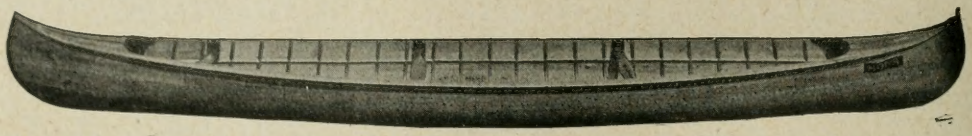
PARKER BROS.
Meriden, Conn.

The Oldest Gun Builders in America.

ROSS CANOES

THE ACME OF PERFECTION.

Safe, Staunch and Reliable. **The Canoe for the long trip.**



Our 1908 models of prospecting and pleasure canoes are now ready for delivery. A large stock to choose from which will satisfy the purchaser under all conditions. Don't fail to send for catalogue.

The J. H. Ross Canoe Co.

ORILLIA, ONT.

Electric Pocket Lights.

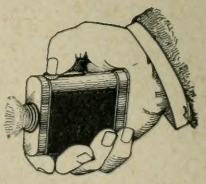
JUST the thing for use in the Camp, Motor Boat, Automobile. Instantaneous light, no danger of fire around gasoline. **Simple—any child can use them.**

New Wonder Flashlights.

Best suited for general use around house or camp, long life of battery, good light. Size 6 in. x 1½ in. **Price complete $1.25. Renewal Battery 25c. Postage 15c.**

Vest Pocket Flashlights

Especially designed for pocket or ladies hand bag, very handy anywhere for light, when required but a few minutes. Size 4 x 2½ x 1. **Price $1.00. Postage 15c.**

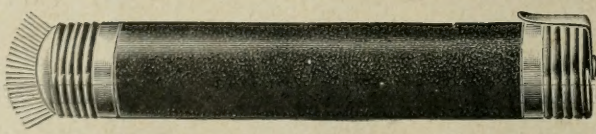


Renewal Battery 35c.

No. 1 Flashlights.

Especially adapted for motor boats, auto, night watchmen, policeman or anywhere where a long light is required. Size 8 in. x 1½ in.

Price complete $1.50.



Renewal battery 35c. Postage 20c.

Don't go to spend your summer vacation without one, you will want it. Send for our circulars. Ignition Batteries for Autos, Launches, Coils, Plugs, etc.

Discount to Dealers.

THE CANADIAN ELECTRIC NOVELTY CO.

Phone Coll. 1786. **334 Spadina Ave., TORONTO, ONT.**

RAINO WATERPROOF CLOTHING

Keeps you dry, clean and comfortable in the heaviest driving storm.

Plenty of materials are SAID to be waterproof. RAINO has PROVEN so by the severest tests.

Raino garments are soft and pliable and will not stick, gum, rot or peel.

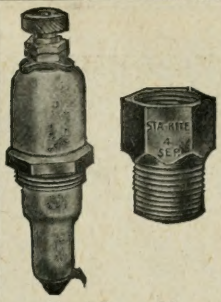
Is the only satisfactory material for hunters, fishermen, yachtsmen, automobilists, etc. Color Olive Drab.

Write for sample and free book of styles.

Dealers can also be supplied.

RAINO CO.

737-761 S. Halsted Street, CHICAGO, U.S.A.



Sta-Rite PLUGS

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Office

WERE RIGHTLY NAMED IN 1902

No. 4 Separable Double Porcelain Price Net, F.O.B. N.Y. $1.25

Double Porcelains do not break because inner heated Porcelain Tube and outer PorcelainCap have their own contraction and expansion. Single Porcelain Plugs are handicapped because contraction and expansion is not uniform and tube either breaks or leaks.

Sta-Rite Joints do not leak
Tension Springs prevent parts loosening
No broken Bolt Heads; they are turned from Solid Bessemer Steel Rods

Sta-Rite air spaces and glazed insulating surfaces permit perfect ignition in oil and soot.
Latest circulars and 25c six inch rule sent free on request. Sta-Rite Mica Plugs $1.50 each.

THE R.E.HARDY CO.

25 WEST 42ND ST., NEW YORK

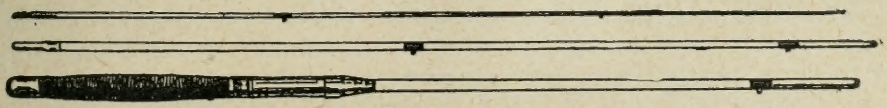
John Forman, Montreal
Rice Lewis & Co., Toronto
A. W. LePage, General Agent for British Columbia, Vancouver, B. C.

The Largest Manufacturers in the World in our Line

Our Goods stand the Test

TRADE MARK

The Patent Unbreakable Silk Bound Rod



THE GREATEST NOVELTY IN FISHING RODS.

Silk bound, waterproof, Split Cane Rod in Trout and Bass. Strongest rod in the world. Every dealer and fisherman should see this rod. Price is most reasonable and within the reach of all. Made only by us in our factory at Toronto

The Allcock, Laight & Westwood Co., Limited

78 Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

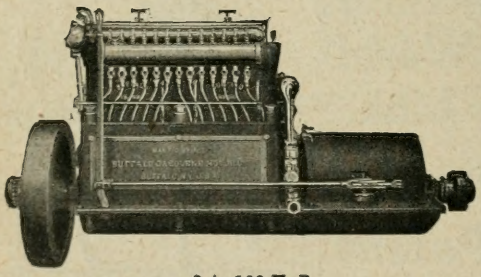
Don't be selfish. If you have smoked the

Van Horne

10c Cigar

and like it tell your friends about it. It is for sale wherever Good Cigars are sold and smoked by the best judges of cigars.

Harris, Harkness & Co., Makers, Montreal.



2 to 100 H. P.

Nothing Useless Put In
Nothing Useful Left Out

This accounts for our success. Buffalo Marine Motors are designed and built to give satisfaction *and do it.*

Write for 1908 catalogue and get posted as to new sizes and styles.

Our New Slow Speed Engine fills a long felt want.

BUFFALO GASOLINE MOTOR CO.

1218-30 Niagara St.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

A GOOD SHOT

means a bullet placed in the vital spot with a sureness and force that kills instantly -

Marlin

Big Game Repeating Rifles

have *Special Smokeless Steel* barrels rifled deep on the Ballard system for greatest possible accuracy and killing power.

The simplicity, strength and perfect adjustment of operating parts insure quick, easy operation.

The *Marlin solid top* is always a protection between your head and the cartridge, and prevents powder and gases blowing back. The *side ejector* never throws a shell into your face or eyes, never disturbs your aim, and allows instant repeat shots. The *closed-in breech* keeps out rain, snow and all foreign matter—keeps your *Marlin* clean and serviceable at all times.

THE SIGN OF A Marlin

Every big game hunter should know these special *Marlin* features. Send for our 136-page catalog. Free for 3 stamps.

The Marlin Firearms Co.,
67 Willow St. NEW HAVEN, CONN.

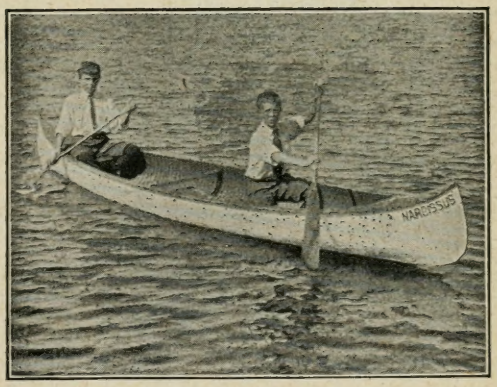
SUPERIOR

WORKMANSHIP MATERIAL—STYLE

Are three of the leading features of every **LAKEFIELD CANOE.** If you are contemplating buying a Canoe next season, before doing so find out all about our models, and we feel satisfied we can PLEASE you in EVERY DETAIL, and also as to **PRICE.**

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

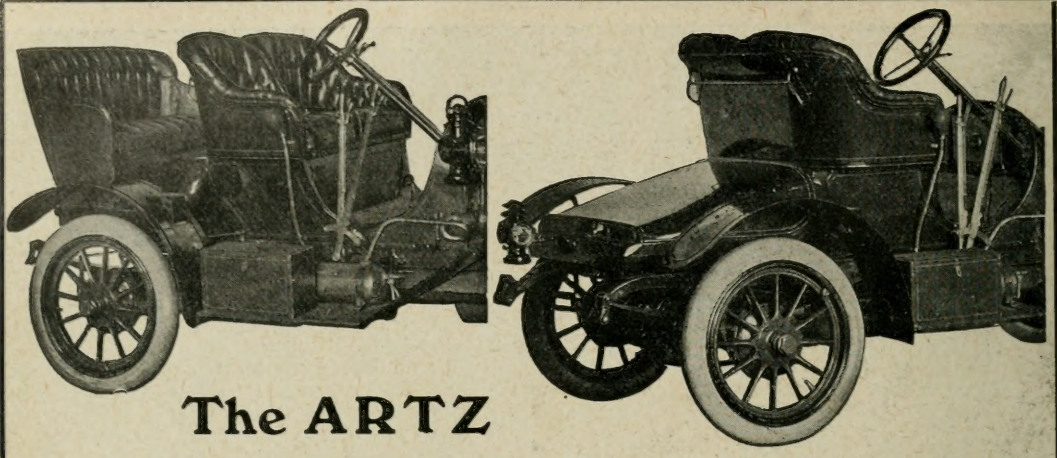
Lakefield Canoe Building & Manufacturing Co., Limited
LAKEFIELD, ONTARIO.



A Matchless Cigar Lighter

Will be sent FREE to anyone sending us One Subscription to Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada. Address,

W. J. TAYLOR, publisher, Woodstock, Ont.



The ARTZ

Folding Tonneau on the MITCHELL RUNABOUT

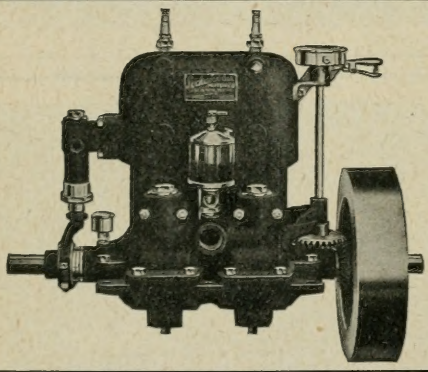
Opened or closed in 5 seconds without the use of any tools. As firm, strong and comfortable as a standing tonneau.

Also made for Fords, Cadillacs, Buicks and many others.

Write for full description and prices to

DAYTON FOLDING TONNEAU COMPANY

DAYTON, OHIO, U. S. A.



This 5 H.P. Twin Cylinder Motor $120

Complete with upright gear driven commutator, Schebeler carburetor, and all electrical and boat equipment including shaft, bronze propellor and stuffing box.

Fully Guaranteed. Immediate Deliveries.

Ask for 1908 catalogue.

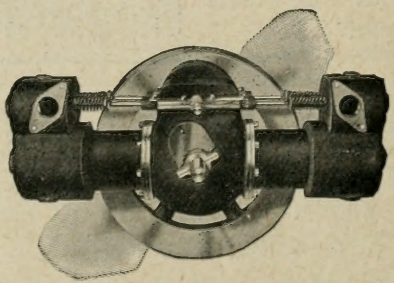
Lockwood-Ash Motor Co.

JACKSON, MICH., U. S. A.

AUTO BOAT AND AUTO MOTORS

10--12 H.P.
18--20 H.P.

Four Cycle
Double Cylinder



Agents Wanted.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Send for Prices and Circulars.

THE BEILFUSS MOTOR CO., LANSING, MICH., U.S.A.

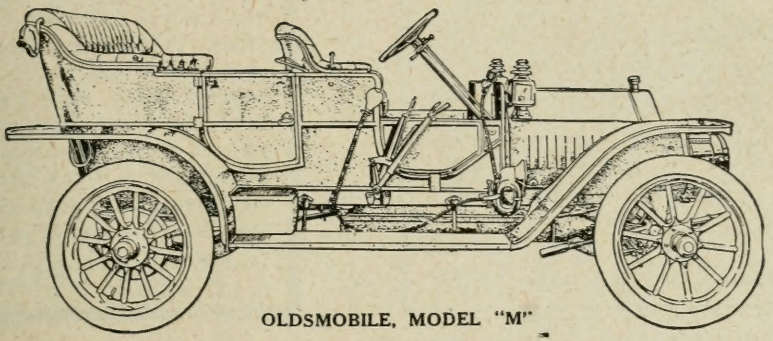
COMPARISON

COMPARE THE SPECIFICATIONS OF THE

OLDSMOBILE

WITH ANY OTHER CAR AT THE PRICE

$3000.00



OLDSMOBILE, MODEL "M"

SPECIFICATIONS

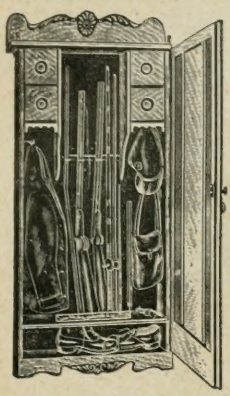
Wheel Base	112 inches
Tread	56 inches
Seating Capacity	Five passenger
Motor	4-cylinder
—Cylinder	4¾ x 4¾ inches
—Bearings	Parson's white brass
—Crank Shaft	Drop forged
—Valves	Cast iron head steel
—Horse Power	36 (A.L.A.M. rating)
Transmission	
—Speeds	3 forward
—Bearings	1 reverse
	Annular (Hess Bright)
—Clutch	Cone, with leather and cork insert lining
Cooling System	
—Radiator	Vertical tube
—Pump	Gear
—Water Capacity	3¾ gallons
Ignition	Jump spark
—Batteries	Storage and dry cells
—Coil	Connecticut
—Commutator	La Coste
—Magneto	Special equiptment Bosch
Carburetor	Venturi with air valve
—Gasoline Capacity	15 gallons
—Gasoline System	Gravity
—Reserve Tank	2 gallons
Brakes	
—Foot Lever	External on hubs
—Hand Lever	Internal on hubs
Springs	
—Front Type	Semi-elliptical
—Dimensions	36 x 2¼ inches
—Rear Type	Full-elliptical
—Dimensions	38 x 2¼ inches
—Shock Absorbers	Foster all around
Steering Gear	
—Type	Worm and nut
—Bearings	Phosphorus bronze
—Wheel	17 inches
Starting Gear	
—Clutch	Hook and pin
—Crank	Extended
Axles	
—Front	I-beam section (single piece
—Bearings	Timken (drop forged
—Rear	Timken
—Bearings	Timken semi-floating
Wheels	
—Front	Ten 1 5-8 inch spokes
—Rear	Twelve 1 5 8 inch spokes
Tires	
—Front	34 x 3½ inches
—Rear	34 x 4 inches
Frame	
—Type	Sub frame
—Material	Open hearth steel
—Section	3½ x 1½ inches
	5-32 inches thick

Would you buy an automobile without first having so famous a car as the Oldsmobile demonstrated to you ?

Frederick Sager, Manager

The Oldsmobile Company OF CANADA, LTD.

80 King St., East Toronto, Canada



$25 Gun Cabinet FOR $12.50

Antique Oak Height 70 in. Width, 28 in. Depth 12 in.

Shooting Jackets

With or Without Collar
THREE GRADES

$3, $4.50 $6

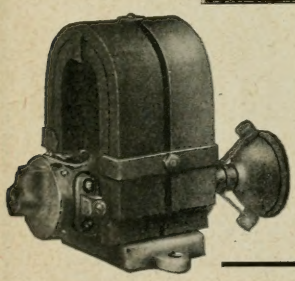
Guaranteed all wool, seamless, elastic, close fitting, comfortable. Made only in three colors—Dead Grass, Oxford, Gray and Scarlet. Send us your address for one of our Gun Catalogues.

H. H. Kiffe Co. 525 Broadway New York

Club Cocktails

If you desire to make a reputation as an expert cocktail mixer, buy the "Club" brand, follow directions, and your friends will wonder where you gained the art. Many a cocktail you have drunk and complimented your host for his art of mixing—the truth is you had a "Club Cocktail." It merely required a little ice to cool it. You can do it just as well.

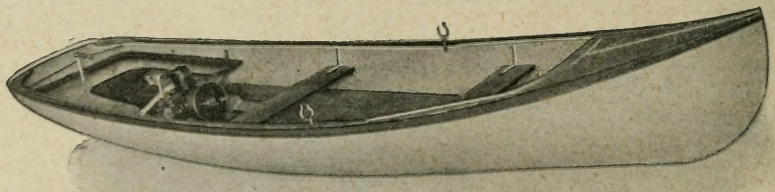
G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., *Sole Proprietors*
29 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.
HARTFORD, CONN. LONDON



WIZARD MAGNETO Absolutely reliable and durable. Make and break or Jump Spark for Marine and Stationary Engines. **Special Magneto for Ford and Maxwell Runabouts.** Try a "WIZARD" on your Engine. Thousands in successful operation.

Canadian Agents: **CANADIAN FAIRBANKS CO.**
MONTREAL VANCOUVER WINNIPEG TORONTO

15 ft. Launch with 1 1-2 H.P. motor.



OUR $150 GASOLINE LAUNCH is a handsome little craft, strongly built, of light draught and most suitable for Sportsmen. Read what a Cleveland gentleman says in reference to the one he purchased from us:—"I have been using the little launch for the past four weeks, and wish to say to you that it is the neatest, best built and most practical small boat in our section of Georgian Bay." Send for catalogue. **McKeough & Trotter Ltd., Chatham, Ont.**

FOX MOTORS

HIGH SPEED - HEAVY DUTY

We sell on the bore and stroke of our cylinders and their capacity in cubic inches. To realize the importance of this matter, send for our catalog.

THE FOX REVERSIBLE GASOLINE ENGINE CO.
208 Front St., South Cincinnati, Newport, Ky.

FOX MOTORS

HIGH SPEED - HEAVY DUTY

Our 15 sizes of High Speed and Heavy Duty Motors are fully described in our catalog. The sanest, most direct and most convincing motor catalog ever issued. Write for it.

THE FOX REVERSIBLE GASOLINE ENGINE CO.
208 Front St., South Cincinnati, Newport, Ky.

FREE!

An Unbreakable Rod

For particulars write premium department, Rod and Gnn and Motor Sports in Canada, Woodstock, Ont.

Best Results from Best Material

"Wellington"

Photographic Plates, Papers and Films.

Ask your dealer or write for booklet

WARD & CO.

13 ST. JOHN STREET, MONTREAL, P. Q.

Dovercourt Kennels

Successful breeders and exhibitors of

High-class Cocker Spaniels, Toy Yorkshires, Poodles and Pmeranians

Puppies and full grown dogs always for sale. Can get you any kind of sporting dog desired. Apply

R. WORR, 149 Dovercourt Road, or
P. HERD, Bay Street Fire Hall, TORONTO
Phone Park 2429.

THE CELEBRATED

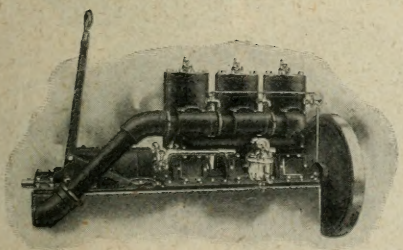
HUNGARIAN and ENGLISH

Partridges and Pheasants

Capercailzies, Black Game, Wild Turkeys, Quails, Rabbits, Deer, etc., for stocking purposes. Fancy Pheasants, Peafowl, Cranes, Storks, Ornamental Geese and Ducks, Foxes Squirrels, Ferrets, etc. All kinds of birds and animals bought and sold.

WENZ & MACKENSEN

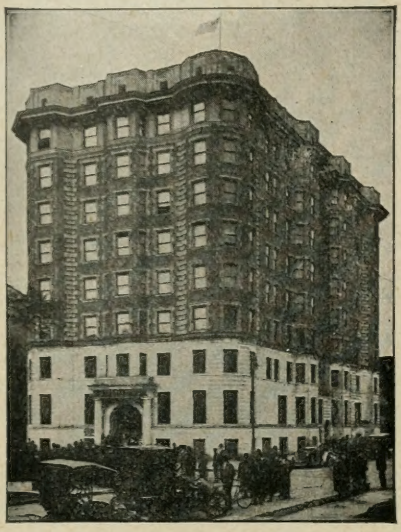
DEPT. K.
PHEASANTRY & GAME PARK, YARDLEY. PA.



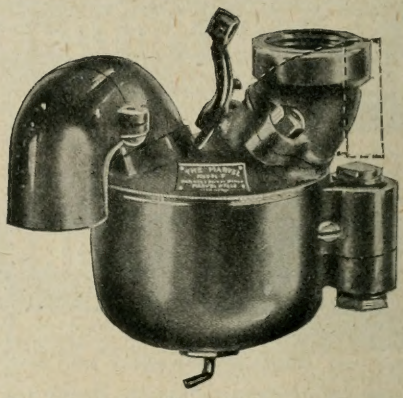
Marine and Stationary Gas and Gasoline Engines.

Hamilton Motor Works, *Limited*
Hamilton, Ont.

WHEN IN DETROIT STOP AT
THE TULLER
Absolutely Fireproof
Cor. Adams Avenue and Park Street



In the centre of the Theatre, Shopping and Business District. A la Carte Cafe. Grille Room. Service Unexcelled. Every Room With Bath. European Plan. Rates $1.50 per day and up.
M. A. SHAW, MANAGER.



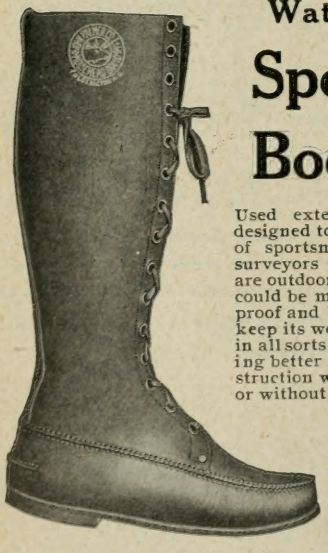
Marvel Carbureters

Best on 2 Cycle Engines
Best on 2 Cylinder, 4 Cycle Engines
Best on Boats
Best on everything

You can return it in 10 days and get your meney back if it does not suit you. Nothing like it. Try it and see.

Marvel Manufacturing Co.
Indianapolis, Indiana, U.S.A.

Palmer's Moosehead Brand
Waterproof
Sporting Boots



Used extensively by and designed to meet the views of sportsmen, prospectors, surveyors and others who are outdoors. No other boot could be made more waterproof and better adapted to keep its wearer comfortable in all sorts of weather. Nothing better for railway construction work. Made with or without sole and heel.

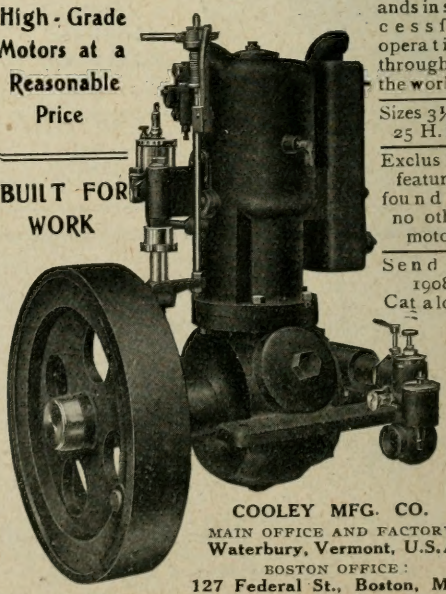
Write for "R" Catalogue showing different styles.

JOHN PALMER CO., Limited
Fredericton, N. B., Canada.
Largest manufacturers of Oil Tan Waterproof Footwear in the world.

The Cooley Motor
New Model 1908

High-Grade Motors at a Reasonable Price

BUILT FOR WORK



Fourteen years in use. Thousands in successful operation throughout the world

Sizes 3½ to 25 H.P.

Exclusive features found on no other motor

Send for 1908 Catalog

COOLEY MFG. CO.
MAIN OFFICE AND FACTORY:
Waterbury, Vermont, U.S.A.
BOSTON OFFICE:
127 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

STOP ASTHMA ATTACKS

Asthma Cured by a Simple Home Treatment

It will be joyful news to thousands of Asthma sufferers to learn that this malady, which causes so much distress at this season of the year, can be cured by a simple home treatment.

Written testimony of the wonderful results obtained by this method reach the Toxico Laboratory, 1123 Broadway, New York City, every day, and in order that every one may test Toxico's merits, a demonstration of the method, also a treatment, will be mailed free of cost to any request.

MALARIA CONQUERED

Expert Medical Scientists Announce Startling Results Obtained by Malaxo

From the latest advices of a coterie of medical experts, it is evident that malaria has at last met its master. Quinine and its associated pallatives have been superseded by Malaxo, the new compound, which acts quickly and with better results.

This compound will prove a great boon to sufferers, and in order to hasten its introduction, The International Remedy Company, 1123 Broadway, New York City, has offered to send a free trial by mail on receipt of a written request.

After Shaving

USE

MENNEN'S

BORATED TALCUM

TOILET POWDER

and insist that your barber use it also. **It is Antiseptic,** and will **prevent** any of the skin diseases often contracted.

A positive relief for **Sunburn, Chafing, Prickly Heat** and all afflictions of the skin. Removes odor of perspiration. **Get Mennen's**—the original.

Put up in **non-refillable** boxes—the **"Box that Lox."** Sold everywhere or mailed for **25** cents. *Sample free.*

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) *Talcum Toilet Powder. Sample free.*

Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 1542.

GERHARD MENNEN, Newark, N. J.

First-Class Fishing Tackle

C. FARLOW & CO., Ltd.

ESTABLISHED OVER 60 YEARS.

Salmon and Trout
Rods
Reels
Lines
Casts
Flies

and all other requisites.

Catalogue with 12 beautiful and true coloured plates of salmon and trout flies and 250 other illustrations will be sent to any address post free.

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Anglers who visit this exhibition should not fail to see our stand. It is in the Palace of Equipment of Sporting Goods and Fisheries. Building No. 3 A.

10 Charles Street, St. James Square, S. W. and 191 Strand W. C.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

Telegrams—Greenheart, London.

NO NEED TO WORRY if you send your family out in a

CHESTNUT SPONSON CANOE

Is especially fitted with air chambers from bow to stern. Under the worst conditions of weather or water there is no danger of the canoe upsetting or sinking.

WILL NOT SINK

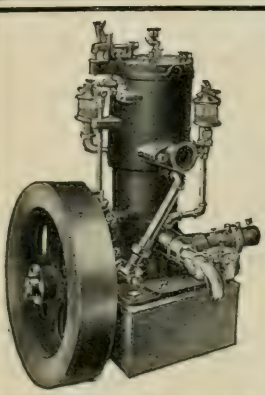
if filled with water. Three people sitting on the gunwale will not upset it. Canoe cannot leak as it is covered with a seamless sheet of specially woven canvas which is not affected by the action of salt or fresh water or heat or cold.

Write for illustrated catalogue and prices.

CHESTNUT CANVAS OVERED CEDAR CANOES

THE CHESTNUT CANOE CO., Limited

YORK STREET,
Fredericton, N. B.



THE ROYAL ENGINE

Dependable
Serviceable
Satisfactory

Built for hard work and does it, too.

Positive in action and easy to operate.

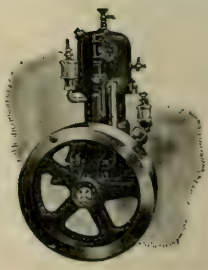
Has no useless weight, but every ounce of material means strength and power.

2½-5-7 h.p. Single Cylinder. **5-10-15 h.p. Double Cylinder.**

ROYAL EQUIPMENT CO.

154 Housatonic Ave., **BRIDGEPORT, CONN.**

PALMER MOTORS



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25 MOTORS PER DAY

1 1-2 to 25 Horsepower; One, Two and Four Cylinder; Two or Three Port; Jump or Snap Spark Ignition; Two or Four Cycle. ***Send for New 1908 Catalog*** (*R & G*)

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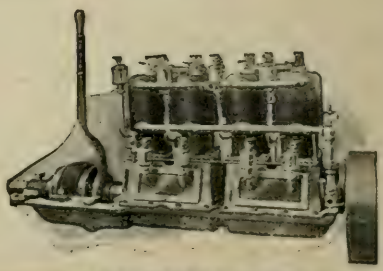
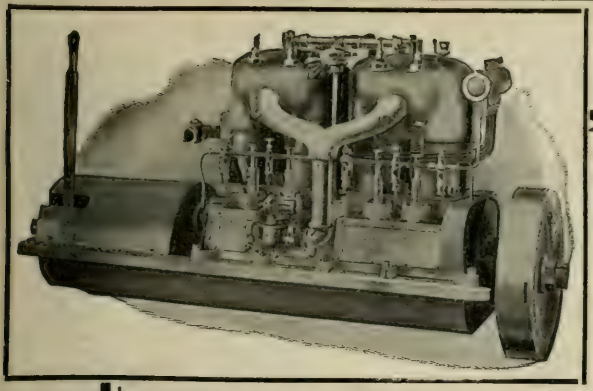




Another Sterling Victory

Sterling Engine Co., Buffalo, N.Y.

Gentlemen:—The launch "Konocti" won the Pacific Coast championship at Sacramento at 26 09 miles per hour. Equipped with STERLING 6 cylinder 45-65. Have done better than 28 miles with boat.

(Signed) PRENTISS N. GRAY
Merchants' Exchange,
San Francisco, Cal.

This is one of the many letters that we are getting from different parts of the country where **STERLING ENGINES** have proved themselves to be "all to the good."

The Sterling Fisherman

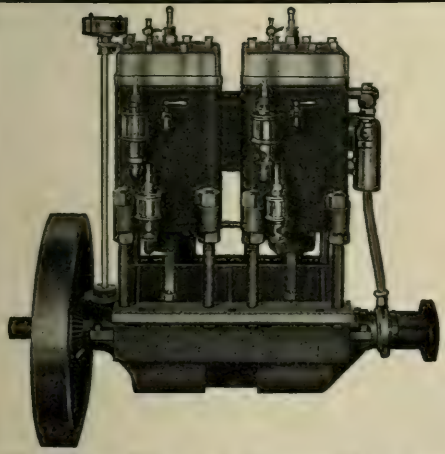
12 H. P., Two Cylinder—Four Cycle.

An Endurance Engine built for heavy continuous service in working boats. Diameter of crank shaft 2¼ in.—all other working parts correspondingly heavy. This engine was especially designed for the fisherman and may be relied upon under all conditions and in any weather.

Write for new 48 page catalog showing complete Sterling line.

Sterling Engine Co., Buffalo, N.Y. U.S.A.

Member National Association of Engine and Boat Manufacturers.



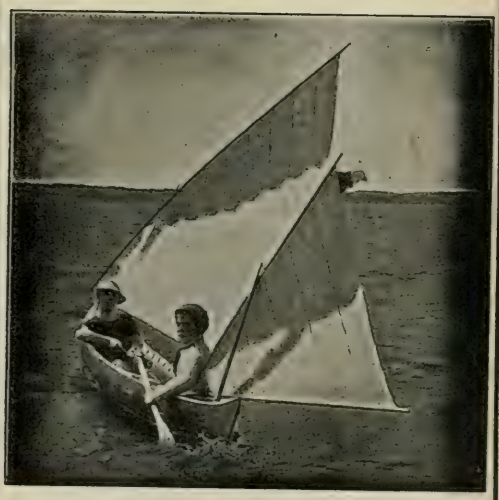
"Looks like a Steam Engine and Runs like one"

that's what one user says of the

Moore Open Crank Case Two - Cycle Motors

PALMER-MOORE CO. Joy Building, Syracuse, N. Y.

Greater New York Representatives; Terry Engine Co., Bryant Park-Bldg., New York City.



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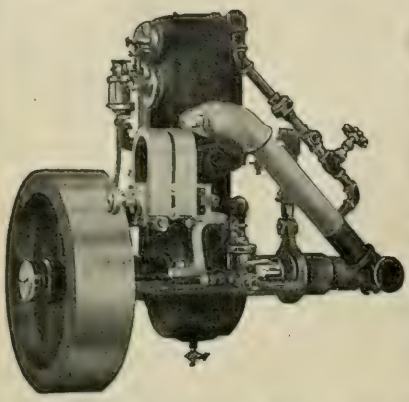
The William English Canoe Co.

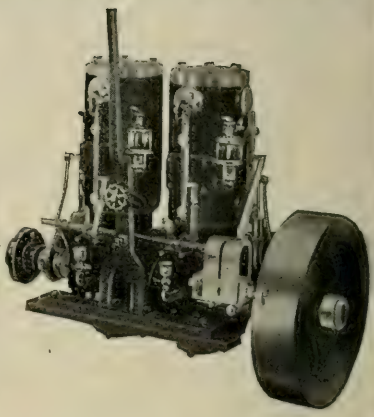
PETERBOROUGH, ONT.

ADAMS



This Canadian Engine

has been in use in all parts of the British Empire for the past five years, and is a reliable, seagoing machine. This reliability is no accident, but is secured by thorough construction and equipment. Made in five sizes from 2 h. p. to 10 h. p. Large stock always on hand for prompt shipment. The Adams catalog fully describes our goods, and is sent free on request. Correspondence solicited.



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PENETANGUISHENE, ONT. AND VANCOUVER, B. C.

CANADA.

Sullivan Hook & Reel Guard

Keeps the Reel on the Rod and Holds the Hook.

Attaches to any size rod, either above or below the reel band. Absolutely prevents the reel from slipping. Holds any sort of hook, single, or one of a series, and does not injure the fly or other artificial lure. Simple, and always sure and *safe*. After a first use it will be found indispensable. Nickel plated and polished.

Price 35c in Canada
25c in United States

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Because the Never Miss No. 8 is Guaranteed for 1 year's wear

No Trouble
No Sooting
No Short Circuits
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Real Spark Plug satisfaction and at the price you ought to pay.

$1.00 each
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Don't Wait
Do it To-day
Order a Set

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NEVER MISS SPARK PLUG CO.

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THE LEFEVER GUN

WON

WORLD'S HIGHEST SHOOTING HONORS

AT THE

OLYMPIC GAMES, UXENDON, ENGLAND

in competition with guns of the greatest American and Foreign manufacturers.

Mr. Walter Ewing of Montreal, Canada, shooting his Lefever Gun is awarded the gold cup for premier honor in this great event shooting 90 per cent. under most adverse conditions. The load of shot in this coveted CHAMPIONSHIP contest was limited to 1 1-8 ounce, which even more conclusively proves the efficiency of our wonderful system of taper boring guns. This system was originated by this company. There were three stages governing this contest including birds thrown from known and unknown traps all at unknown angles. Extract from foreign sporting paper: "To see this worlds champion break clay birds at 70 yards, with a gun containing a game charge, emphasizes the wonderful system of boring this American gun."

MORE LEFEVER VICTORIES

THE LEFVER GUN tied for PROFESSIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP OF UNITED STATES at GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP—June 26, 1908, Columbus, Ohio. Mr. H. E. Buckwalter shooting a LEFEVER.

WON

PRELIMINARY HANDICAP at Boston July 15, 1908 Lefever Gun also won SECOND HIGH PROFESSIONAL. Mr. Geo. B. Buchanan shooting a Lefever at Winnipeg Canada, July 14th, '08.

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CHAMPIONSHIP OF WESTERN CANADA and also

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LEFEVER GUNS ARE SOLD BY ALL SPORTING GOODS DEALERS

The Lefever Arms Co.
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The "Kawartha" Special

The R. M. Beal Leather Co., Limited

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The "NIFTY" LARRIGAN and Sporting Boot Makers of Canada

Manufacturers of the Celebrated **"John Bull" Brand**

The "Forest King."

These goods are made with SOLES & HEELS or WHOLE SOLES and guaranteed to be superior to anything on the market.

If your dealer does not keep them in stock, write us direct.

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For
Yachting
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Sport
is

A Good, Strong, Well-made Reliable Sweater or Sweater Coat

And the best should be only good enough for you

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Knit-to-fit
REGISTERED & PATENTED

on a Sweater, **BUY IT.** You are getting the very best that money can procure. No danger that your Sweater is worn through before half you holiday is over ; they will stand almost any kind of rough handling. That is why we say "satisfaction guaranteed or money back." Made in any color or combination of colors.

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Jersey Coat, light weight, V neck only, no pockets, at $1.75.

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THE KNIT-TO-FIT MFG. CO'Y

597 St. Catherine Street, West *MONTREAL, P. Q.*

Do You Want Good Sport This Fall?--

THEN ASK FOR

English Schultze Smokeless Gunpowder

The MOST RELIABLE, CLEANEST and MOST UNIFORM powder on the Canadian market; unrivalled for PATTERN, PENETRATION and VELOCITY.

The following List of Championships won with English Schultze powder is another absolute record:

Triennial Championship, Monte Carlo (held nine years continuously), viz:	1889—1898
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The Championship at Aix-les-Bains	1895
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The Championship at Ostend	1897
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The Challenge Cup, Melbourne	1897
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The Championship at Florence	1904
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The Championship of New South Wales	1904
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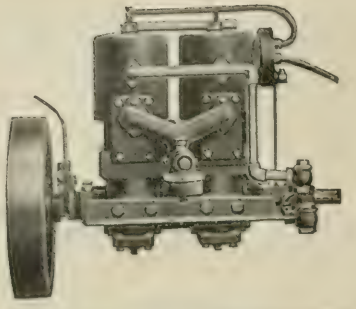
English Schultze

is to be had of all dealers, or write

The London and Toronto Trading Co.

14 Front Street East, Toronto, Ont.

for special assorted case of 25 lbs.



Did You Ever Stop To Think

that a two-cycle motor built without some means to prevent leakage around the crank shaft will soon wear and lose more gas at this point than the price of the motor in a short time.

THE CUSHMAN

is the only two-cycle motor having adjustable bearing that cannot leak under any conditions. Made in single and double cylinder. Made for the man who wants the best.

If interested write for Catalogue

Cushman Motor Co.

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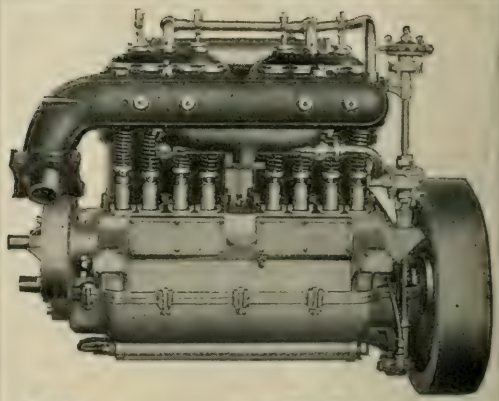

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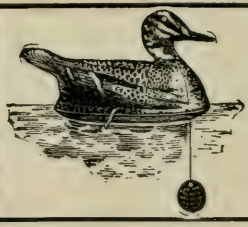
WORK LIKE BEAVERS.

SIZES: 28 H. P. four cylinder vertical. 12 h.p. and 18 h.p. horizontal opposed
Normal speed 1000 revolutions per minute.

HIGH SPEED. HIGH GRADE.
LOW PRICE.

Beaver Mfg. Co. *241 Oregon St. Milwaukee, Wis.*



PNEUMATIC COLLAPSIBLE CANVAS DECOYS and ACME Folding Canvas Decoys are in reality the only Collapsible decoys made LIFELIKE and CONVENIENT. Circulars of each kind mailed on request.

Canvas Decoy Co.,
Union City, Tenn., U.S.A

Catch 'em and Hold 'em.

THE NEWHOUSE TRAP

is absolutely reliable. Never fails to hold the game. Positive in action, easy to set, will not get out of order.

Made in all sizes to catch anything from a rat to a bear.

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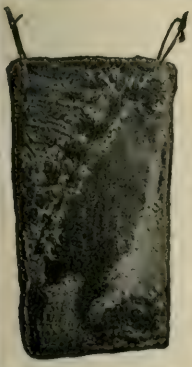
ONEIDA COMMUNITY, Ltd.

Niagara Falls, Ontario



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there is nothing goes quite so well as a bit of good fat bacon. If you have not been used to fat bacon — try it — the doctors say it is good and after you have tried it you will say so too. Ask your grocer to get you

'Star Brand'

English Breakfast

BACON

Made by

F. W. FEARMAN CO., Ltd.
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All Fearman's goods are Government inspected.

THIS BOAT FOLDS INTO A PACKAGE.

It's Solid and Stiff when in use—collapsible and quickly made portable. Carried by hand or in a buggy. Tempered, galvanized, light steel ribs give both strength and lightness. Is a revelation in boat construction. Non-sinkable. Puncture proof. No repairs. No cost for storage. Wears longer than a wooden boat. We make all sizes and styles for every purpose. Our catalogue—100 engravings—sent on receipt of 6 cts.

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Be Strong—Well—Handsome—Successful

I have an entire building in Chicago. I have treated 50,000 run-down business men.

You don't need to pay me $1000 as many individual business men have done. Simply send for my new book, which tells all about my methods.

I have restored more tired, depressed, nervously-exhausted business men to health than any other living man. For 15 years I have been doing this one thing. I have 150 employes in a big 8-story building engaged in this work. My patients have numbered thousands of the biggest men in Chicago's business and professional life—millionaires, manufacturers, bankers, club-men, clergymen, judges and professional men. I have the signed statements of thousands of them—men at the heads of the biggest concerns in America—that I restored them to vigorous, bounding health—put them in the very pink of physical condition. I have their statements that I doubled their working capacity, freed them from the need of taking vacations and restored to them the chief joy in life—robust health—and all this without apparatus, without medicine.

Let me send you printed matter concerning the method taught them. You can do what they have done right in your own home by this simple method. Your request for their statements and for printed matter puts you under no obligation to me.

Tear out this ad, write name and address on margin, mail to

Sylvester J. Simon, 14 Quincy Street, Chicago.

SIMPLE---ECONOMICAL---RELIABLE

The "AJAX" Marine Motor is designed on the two-stroke principle—the crank shaft receives an impulse at every revolution. This gives the "AJAX" a distinct advantage over four-stroke motors and results in more power and greater efficiency.

"AJAX" MARINE MOTORS

BRITISH MADE

are so simple and reliable that they can be run continuously for a week or longer by anyone with the minimum of attention. Before deciding on a motor, WRITE FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND FULL INFORMATION TO

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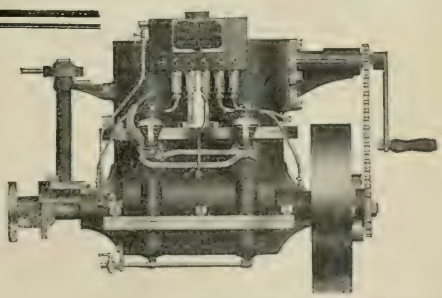
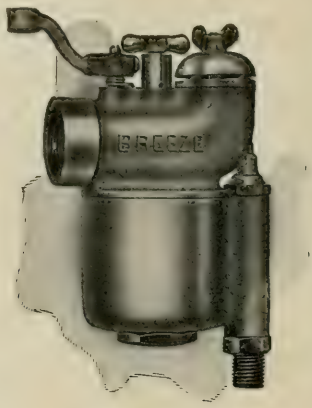


THE "AJAX" TWO-CYLINDER MOTOR

These Motors are made in various sizes from 2½ b. h. p. to 21 b. h. p. with one, two or three cylinders



1909 MODEL, AA SIZE
Patents Applied for

The New "Baby Breeze"

A Real Motorcycle Carbureter for $10

CUT SHOWS HALF ACTUAL SIZE.
WEIGHT, TEN OUNCES.

HANDSOME APPEARANCE.
A HUSTLER FOR RESULTS.

Considerate attention should be given by prospective purchasers of Carbureters to the Breeze product. No extravagant claims are published for sensational purposes, but the goods speak for themselves through their wide adaptability and the success attending their use. In the following events of the last few weeks, the Breeze was the Carbureter equipment of the winner and helped win :

Jackson Car—Skippack Hill Climb
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Cameron Car—Economy and Speed Race with Ford and Overland at Baltimore.

Send for our Text Book on "Carbureters and Engine Troubles" 36 pages of good common sense. This booklet evidences that after selling a Carbureter we do not leave the purchaser to find out himself how to get results—WE TELL HIM.

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Builders of Carbureters, Strainers and Check Valves.

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Norwich, Conn.,
October, 1908.

A special price-duty paid, delivered, for the first order from your locality for a Tobin Trap Gun with either Single Trigger or Automatic Ejector or both. Write for this quotation.

TOBIN ARMS MFG. CO.
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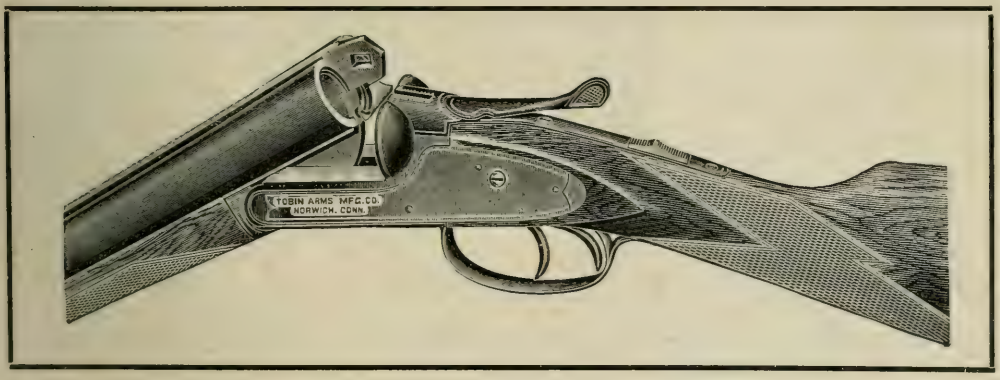
"Every Tobin Gun built to sell another"—this means quality.



If a combination of the **Most Simple Action, the Best Kind of Material and The Know How** will make the article, we have it. We are making a specialty of

GOOD GUNS
FOR
GOOD SHOOTERS

made the way you want them.

The Tobin Positive Single Trigger does what it is intended to do, you cannot double it. This is the kind that you have been waiting for.

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From $175.00 up.
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H. E. GIDLEY & CO.
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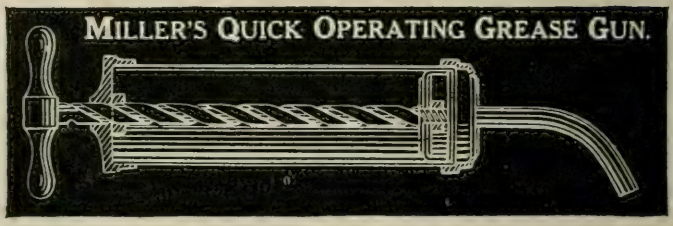
ALL consistencies of grease can be filled and ejected from the gun, with the exception of soap, in 30 seconds. Greese cannot back up in the gun barrel. Every gun is fully guaranteed. Write for price at once.



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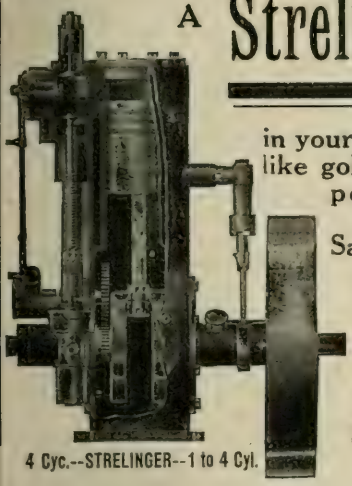
MULLERITE
THE PERFECT BULK SMOKELESS POWDER.
HARDEST GRAIN. HIGHEST VELOCITIES
DEEPEST PENETRATION
GUARANTEED SUPERIOR to ANY SMOKELESS POWDER
TRY IT LOAD FOR LOAD WITH ANY SMOKELESS
YOU WILL BE CONVINCED

SCHOVERLING BROS., Sole Agents
6 Read Street, New York City.
Your local dealer can supply any load you wish; if not let us hear from you. A trial is our best argument

A **Strelinger**



in your Launch is like gold in your pocket,
Mighty
Satisfactory
Safe
Simple,
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Reliable
Powerful
The
Strelinger
Always
Goes

4 Cyc.--STRELINGER--1 to 4 Cyl.

"Good as Ever after 10 Years of Service"

Thats the way we build them. GOOD when you buy them, GOOD ALWAYS. TROUBLE LEAVES when the STRELINGER comes aboard. We carry in stock engines from 1 1-2 to 50 H. P. $25 to $2500. 2 and 4 Cycle Marine and Stationary. Send for catalogue. Special bargain on a few sample motors. Write now while the opportunity lasts.

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One of the largest and most comfortable hotels in the Dominion of Canada, and, being adjacent to the Lake, commands a splendid view of Toronto Bay and Lake Ontario. It is well known as one of the coolest houses in summer in Canada, and is elegantly furnished throughout. Rooms en-suite, with bath rooms attached. THE QUEEN'S has been liberally patronized by royality and nobility during their visits to Toronto, and among those who have honored it with their patronage are: His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia; their Royal Highnesses, Prince Leopold, Prince George, Princess Louise, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught; the Marquis of Lorne; the Earl and Countess of Dufferin; the Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne; Lord and Lady Stanley, of Preston; Earl and Countess of Aberdeen. THE QUEEN'S is furnished with all the latest modern improvements.

Long Distance Telephone in Every Room.

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GUN OIL

3 in One is the only perfect gun oil you can buy. Cleans out the barrels. Especially good when smokeless powder is used. Oils the mechanisms, polishes the stock, and positively prevents rust on the metal in any climate and any kind of weather. Use before and after shooting.

3-IN-ONE OIL CO.
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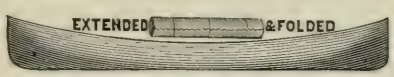

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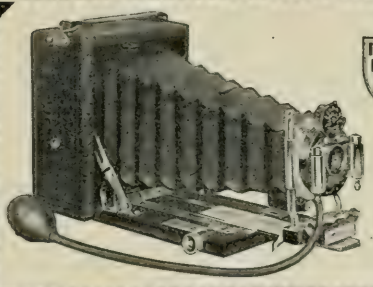
Highest award at St. Louis World's Fair. Adopted by governments U. S., Canada and England. 15 models to select from. Catalogue Free.
ACME FOLDING BOAT CO., Miamisburg, Ohio.



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always represent the highest standard of camera quality. If carefully examined they will win your approbation by their perfection in every detail and the many little features which give them their individuality. Koronas are famous for their lens equipments and they are sold at very reasonable prices fitted with our

TURNER-REICH
Convertible Anastigmat f. 6. 8.
The perfect American lens.

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"Empire" Bulk and "Ballistite" DENSE Smokeless Powders

Leaders in the best class of Nitro Explosives

Grand American Handicap, 1908,
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BALLISTITE WINS

PRELIMINARY HANDICAP	SCORE	95 x 100
AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP	"	222 x 240
HIGH SCORE IN STATE TEAM EVENT	"	97 x 100

EMPIRE WINS

HIGH PROFESSIONAL IN PRELIMINARY HANDICAP	SCORE	95 x 100
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Montreal, P. Q. Toronto, Ont. Victoria, B. C. Kenora, Ont.

"No Fleas on Me"

I AM WASHED WITH

'Standard' Oil of Tar

which is a Non-Poisonous Disinfectant, has a fine odor, perfect in its action, and is the best General Disinfectant on the market.

If your dealer cannot supply you send his name and one dollar for trial gallon tin to

The West Chemical Co.

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MANUFACTURED BY THE

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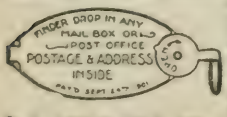

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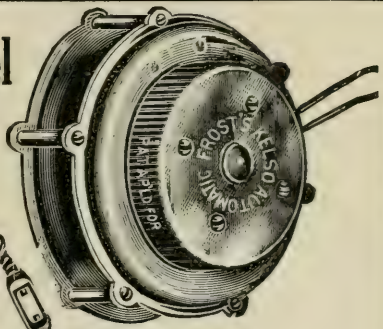

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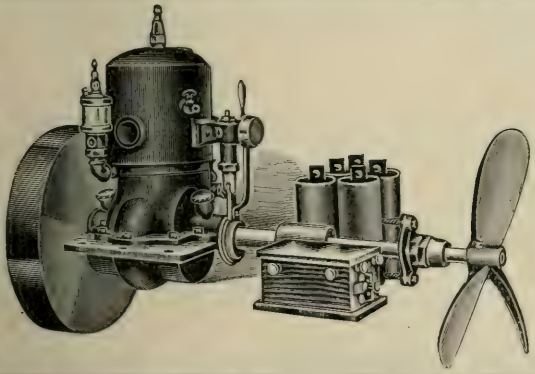

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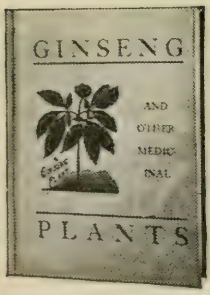

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VOL. X No. 5

Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada

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Communications on all topics pertaining to fishing, shooting, canoeing, yachting, automobiling, the kennel, amateur photography and trapshooting will be welcomed and published if possible. All communications must be accompanied by the name of the writer, not necessarily for publicaiton, however.

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A FINE COLLECTION OF SPORTING TROPHIES.

ROD AND GUN
AND MOTOR SPORTS IN CANADA

VOL. 10 OCTOBER 1908 NO. 5

A Successful Sporting Trip in the North.

Fishing on Manitoulin Island and Hunting on the Mainland.

BY DR. J. WYCLIFFE MARSHALL.

HAVING made up my mind to take a few month's holidays I considered quite a time before finally deciding to go to New Ontario. On May twenty-eight 1907, my wife and I took passage on the S. S. Caribou (Capt. Baxter) leaving Owen Sound at nine in the evening.

As I stated, I intended remaining a few months and accordingly took with me my fishing outfit, consisting of all the paraphenalia necessary to tussle with both speckled trout and bass.

I also took along my Winchester rifle (32 special) and a doubled barrelled shot gun. Every one on board the boat considered me a little previous with firearms at that season of the year, not knowing that I did not intend to return until November. However I said nothing but chewed gum.

We arrived at Manitowaning about noon on May twenty-ninth without incident and found the hotel accommodation bad as mine host Bob McGregor was building a new hotel right over the old one, so we had to look up private lodgings and take our meals inside the double old building.

Mr. McGregor, who had been notified of our coming had spoken to Mrs. B. who kindly took us under her maternal roof, and very comfortable we were during our stay at Manitowaning.

Regarding Mrs. B. I have not time to dilate on her many excellencies. Suffice to say that her bright and warm disposition coupled with her entertaining and descriptive talent, when applied to early pioneer life in a place like Manitoulin was thirty years ago, and down to the present, made our stay there most pleasant and we were sorry when the time came when we had to go, as we had other fields to visit.

We remained at Manitowaning about three weeks when we moved out into the centre of the Island about twenty miles from Manitowaning in the township of Tehkummah, where we were told speckled trout abounded.

We got board and lodgings with a farmer named David Pyette (since deceased) and a comical old stick he was. He could tell all that happened along the northern lakes from Parry Sound to Duluth ever since white men first passed through the unbroken wilderness down to the present time. But it was speckled trout we were after, and it was speckled trout we got.

Through Tehkummah township run two streams, the Blue Jay Creek and Manitou River. The former rises about one mile north of the Pyette homestead and flows through the farm, emptying into Lake Huron near Michael's Bay, about ten miles distant. It crosses the lane about two hundred yards from the house. While I was down in the swamp fishing my wife would go to the bridge in the lane and was generally rewarded

for her trouble by catching a dozen fine trout.

The Blue Jay Creek is a small stream running fairly swift from its source, about three miles, when it gradually widens and is somewhat still from that to its mouth.

Every day I took a stroll down about half a mile and my basket was always pretty well filled in an hour. The family consisted of six, we two making eight. We had trout for breakfast, trout for dinner, and trout for supper, and cold fried trout before retiring, and lots of them, as many as all could put out of sight and always some left. These fish were not large, probably averaging one quarter of a pound with a few half pounders and occasionally one reaching the pound, but the water being icy cold, and no sun striking it they were very pretty. The back and sides were red, but they were the gamiest little fellows I ever caught. Some days the bite was not very good and while I generally used worm bait it failed on such occasions, and as the trees were so close all over the stream, fly fishing was out of the question. At such times my greatest trouble was to get the first one after which I had no trouble.

Most people think that trout will not bite at trout bait, but it is a great mistake. There is a part of a trout which if properly manipulated, is a most excellent bait.

An instance :—Two Americans arrived there one day to fish. They had the most costly outfit I ever saw. I went with them and as it happened that day the trout appeared to be not hungry. I sent them to the good holes. They worked hard about two hours with no results. I asked them to sit down while I would try. I only had worm and it was quite a while before I got a small trout, after which the rest was easy. I returned to them in an hour and a half with ten pounds. They were simply amazed. We went to the house, had dinner, and the afternoon being hot we did not go out till after tea. I started them along the stream ahead of me, I following, fishing the holes where they had just failed to find anything, and brought out a fish or had a good bite every cast. I did not tell them the cause. They were so dissatisfied that they were going away early the next morning. I offered them my fish, but they would not accept as they had not caught them.

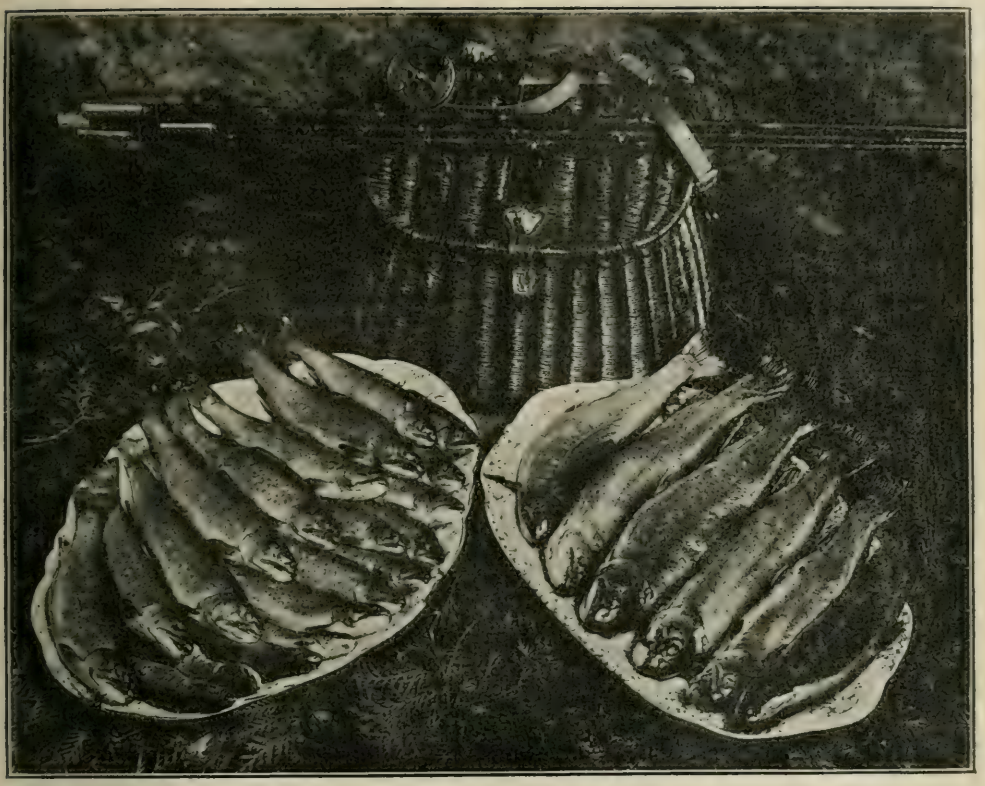
That night they along with my wife and I played whist until about twelve o'clock and we found them very fine chaps so I unfolded to them. They remained the next forenoon and both filled their baskets.

The Blue Jay is a miserably hard stream to fish. It runs through cedar swamps which have had fire through them and the trees are lying in all directions on the ground and across the stream. Weeds grow up above your head, so high that you can't see three yards in front when moving along the stream. It is then that the legs suffer. You stumble and get stuck fast in the jungle, often times making it very difficult to extricate yourself or to know which way to go for a few yards from the stream when you cannot see it. This of course is worse to one not used to the place, so I found it necessary to blaze the trees after which I had no bother.

Talk about mosquitoes, the biggest, hungriest, sharpest billed—(what noun will I use? devils is the best word) I ever saw. Oh ! they are right after a tender foot. They make him jump "Jim Crow." I soon became used to them, becoming naturalized I suppose.

Bears also are quite plentiful along the Blue Jay, although I saw none but heard several moving through the bush at my approach, and often I could smell them. At times I felt alarmed for fear of surprising one at which time I was told they would attack, but if you made plenty of noise they will get out of the way. Often I heard them thump with their paw on their breast, Thump—came the sound, the same as the first flap a partridge gives when starting to drum. I did not see this but was assured by the settlers there that that is what makes a loud thump at intervals.

One night while we were there a neighbor's boy was driving up the cows. He surprised an old she bear with cubs. The bear attacked the boy. He climbed a tree. She followed and the shrieks of the boy brought his father with a rifle.



CAUGHT BY DR. J. WYCLIFFE MARSHALL, IN SYDENHAM RIVER, OWEN SOUND, ONT., MAY 4TH 1908.

Photo by James.

He shot the bear but not before the boy's boot was torn off his foot.

The last day I was there was an ideal day. A warm heavy atmosphere with threatening rain. I went straight to where I considered was the best hole I knew. It was just about sundown when I started. I counted my casts. The reader will consider this over drawn but it is a fact, nevertheless, thirty-two casts and thirty-two trout, not a miss! These thirty-two nicely-filled my fifteen pound basket, average half a pound.

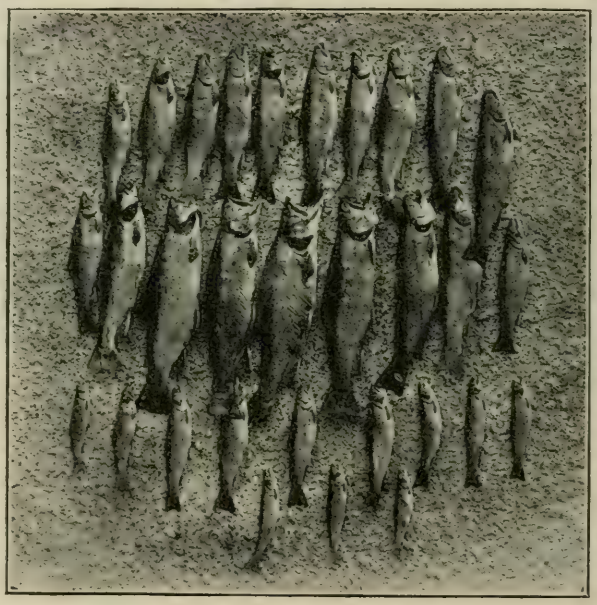
We remained at the Pyette home just one month.

Occasionally during this time I would walk over to the Manitou River for a change, not because I could not have all the sport in the Blue Jay I wanted but one place becomes monotonous.

The Manitou is a beautiful river. It flows out of Lake Manitou through the townships of Sandfield and Tehkummah, emptying into Lake Huron at Michael's Bay, probably three-quarters of a mile from where the Blue Jay empties. It is about fifty yards wide all the way and very swift. The shores are so densely wooded that it is impossible to follow the banks at any place, so wading is the order of the day here. The water is so swift that it is quite difficult most of the time to keep your feet. In some places it is impossible to wade, the water is so swift. Then you have to keep near the shore and hang on to the limbs of trees. Fly fishing does fine here, although I had no flies neither am I an expert with the fly. But I saw a man using three flies on one line and he certainly could use them. It was an ideal evening and he was catching fish all around me. Often I saw him take two at once and once he took three, a thing I never saw done before. He was satisfied then as his basket was full. He

said that was what he was trying to do before he quit.

When I went to the Manitou I was always accompanied by David Pyette. The accompanying photo shows our combined catch one day. The smallest trout in the picture is seven and a half inches long. The largest would easily weigh two pounds although I had no way to weigh them. I think one or two would go two and a half. There are larger fish in the Manitou than I caught in the Blue Jay this trip, but wait till I come back in the later season. These Manitou trout are not so solid nor tasty as the fish in the cold waters of the Blue Jay.



ONE DAY'S CATCH ON THE MANITOU, MANITOULIN, ISLAND.

Photo by Dr. Marshall. Owen Sound.

There are some places along the Manitou where the river widens out into small lakelets with a deep, slow and muddy bottom. I am told that these places along the Manitou are full of very large trout but I failed to get any bait that would tempt them. I occasionally got a very large fish in these waters but not very many. I have taken trout in one place, sometimes three and a half pounds but no larger and only four in all, so I do not think they are very plentiful. There are many interesting incidents I could mention but I am afraid of making my narrative too long. Before leaving I promised Mr. Pyette to return in September for another week's fishing when (as he informed me) the large trout would come up out of Lake Huron to spawn. I will mention this trip later.

We now moved to Gore Bay, the capital of Manitoulin Island. There is no fishing in the immediate vicinity but at Tobacco Lake, about three miles inland, we had splendid bass fishing.

We remained at Gore Bay two weeks when we went to Kagawong. Here is the ideal for tourists ; splendid hotel accomodation at the "Havelock," kept by John Hilliard who with Mrs. Hilliard are known far and wide. We found the hotel full, principally from Memphis and Knoxville, Tennesee, and a right jolly good crowd they were. These people come every year to Kagawong to spend a month or six weeks.

The hotel is situated on the lake shore about one hundred yards from where all steamers along the Manitoulin and North Shore call. Directly behind the hotel the bank rises over one hundred feet high where you find Lake Kagawong, a large inland lake drained by a short river also named Kagawong which tumbles over the precipice quite close to the hotel. Mine host keeps a free bus for his guests to drive them up hill to the lake. There are also boats and guides for anyone who is too lazy to row ; of course, these require extra pay.

The first morning Mrs. M. and I went out on the lake, she holding a trolling line. In one hour she landed into the boat twenty-three fine black bass. We remained at Kagawong about two weeks bass fishing, using principally live frog for bait. These fish are not large, averaging two and a half or three pounds, although I had the good fortune to land a six and a quarter pounder.

In speaking of fish eaters it was at

Kagawong that I met the champion of the art. He would fairly stuff himself with fish, bones and all. He would stuff bones, fish and all into one side of his mouth, separate the bones while in that cavity, drop the bones out at one side and swallow the meat. This was a continuous stream and reminded me of a cream separater, the whey running out of the spout and the cream going down his throat.

Our next move was to Thessalon on the north shore, a great saw-mill town with good hotels but no fishing except after a long drive.

One good place I struck was Basswood Lake about twelve miles in the country. It was a splendid place but I had had enough bass fishing. I heard of a lake twelve miles farther on named Burrows' Lake, and there I went. I had excellent trout fishing there, camping on the shore. A peculiar thing I discovered at this lake that I never knew before was that the trout would not bite in the day time. We built a large fire on the rocks close to the water in the evening and caught very fine trout, averaging two pounds, but the mosquitoes were fearful so we did not stay long but went back to Thessalon for a week's rest.

It was here that I got the first inkling of deer and from that time on I kept my ears open so as to know where to squat when that most interesting season opened. It was now getting on towards September and as I wanted to again visit the Blue Jay we turned our course southward and again called at Gore Bay, and after a week's stay, hired a team and driver who took us to Providence Bay on the south shore of Manitoulin Island twenty-five miles. From this point a stage crosses the Island to Manitowaning and passes the Pyette place. We arrived here about September twelfth, only a couple of days before trout fishing closed.

David Pyette took me down the stream in a buggy about seven miles where there are deep holes and talk about large trout! I never saw the like of them. We only fished at intervals for we had no use for the trout but only tried to see how large a fish we could get. We could see them but they were slow to bite. I caught one measuring over all twenty-one inches in length; the girth I have forgotten.

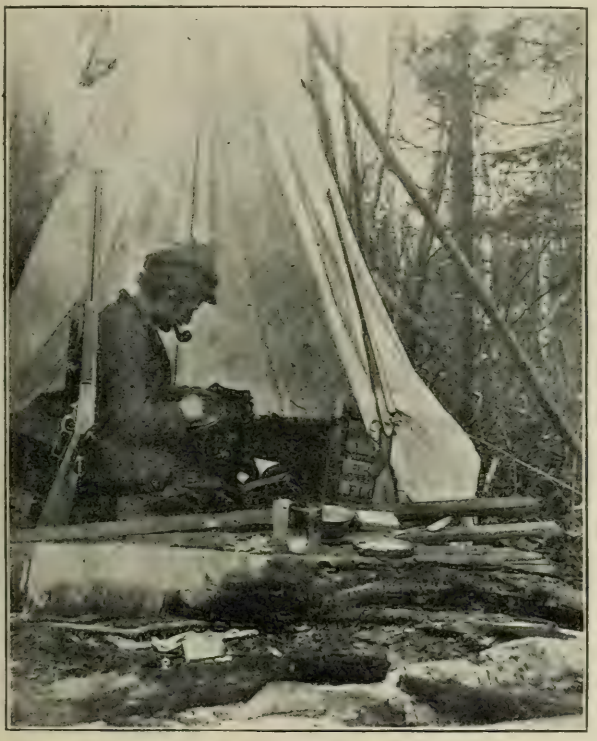


Photo by Dr. Marshall.

THE GUIDE IN THE TENT.

I remained until some time in October partridge and duck shooting. Ducks were more plentiful than partridges although I killed a good many of the latter. I come across a flock of gray ducks on the stream. I emptied one barrel into the flock while sitting and the other when they rose, and got six. They were very fine specimens.

Hares are very plentiful, also foxes. The settlers will not allow hounds on this part of the Island for fear of their sheep, and consequently the foxes are not wild. One day while walking along the edge of a swamp I saw a fox sitting out in the

field about three hundred yards away. I did not think it worth while to try and shoot him as I expected he would make off. I walked straight towards Reynard who kept looking at me, I suppose wondering what kind of an animal I was. I got about a hundred yards from him but knew it would be no use shooting at him with No. 6 in the gun, so I had all in readiness and kept right on—another twenty-five yards closer—I was now quite hopeful—still another twenty-five yards—I knew he was mine—I was now not more than forty yards distant so I decided to give him the contents of one barrel. He just dropped as flat as a pan cake. This was the only fox I saw, though from signs I knew them to be very plentiful.

The same day on the Blue Jay I shot a mink, the skin of which I brought home and sold for three dollars and a half. I do not think mink are very plentiful there as I did not see many signs;—a trapper will know what I mean.

I almost forgot to mention one thing I saw on this trip which is a disgrace to any community. I said before that the Blue Jay at this season is full of large trout up from the lake to spawn. As David Pyette and I were down in the swamp partridge shooting we found a net stretched three times across the stream just gorged with trout. There was one was fully two feet long, such a trout I never saw before. We promply removed the net from the stream and destroyed it. The fish would not be worth anything, as trout in the spawning season are absolutely worthless. We tore the net to pieces and covered net and fish with brush, and left them there.

We now left Tehkummah for Blind River for a few days but the whole place was in consternation owing to a series of incendiarisms. There had been several suspicious fires but on August fourteenth occurred a fearful fire and nearly a whole lumber yard full of lumber belonging to a large mill of the place was licked up. We did not feel easy so we left after a couple of days.

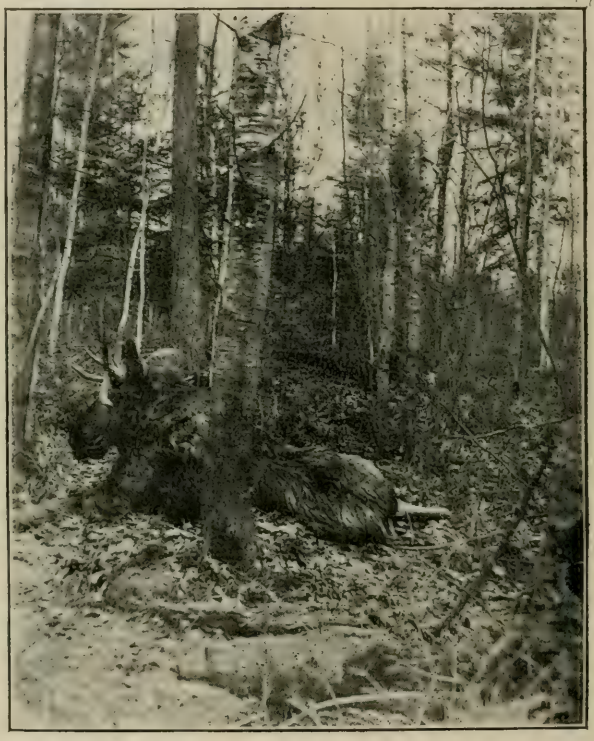


Photo by Dr. Marshall.

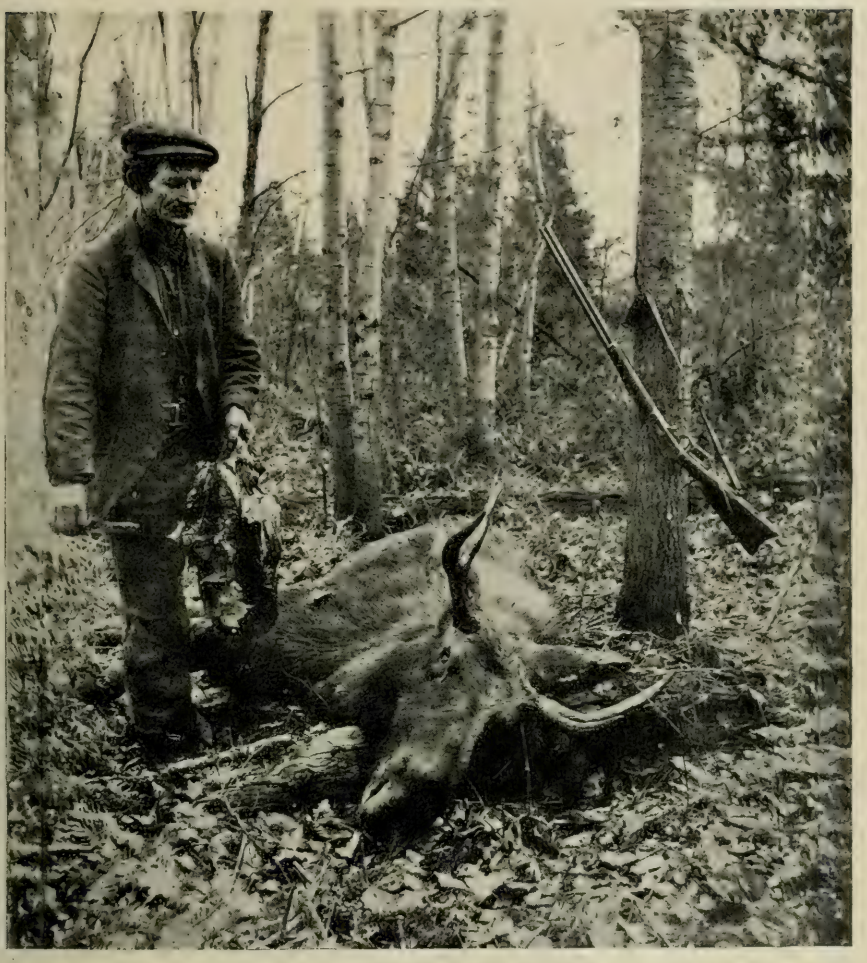
THE MOOSE WHEN FIRST DOWN.

But now, as I heard the country due north from Blind River was alive with deer, we went back. We found that the fires were still in order and while we were there two large blocks were burned. The place was patrolled by hundreds of special constables or watchmen. Every one who had property was out every night, still the fires took place.

Everyone carried a revolver at night and if you were met on the street in a dark place you were promptly told to halt at the point of a revolver. Still the fires took place, and suspicion began to point to one Raymond, chief of the fire brigade. I saw him arrested, he was tried, proved guilty and is now serving a long term at Kingston. They have had no fires since,

From this out I was all alert to find out where I would pitch my tent for the hunt. One Sunday, about a week before the season opened, I took a quiet walk

into the woods to see if I could see any signs of deer. I had pretty well made up my mind that this was my place. I saw innumerable fresh tracks and about three hundred yards distant saw a man kneeling on the ground. This was a small station, and some distance from Blind River. I approached carefully but could not make out what he was doing. He



THE GUIDE AND THE MOOSE.

appeared to be working at something very earnestly. I got right up to him before he saw me and the surprised look I will never forget. He was skinning a large buck. "Well, you have got me !" he said. I replied "Yes." "I heard some of you fellers were around but did not think it much harm to kill a buck seein' I have nine kids and meat scarce" he added as he kept skinning away. I seated myself on a log, said little, only listened to his innocent talk about "killin" a buck out of season "I'll have to make the best of a bad job," he said, "I'll die game just like the buck did !"

The skinning process over, he straightened himself up and said : "Where are you puttin' up ?" I replied, "We are staying with Mrs. G—." You ought to have seen the beam that came over his face. The smile I will never forget. He could not speak. He walked over, extended his hand and stammered as well as I could make out ; "You are Dr. M—!" In a small place everyone notices a stranger and everyone knew Dr. and Mrs. M— were staying at Mrs. G's—. I said : "Yes I am, my good man. You need have nothing to fear from me. May I give you a lift with your meat ?" "No, I expect the ole woman and my son Hugh in a few minutes. They know when they hear the crack of my rifle that something had gone down, and after they give me time to skin and cut the critter up they will come." "But," said I, "supposing

you had missed, would you give them the walk out here for nothing ?"

"Me miss !"

"Yes, you might miss as well as anyone else."

"Not I. I take no chances. I do not shoot until I have a sure thing. That rifle has never missed."

At this I examined the gun. It was a comparatively new Marlin 32 high power.

I said "This has not been used long. How many bucks has it laid low ?"

About three. This is the fourth. I got her last fall."

"How did you let them know not to come when you had the old gun ?"

"If I shot and missed I always gave two shots quick right after, then they knew not to come. If one of these other two killed, in about five minutes I would fire a salute which they understood."

Here was just the chap I wanted to meet, so I asked him were there many deer around here ? "Oh slathers of them and much big moose about ten miles north." I asked him would he like to accompany me on a week's hunt.

Like to, boss, awful good. But one of the childer, girl of sixteen, has fever awful bad ; doctor thinks she can't live "

At this his countenance fell and he stood looking at the ground without speaking for fully a minute.

"Like to oblige ye, boss, but I can't. Ye look like a real decent chap." And then he again stood thinking. "I'll tell you what I'll do, boss. I'll tell ye of a man—he's better than me. You go to S—, ask for A— an he'll go and a good'un is he."

I took the address, and seeing the old woman and boy coming, offered him a cigar and some tobacco, extended my hand and said "Au revoir" which seemed to please him immensely, for he was French, but so far we have never met.

That night there was left at Mrs. G's. door a fine haunch of venison which we enjoyed greatly.

I then proceeded to look up the man A. whom my chance acquaintance had told me about. I found him to be a fine, unassuming man. His house was all in nice order and on the walls hung guns galore and also decorations of deer horns of every variety. I immediately introduced myself and my business.

His first question : "Were you ever in the bush before ?"

"No !"

"Do you understand the compass ?"

"No"

"Have you one ?"

"Yes".

"What rifle have you ?

"Winchester 32. 80."

"That will do, but I'm afraid if I should leave you five minutes you would be lost."

I explained that I wanted him for that purpose to which he replied : "We can't help sometimes getting separated and it would be dangerous."

After quite a talk he agreed to go. He had a 7 x 7 tent which would do famously. This was a few days before the season opened and from that time on I was in Mr. A's. company as much as possible. He instructed me into the use of the compass and also in everything he thought a greenhorn should know.

He gave me a list of the provisions we would require which I purchased at the Company's store and had everything well packed as "A." said the road through the bush would be very rough. I engaged a team from the Company and got loaded up with everything we would want for a two week's outing. Mr. A. furnished tent, bedding, all cooking utensils while we got a bale of hay at the stable—in all a big load. I got an Indian to go along to bring the team back.

Thursday morning early we were off, after bidding good-bye to my wife and also to a crowd of friends and acquaintances gathered to see us off. The road got rougher and rougher until sometimes I wondered how the wheels remained in the axles. It was too rough for me. I said to Mr. A : "Let us get down and walk," which we did. Such a country I never saw before. We got far ahead of the wagon which we could now faintly hear in the distance behind us.

Mr. A. suggested that if we went into the bush off the trail we might see a deer. We saw fresh deer and moose tracks galore, and we were not off the road fif-

teen minutes before we started five deer but only saw the flags disappear over a rock. This was the first time I ever saw a deer. It got too rough so we went out to the trail and awaited the Indian with the team. We started on ahead again, crossed several nice streams and after a time came to a feeding place where several teams were resting on their way out to a lumber camp.

There was a horse tied behind a wagon which the men kindly offered me to ride. I had my shot gun while A. had my rifle so up I climbed and off we started. Mr. A. soon left me behind for he could walk faster than a horse over such rocks. I had not gone far when a flock of partridges crossed the road in front of me and entered the thick woods on the other side. I got down, tied old "Limber Jim" to a tree and, after looking at the compass, entered the thicket. Mr. A. had warned me always to keep a tag on the compass. I noticed that the trail ran north and south while I entered east. I had not gone far when I spied the birds. I shot one with each barrel. The rest ran about in an excited way but did not fly. I reloaded, followed on and shot two more. This was repeated till I got eight, when I began to think it time to retrace my steps, but alas! where to go I knew not. No sun was shining and I was lost! "Alone in the wilderness." What should I do? I had an idea which way to go but was nervous and sat down. In the excitement I had forgotten about the compass, but it came to my mind like a flash. With what joy I pulled it out of my pocket! I held it level and to my horror the point trembled and pointed me right into the deep forest. The compass was wrong! I shook it, but every time the trembling point stood south. I then remembered what Mr. A. had told me: "No matter what you think in the bush, always believe the compass." So I got up, held it in my hand and followed the letter "W." I had not gone fifty yards when I broke right out on the trail about one hundred yards south of "Limber Jim."

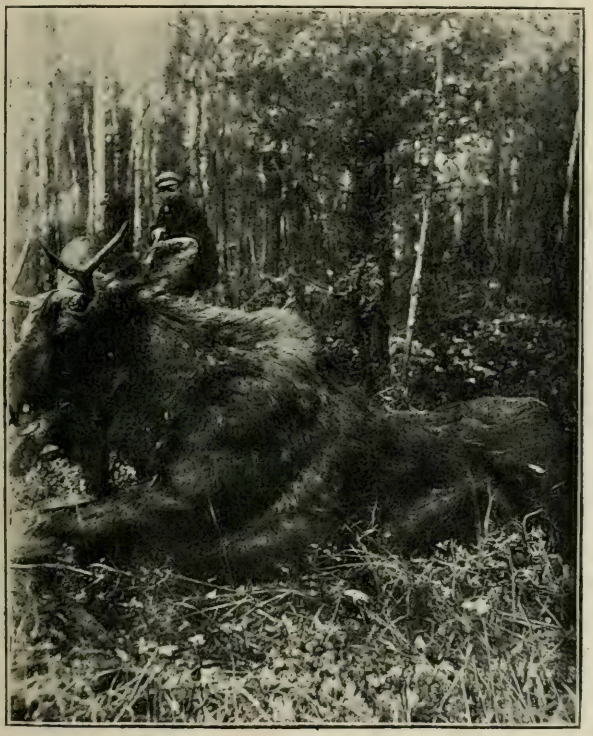


Photo by Dr. Marshall.

DISPATCHING THE MOOSE.

I peeled some bark off small bushes, tied the birds to the horse and again climbed up. I had gone about half a mile when I came across Mr. A. who had heard me shooting, and had sat down. He was just going to signal me when he saw me coming. He had been quite uneasy.

Three miles more and we came to the shore of Twin Lake. Here we waited till the wagon came as this was the place he had chosen to pitch our tent. In about half an hour it arrived, so after feeding the horses and the Indian and a bite ourselves, we started the Indian on the return trip.

We selected a nice cosy spot under a bluff near the shore of Twin Lake which in past years had been used as a camping place for lumbermen, as a relic of an old fence stood there which had evidently been used to keep horses from wandering away. There was also a well with beauti-

ful spring water running out of it so that we did not have to use the lake water.

Mr. A. immediately put up the tent then shouldering my rifle told me to unpack the provisions while he took a stroll into the woods to see if there were any signs. I did so and found sugar, tea and a lot of other stuff all loose and mixed up in all sorts of disorder from a rough ride. He returned in about an hour, his face all aglow and beaming. "There'll be doings tomorrow, we are right amongst them. Moose, caribou, and deer tracks all along the lake !"

He set to work and prepared our supper after which I took a snap shot of him sitting in the tent. We sat around and smoked and talked, watching the rabbits around the fire until ten o'clock, when he drew the tent curtain and we were soon in the arms of Morpheus. We were astir early, had breakfast by the light of the camp fire and just as soon as day dawned, started out looking for big game.

We hadn't proceeded fifty yards from the camp when I noticed a fresh rabbit skin. He explained that a lynx had killed it and devoured everything but the pelt. During our stay we ran across lots of such skins showing that lynx were plentiful, although we saw none. We travelled on carefully, watching in every direction, when about nine o'clock he quickly whispered "There's your man : look quick or he'll be off." It took me quite a few seconds to see it, but there it stood, with it's side to me, head turned and staring straight at us—a deer fifty yards off. "Be steady," he said, "Don't get excited. Take your time. Steady now she's yours." Quick as a flash I brought the rifle to my shoulder took steady aim and fired. I sighted for a little behind the shoulder At the crack of the rifle, she bounded forward and I sent another bullet in her direction. He grabbed the rifle saying "Don't shoot any more ; you have her !" This being my first appearance with a deer I expected it to drop like a partridge. We went to the spot and he ran at full speed after her with the rifle. Very soon he called me to come and about fifty yards distant from where she stood when I fired she lay bleeding like a stuck pig, "A" having used the knife before I arrived. He immediately proceeded to dress her. She proved to be a large doe about one hundred and eighty to one hundred and eighty five pounds in weight. After this he went to a kind of shrub growing near and twisted it up like a rope. This he passed through the sinews of the front leg and through the lower jaw. He then went up a sapling hand over hand, to near the top, flung himself out and came gently to the ground, bending the sappling down. All this I mention because it was all new to me. He then made the deer fast to the tree and we straightened it up and she hung high and dry above "terra firma." He then picked up the rifle saying that was enough that forenoon, and we started in the direction of the camp. On the way he nearly shot another. I did not see it. He had the gun to his shoulder and I just saw it bound over a rock. He said one second more and he would have had it.

It takes practice to see a deer standing still. I had been looking for a different appearing object altogether, hence the delay in my seeing the one I shot.

We arrived at camp at half past eleven. "A" prepared our dinner which I ate with great relish.

At about two p. m. we started out in another direction, stealing quietly along and peering in every way, when about four o'clock he again whispered, "See him, see him, quick now !" For a time I could not see him. I was again looking for something else. Seconds seemed minutes. I knew he was getting impatient, but soon I caught sight. This time it was horns I saw. I began to feel nervous, and again he warned me to keep cool. "Steady now" he said. At the crack of the rifle I saw no more. "Missed" I said. "Not on your life, you have him !" Again he bounded forward. This time I kept up. He did not look for blood, but kept straight along. "Where's the blood ?" I asked. "Never mind the blood," and on he went. About one hundred yards farther the deer lay kicking up a great row, but soon quieted down, when "A" stuck him. It was a fine buck, weighing about two hundred and ten pounds. I then asked him about the blood trail. "Blood trail be hanged," he

said, "I followed the foot tracks."

He then went through the same operation of swinging up, but this time we had to cut a crotched pole and lift it as the sapling would not budge it.

"So our fun is all over for in one day!" I said. "Not by a large majority. You will shoot a moose before you leave this place or I'll bust." "I have no moose license." "License the dickens," he answered "You can get one at Blind River." I said I hoped so but my faith was small. We started for camp. I can't explain my feelings. I felt happy and I also felt sad. I could shoot no more deer and only one day in the bush.

THE GUIDE AND MYSELF AFTER A TWO DAYS' HUNT IN NEW ONTARIO.

He took the heart out of the deer and we arrived at camp just before dusk. He immediately started the fire and while preparing supper two large ducks flew over our heads. I ran for the shot gun and slipped two shells into it. "What are you doing that for?" he asked. "Those ducks will come back. They will come back to the lake," I told him. He paid no attention, but went on with the cooking. I watched the ducks, and they did just as I had expected. They turned and were coming back. This time they flew much lower. They came directly above us when I cracked one with each barrel and they fell, not one hundred yards from us. "By jinks you can shoot," he said and went and gathered them up and hung them up to the tent pole where they show in the photograph.

He fried the deer heart for supper and it was fine. I was never so hungry in all my life and I don't think I ever ate such a good meal. I praised him to the sky for being such a good cook but he only smiled.

That night we had a good smoke and becoming great friends, we talked until very late. At last a peculiar sound came through the stillness. "Do you hear that? What is it!" I asked. "Wolves," by George!" "Is there any danger?" At this he only laughed. You could have heard him a mile away. But the miserable things kept it up until we fell asleep. He was snoring an hour before I went to sleep. I dreamed that a wolf was poking his head under the tent. I woke up with a yell. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Wolves," I replied. "One had his head under the tent." He did laugh this time. Nor for a time could I believe that they were not there.

Saturday morning Mr. "A" awoke me saying breakfast was ready. When I opened my eyes everything was steaming on the camp fire. I hurriedly dressed myself, he lacing my boots, and after a good wash ate a great breakfast.

He soon had everything packed away, and we waited for a little light before we started out. We struck due east from the camp. I noticed that he was watching the leaves of the trees as we went along. There had, as yet, been no snow and the leaves were about a foot deep.

At last he halted and motioned me to stop. He carefully examined the loose leaves for about fifty yards and then called me to come. "Now, "he said, "We have started three moose." I wanted to know why he thought so. "Here are tracks, and they are just fresh." I could see nothing unusual. "Follow carefully and keep a sharp lookout. We are on the tracks of three moose. Make no noise and do not talk." This was about nine a. m. I kept close behind him and every now and then when I stepped on a stick and made a little noise he gave me a very cross look. We kept this up until nearly twelve o'clock. I knew by this time that we were on a moose trail for several times I had seen the unmistakable sign.

Suddenly he stopped short and said "We must change our plan. Those moose smell us and are just far enough ahead to keep out of sight. Prepare for a run." I tightened my camera strap and adjusted my rifle strap over my other shoulder. "Now you see the wind is right with us. We must head those moose off, follow me." With that he bounded to the right and went straight south. He had moccasins and was dressed for a foot race. I had boots and rubbers also, and a camera and rifle but I thundered after him.

Occasionally I had to stop him to get my wind, and sometimes he would walk and sometimes begin to trot. We kept this pace for two hours. I was nearly dead. I noticed that he was gradually turning north again. After a while he went slower and cautioned me to make as little noise as possible.

Anywhere through the woods we were hunting in, you could see from two hundred to six hundred yards ahead, as the larger timber had been taken off and later fires had burned all over the country. The travelling was not hard as it was undulating rather that abrupt. Again he stopped, "Now I think we have those niggers headed off. We will see who will smell now."

We started on very cautiously and in about an hour he stopped, sniffed the air and said "Moose." Farther on he said "Can you smell them ?"

"No." "We are within one quarter of a mile of them." Again he said, "Can't you smell them ?" "No," I answered again. "We are within six hundred yards of the niggers" and he would stand and listen and sniff carefully. "You see that rise of land," he said, standing still and pointing west about two hundred yards away. "Yes." "Now we will creep along like mice to it and I'll bet a shilling we'll see a moose, yes, and we'll see three I believe, and the three we followed this morning at that."

Gradually the summit got nearer. He was ahead and peered over. Suddenly he ducked back with his face all aglow. We were on our hands and knees. He took my hat off and said, "Peep over." I did so and my heart leapt to my throat.

Over this summit stretched a wide valley. You could see all round for a thousand yards and there about two hundred yards were three of the biggest looking animals I ever saw. I have seen Jumbo while he was on earth in the flesh, but even the great Jumbo dwindled into insignificance to my mind in comparison with the moose I saw.

I wanted to immediately prepare to shoot. "Oh, no,": he whispered, "for different reasons you are not to shot yet. First I want you to study them. They do not know we are here. Now tell me what they are doing."

I looked. "They are breaking down trees with their chins." Breaking down limbs with their chins ! I knew now why he had used the word "nigger." They looked as black as coals.

"Another reason is, you could not hit a barn now." At this he ran his hand to my left breast under my coat. "Why your heart is going "pitty pat" like a chicken's fist against a barn door." We watched them for about half an hour when he said "Well it is about time doin's begin !"

I forgot to say that the three consisted of one monstrous brute without horns and two others, large too but not so large as the one that had no horns. "Which will you pick on ?" he asked. "The biggest one." I replied. "No, my boy, don't you know that it is not lawful to shoot a cow moose." I answsred him that I did not know it before. "Well I'll take the one to the right, it looks bigger than the other." "All right, make

a sure job for you will not get another chance !"

I lay flat on my face resting over the summit, took careful aim and fired. As quickly as lightning he jerked the rifle from my grasp and again it roared. My moose went down like a bullock in a slaughter house under the hammer while his reared up on his hind legs and tumbled over backwards. The old cow slowly waddled away. I forgot to watch her so greatly interested was I in the two struggl ng animals, neither of which ever again got upon its feet.

He would not consent for us to approach close, but I wanted to get the camera to work. We could plainly see that they were getting weaker every minute so I got within about thirty yards and took a snapshot of the first. I took about halt a dozen to be sure to have a good one, but when I developed they all proved good.

I then explained to Mr. "A" the way I wanted him to photo me as if in the act of dispatching the brute, which proves an uninteresting picture as everybody asks if it was a tame moose to allow one person on one side with the camera and the other opposite with a gun.

At last they bled and lay flat down about twenty-five yards apart though in such a position that I could not photograph both at once, and after they were dead we could not budge them to try and roll them close enough to photo.

Mr. "A" stuck them but not a drop of blood could he get. We found out why when we opened them up. Both had been shot quite close to the heart. The heart of the one I shot had been torn very badly, not by the bullet but by a splinter of bone. They were chuckfull of blood and when he started to disembowell them a tub full of blood rushed away.

* * * * * *

I forgot to mention that in taking a snap of me on the other side of the moose he held the camera wrong and cut the nose off.

When we had taken the insides out and had what he called the "pluck" in one hand and a knife in the other hand I took a snapshot of him. He knew nothing of this, so when I got home and had developed the negatives I placed a mat on the negative and printed his photo without the moose and mailed that to him with the other pictures. He wrote me as if he were not very well pleased with it, saying that he looked more like a fellow selling cat and dog meat than a sportsman.

Having killed two deer and a moose my job was over so I had nothing now to do but to get my game out and go home.

Next morning we were up bright and early. It was Sunday, November third, and we spent all day trying to blaze a road where we could get a team to the game. Having found one satisfactory we started for the front arriving about ten p. m. very tired.

Monday morning we had the team, wagon, jumper, block and tackle all ready but could not get a man to go with us as it was the season when every man, Indian or white, was earning forty cents an hour loading lumber on the boats ; so we lost two days.

Wednesday morning we got a man and started to the woods. We got back Friday morning. An accompanying photo shows the two moose and two deer when we arrived at the front in a settler's yard.

We then proceeded to load them in the "City of Midland," the Northern Navigation Company's steamer, which happened to be in Port, arriving in Owen Sound Monday, November eleventh, long before any of the sportsmen got home.

I felt pretty well satisfied, having got my full limit, the only one I knew who did, although others whom I did not hear of may have done the same.

"FROM ONE SEE ALL."

The Most Beautiful Canoe Trip in the World.

BY DR. N. A. POWELL.

WHEN a man, by words or otherwise, indicates a belief that his wife is the best in the world, few are so critical as to ask if he has seen all the others.

I trust that similar courtesy will be extended to me when I claim for the Mississagua trip an absolute pre-eminence in all that delights a canoeist.

It begins at Biscotasing on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway west of Sudbury and curves and wanders through a chain of lakes, bays and rivers till the height of land is reached. The portages here are just long enough to make luxurious the rest and smoke after each portage when the last back-load has been stowed in its waiting canoe. The trail over the height of land is said to be only half a mile long. Measured by the strain on the tumplines it seems to be in addition about a mile skyward.

SOME OF US.

Now we enter the head waters of the Mississauga and for the next one hundred and fifty miles the river and lake scenery varies like the changes in a kaleidoscope. Moose and deer watch from the banks as we approach and quite often are only frightened back into the forest when the camera, at short range, has fixed its memory of the interview.

The shores are fringed to the water's edge with birch or spruce or alder. Behind these rise pine forests which have

never known axe or fire. Granite masses tower to the height of three to four hundred feet and show on certain aspects erosion due to glacial action. Quiet stretches of river are few in number, for the most part swift water and rapids alternate with falls around which the portage paths, worn smooth by centuries of use by moccasined feet, wind and twist in search of the easiest grades.

The highest and most beautiful of all—Aubrey Falls—in a series of broken cascades has a total drop of one hundred and sixty-five feet. The rapids we try to divide into two classes :—those which can be run and those which cannot. That mistakes are made in relegating certain of these to their proper class, is demonstrated by wrecks of canoes to be seen in a number of places. Two years ago the rock shown on the left of one of the photos here produced gored the side of an Oldtown canoe and gave to its occupants a swim not on the day's agenda.

My fellow voyageurs were ideal campers and comrades and our Ojibway guides were marvelously expert. By processes which I could not follow the Indians seemed to pick the safest channels, often passing close to sunken rocks and crossing and recrossing the river in doing so. Having the bow paddle I could not watch for the gutteral admonition "pull in" or "pull out," and return thanks after it was all over—after we had taken the mad plunge and come through the white water and rounded up in the eddy—that my part had been to follow and not to select the course.

For many years when the wander lust had come upon me, the music of the hounds and the voices of the November woods have haunted my dreams. Now the roar of the rapids, the splash of

OVER THE HEIGHT OF LAND.

waves against my canoe and the infinite restfullness of a life in the open north country battle for first place.

Fate.

BY MISS FLORENCE E BOWIE.

A maid, a book,
A man, a hook,
Here something might be gained ;
A heart quite small,
But big with all
The love therein contained.

A quarrel, a sigh,
A cool good-bye,
A look says, "All is o'er;"
Cruel words are said,
And love has fled,
He woos the maid no more.

SURVEYOR-GENERAL GRIMMER, OF NEW BRUNSWICK, CANOEING ON THE TOBIQUE.

Provincial Ministers in New Brunswick Woods.

An Exciting Adventure.

With the advent to power of a new government the New Brunswick guides thought they saw their chance of making some impression on the powers that be. Accordingly they invited the Premier, the Hon. J. D. Hazen, and the Surveyor General, the Hon. W.C. H. Grimmer, to spend ten days in the woods with them and obtain for themselves some first hand information of the real condition of things, in order that they might better judge what steps, if any, are needed to further safe guard the big game of the Province. The invitations were accepted in the same hearty spirit as they were proferred and arrangements were made for taking the party to the Tobique, Nepisiquit and Miramichi. Included in the party in addition to the Premier and Surveyor - General were Miss Katie Hazen, Miss Lois Grimmer, Mr. D. K. Hazen, and Mr. Arthur P. Hazen, local manager of the Bank of British North America. The guides were Adam Moore and Charlie Cremin for the Tobique and Nepisiquit and Arthur Pringle for the Miramichi.

It may be added that Adam Moore acted as canoeman for Miss Hazen, Charlie Cremin for Miss Grimmer, Paul Dillingham for the Premier and Jim Black, for the Surveyor-General.

On the outward journey the party went to Plaster Rock by train and drove through to the Forks, thirty five miles, where they stopped for dinner. On the way up they met Dr. and Mrs. Gifford, who had ridden in their auto from Providence (R. I.), and at their invitation the Surveyor General, Arthur P. Hazen and himself entered the car and rode to the Forks. On arriving there they were made the guests of Col. Parker, of Washington, and Messers. Emmett, Townsend and Weeks, of New York, who, as members of the Tobique Salmon club, entertained the party most hospitably, extending to them every kindness and placing the salmon pools of the club at their disposal. A like courtesy was also extended on the return trip.

From the Forks, canoes were taken up the left branch to Nictau Lake, where the home camp of Mr. Moore is situated

amid beautiful surroundings. In addition Mr. Moore owns ten other camps in the district in which he hunts. The camps consist of three buildings—one a dining room and a kitchen, another a large general room with sleeping apartments for men and a third with apartments for ladies. Both this camp and that of Mr. Cremin on Bathurst Lake are most comfortably fitted up.

From this point a carry of three miles brought the party to Bathurst Lake, at head of the Nepisiquit. It had been arranged to go down this river to Bathurst, but finally it was decided to return by the Tobique in canoes all the way to St. John in order to give an opportunity to see the river from The Forks to its mouth.

Mr. Hazen explained that both the Surveyor-General and himself were anxious to see The Narrows, as for some time there had been an agitation to build a dam at that spot. The proposal had been strenuously opposed by the fisheries department at Ottawa and by the lumber interests on the Tobique on the ground that the dam would destroy the stream as a fishing river and be disastrous to the salmon industry on the St. John. The Tobique, it was pointed out, was now the only river entering the St. John to which the salmon resort for the purpose of spawning.

Referring to the abundance of game met with on the trip, Mr Hazen said from The Forks up to the lakes the country abounds in moose and deer. Six moose were on one occasion seen together and in all between 40 and 50 must have been sighted.

The party spent a most enjoyable and healthful time in the woods and were much impressed with all they saw. Only one untoward incident occured which the guides agreed was without parallel in their experience.

One evening while at Nictau Lake the Surveyor-General, accompanied by Miss Hazen and Miss Grimmer with Messrs Moore and Cremin as canoemen, went out after dark with a jack lantern to look for moose. With a light in the canoe the latter is invisible to moose and it is possible to get very close to the animals as they stand in the water. In this way a

PREMIER HAZEN, OF NEW BRUNSWICK, AND PARTY AT BATHURST LAKE CAMP, AT THE HEAD OF NEPISIQUIT. PREMIER HAZEN IS IN THE CENTRE OF THE PICTURE WITH THE SURVEYOR-GENERAL ON HIS LEFT. THE BIG MAN TO HIS RIGHT IS ADAM MOORE, THE VETERAN GUIDE.

considerable number of moose were seen on the occasion in question. Finally a big bull was thus located, and, in passing, the light from the lantern was turned full upon him. At the time the party were in a narrow stream or bogan at the head of the lake and the shadows on the trees alarmed the moose. He started in a terrible hurry for the opposite bank and bounded with his fore feet right into the canoe, passing over it and sinking it with his weight. In his hurried flight the animal struck the Surveyor-General bruising him considerably. There were only a few feet of water at the place where the incident happened and with the exception of the Surveyor-General all escaped with nothing worse than a ducking.

The guides are strongly of the opinion that the moose was not attacking the canoe or its occupants but was alarmed by the shadows cast by the light of the lantern.

On the way down stream the party saw a young caribou and had great fun photographing him.

Each man in the party hooked a salmon but the Surveyor-General's got away.

Mr. Hazen said he had never previously been up the Tobique and was delighted at the prosperous condition of the settlements as far as The Forks. The land from that point to the lakes seemed to be of excellent quality and well suited for settlement. The crops seen gave promise of an abundant harvest. He added that he found good hotel accommodation at Plaster Rock and at The Forks, where Mr. Miller is building a large hotel, at which the party stayed on the way down and were very comfortable.

"Nothing," said the Premier in conclusion, "could have exceeded the kindness and attention of our hosts, the guides, and, in addition to a delightful holiday, the Surveyor-General and I have acquired a knowledge of the game conditions which we could not have obtained in any other way. It will be of great value to us in dealing with such matters in the future."

Shooting The Rapids.

BY DENNIS WHITFIELD.

Tis the sound of swift waters,
That falls on the ear,
Shall we now make a portage?
The rapids are near.
Said the Guide to his party,
I will leave it to you,
Dare you shoot yonder rapids?
In a loaded canoe?

We looked at the river,
We sized up the pack,
We knew if once started,
There'd be no turning back.
No cowards are we,
Then why the delay?
One stroke of the paddle,
She leaps to the fray.

On the brink of the dark rollers,
Smooth flowing like oil,
Farther down, and amid stream,
The white waters boil,
Over black shining rocks,
The white torrents pour,
And the foam from the eddies
Is hurled on the shore.

Now the ears are benumbed,
And our voices are drowned
By the roar of the waters,
That thunder around.
Foam leaped o'er the gunwale,
While downward we flew,
Like a wild duck affrighted.
Sped on the canoe.

Oh, the pleasure we find,
In a bounding canoe,
With muscles like steel,
And an eye that is true.
We love the wide waters,
And the wild wooded shore,
We risk every danger,
New scenes to explore.

When the long cruise is ended,
No dangers appall,
At last we shall follow,
The Great Guide of all.
That stream with its rapids,
Our Guide takes us through,
When we make our last portage,
And launch our canoe.

How Hunters Might Help the Deer.

BY C. H KING

DEER LOADED UP FOR A SIXTEEN MILE SLEIGH RIDE TO SUNDRIDGE, ONT.

AS a deer hunter I have followed with the deepest interest the controversy on dogs versus deer hunting and should like to be allowed to give the results of my own experience.

It would be useless for me to argue that sportsmen hunting with dogs do not drive deer away from those parts of the country they frequent. Is that, however, always the case? I do not think so. One of the main reasons for the decrease of the deer is surely the increasing number of settlers with the consequent decrease of the forest sheltering. To this must be added the vastly increasing numbers of hunters.

If the latter conduct their hunts carefully they should do nothing to contribute to the driving of the deer out of the district. In our Camp last November we made careful arrangements with this end in view. Before there was any attempt at making a run every man was given ample time to reach his station. At a certain time previously agreed upon the man or men started with the dogs, and if at all possible the deer were driven towards the men stationed on the different runways. After the deer had been shot or had passed by (if indeed we were fortunate enough to make a start at all) it was understood to be the duty of all to stop the dogs. We all know that our old hunting dog is keen to follow on, driving the deer for miles on a more than useless chase.

For a party of six hunters I believe three dogs are quite sufficient to make a good run. A larger number makes it very hard to stop the dogs. If they are stopped after running the deer a short distance, the latter will not leave the immediate neighborhood. As a proof of this assertion I may mention that on one occasion we made several runs on one bunch of half a dozen deer. Amongst them was a stubb legged buck which was seen at different times and his unmistakable track was proof of his identity. At the latter end of the season this buck was shot and clearly, although run on several occasions, he had not left the district.

TAKING A REST AFTER TRAILING DEER THROUGH THE BUSH.

With adequate protection I believe there is no good reason why the moose and deer of the Province of Ontario should not survive. It was my privilege in the year 1904 to accompany a township survey party to the Abitibbi district via the old canoe route from Metagami station on the Canadian Pacific Railway, to Moose River, a distance exceeding two hundred miles and passing through the famous Temagami Forest Reserve. I believe the Government were wise in setting apart such a large tract of non arable land where forest and game preservation can be carried on and where the wild and the things of the wild can remain unmolested for at least the greater part of the year.

In this preserve I have seen moose, caribou and red deer in close proximity. However the red deer does not frequent the great clay belt laying beyond the reserve. With efficient enforcement of the game laws I am persuaded that the big game of the Province will survive.

How We Secured Our Breakfast.

BY ROXIE.

LEAVING Port Arthur on a fine morning in May we took the Canadian Pacific train for Pearl River, a station some distance east intending to do a little prospecting and incidentally some fishing and hunting.

As we must have something in addition to speckled trout (a delicate food) to sustain the hard work of camp life, one of our number, Mr. A. H. Wright, a fearless hunter where large game is concerned, was told off for this hazardous duty. The task proved an easy one for him and he speedily returned with a nice tender lamb which he had selected as sufficient for a few days.

When camp was reached, the meat disposed of and more required he was the man to produce it—he can scent bear a long way off. Three of these animals have fallen to his unerring aim, our illustration representing number two. Of course if he had been instructed to have brought in a large one he would have done it.

Some of the party thought of requesting him to bring in a lion or tiger but were afraid to do so for fear that he would produce some wonderful wild animal to their discomfort.

While writing I remember seeing an official paper posted up proclaiming a close time for partridge this year. Well, I have always contended and do so still, that for every bird a man gets the foxes, weasels, skunks, hawks, etc. get fifty, taking as they do birds, chicks and eggs. As a proof of this we always find less birds, the farther we go from civilization, and the same with rabbits. Of course I do not mean this to apply right up to a city's limits but to take hunting grounds generally.

SHOOTING A BEAR NEAR PORT ARTHUR.

Our ideas out here with regard to "Our Vanishing Deer" is that if we could once get rid of the wolves our deer would not vanish so fast as they are doing at present.

How a Pioneer Outwitted the Wolves.

BY JAMES E. ORR.

IT is more than three quarters of a century ago since one of our pioneers living north of Talbotville went to the little town of St. Thomas, Ont., with a grist consisting of wheat and buckwheat.

The time was the fall of the year and the load was placed on a home made wooden sleigh drawn by a yoke of oxen named Duke and Dime. The oxen were big roan fellows thoroughly broken to go by the swing of a gad or whip in the hands of the driver.

In those days the greater part of the road was little more than blazed trail, while in others it was only newly chopped and obstructed by many stumps, being flanked on either side by heavy timber. The settlers were making inroads in these woods and clearing small fields around their new homes.

On approaching St. Thomas the road wound romantically ronnd the hills and crossed two creeks on old fashioned log bridges. The mill was high up on a hill and wind driven like the old Dutch mills still to be seen in Holland.

The hill was too steep for the oxen to climb and the only thing to be done was for the pioneer to carry up his grist bag by bag, have it ground and carry it down in the same way to his sleigh. When all was ready for his homeward journey the shades of evening were fast gathering around but he decided to make an effort to reach home that same night. Securing the grist and some goods he had purchased in St. Thomas under quilts brought for the purpose he set off slowly on the journey for home. When the crest of the hill north of St. Thomas was reached half an hour later darkness gathered around them quite suddenly. The steady, patient plodding was continued with a little extra care to shun the stumps and other obstructions in the road. Home was still in the far distance when driver and team became awestruck as through the woods came that terrible sound which has made many a brave heart quake with fear—the howling of a pack of wolves.

The pioneer had had some experience with wolves—he knew their suspicions and cowardly nature and their utter abhorrence of approaching anything in the nature of a trap. Quietly he made preparations to attempt to save his life and the lives of his oxen by tearing to pieces the quilts his careful wife had lent him in order to secure their goods. Nearer and nearer came the baying and as soon as the settler saw the animals in the road he threw out a long strip of quilt and had it dragging behind the sleigh. At this time he had reached the point where the railroad crosses the old road south of Talbotville.

When the wolves came near enough to see the quilt dragging in the road they evidently thought it was a trap and stopped to consider how to proceed. In the meantime the farmer had secured a handspike in case it came to a hand to hand contest. As the animals pressed closer he threw out about a square yard of the other quilt. Instantly the wolves pounced upon it and with snarls and growls tore it to pieces, their jaws coming together with clashes similar to steel traps.

By and by one wolf more daring than the rest made a running jump over the strip of quilt and landed fairly on the sleigh. A well aimed blow from the handspike catching him on the head sent him back to his mates with many howls.

Every now and then as the wolves pressed closer, another piece of quilt was thrown to them and each time some distance was gained as the animals remained snarling, snapping and tearing the inoffensive material. Finally home was reached in safety though not before several of the wolves had felt the effects of the handspike which did good work in the hands of the stalwart pioneer.

Though the good wife lost her quilts she retained her husband for without a doubt, by delaying the wolves, these quilts saved his life.

TORONTO CANOE CLUB HOUSE, 1908.

THE FLEET OF DINGHYS.

Historical Sketch of the Toronto Canoe Club.

THE Toronto Canoe Club was organized on the evening of December fourteenth, 1880, when nine men met and started the Club upon what has proved to be an almost continuous success. The membership increased to twenty-four by the end of the first year, in spite of the want of a suitable club house. That want was not supplied until 1884 when a club house was built at the foot of Lorne St. It was a modest building, affording accommodation for the members and eighteen canoes. The Club entered into possession of this house in the spring of 1885.

The first home of the Club was situated some distance north of the present Cobban factory on Lake Street.

The membership grew steadily until in 1887 it had out grown its quarters and the Club removed to a new and much larger building on the water front, a little east of Simcoe Street, which was provided for it by the Toronto Association of Canoeists.

This building afforded accommodation for forty-eight canoes, and club rooms and bath, locker and dressing rooms for members.

GUNWALE RACE.

BLACKBURN AND MCNICHOL.

The Club continued its prosperous career in these premises until in 1893 it became necessary to remove its building to make way for Esplanade improvements by the City of Toronto.

In 1900 the Club purchased from the Canada Permament and Western Canada Loan Company the leasehold water lot upon which is situated the club house and other buildings. This was held in trust by three members until October 1902, when the Club having procured a special Act of Incorporation from the Ontario Legislature they were enabled to hold the property.

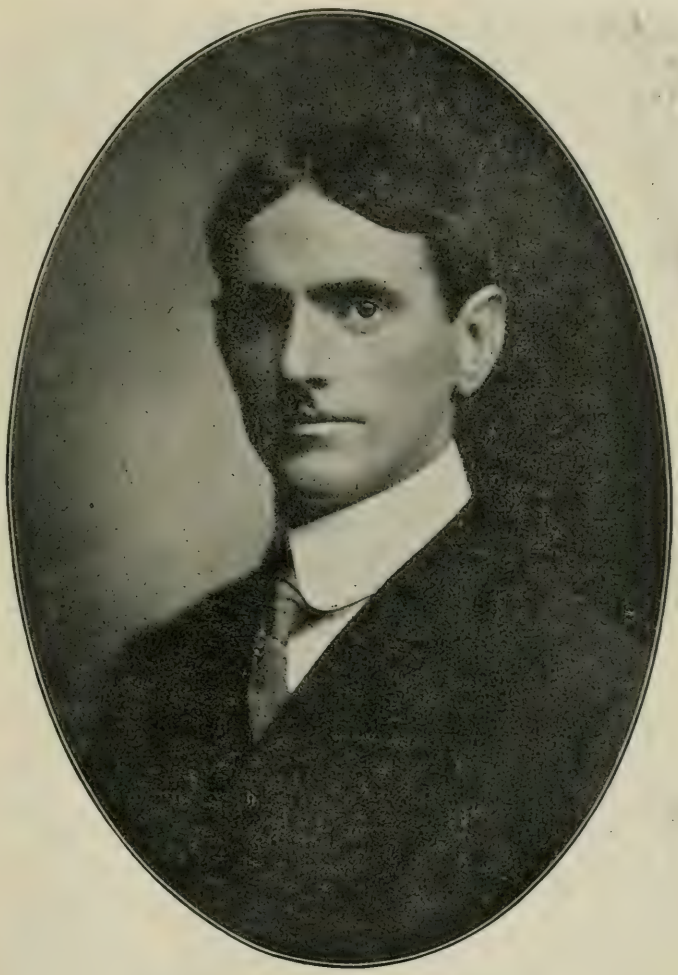
Since 1900, when the Club bought the property, they have found it necessary, owing to the continued growth of membership, to make several alterations and additions to the Club buildings.

In 1900 the old club house, that was used by the Club from 1887 to 1893, was renovated, remodelled and added to the Club buildings ; and again in 1903 it was necessary to still farther increase the accommodation for members and their craft by occupying the two buildings to the north. The growth of the Club has steadily continued and year by year more space has been occupied until at the present time all of the property except the two north buildings is used for Club purposes.

The Club, at this writing, (May 1908,) had a membership of upwards of six hundred. Its success has been continuous and progressive through its twenty-eight years of existence, until at the present time, it leads in numbers and prosperity any canoe club known.

The Club owns seven buildings on the water front, five of which are held for the

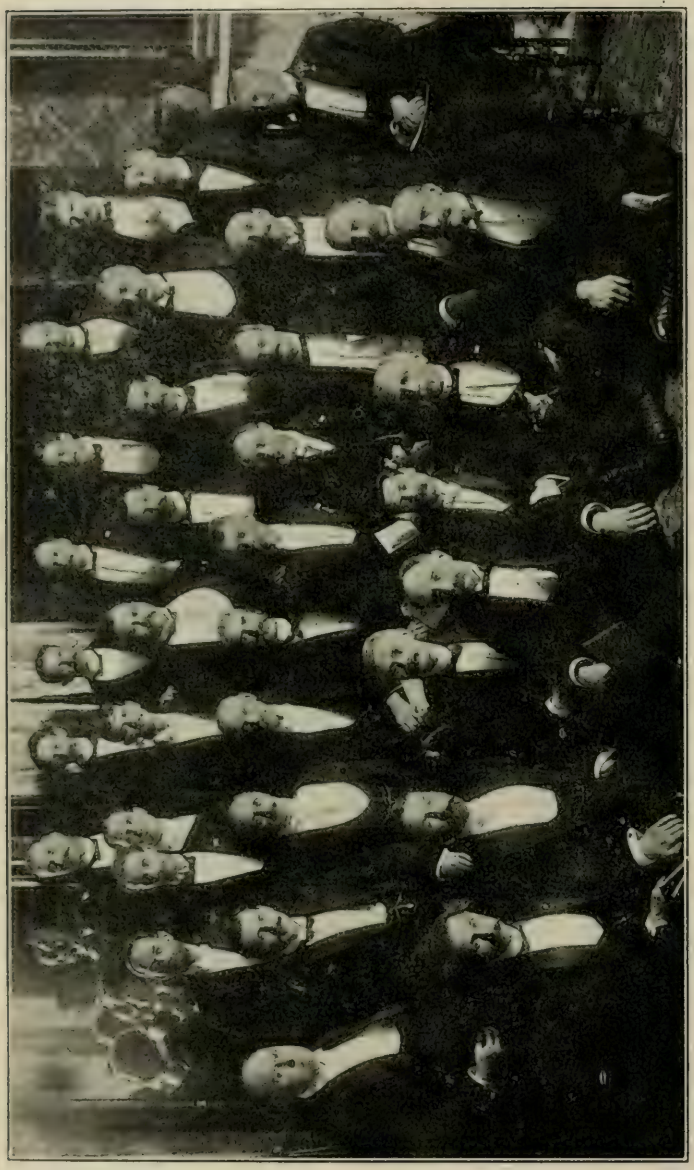
uses of the Club members. The other two are rented to manufacturers of water craft. The Club has accommodation for the stor age of sixty dinghys and three hundred canoes, and there are four hundred and fifty lockers. It is needless to add that all of this equipment, and more, is needed to supply the requirements of so large a body of members as constitute the active portion of the Club.



COMMODORE W. A. MCNAB 1907-08.

The Toronto Canoe Club prides itself on the fact that no intoxicating drink has ever been permitted on its premises. The management determined, at the outset, that everything connected with the Club should be of the most temperate and wholesome character: and in consequence, its sports have been clean, and its various ramifications conducted with a purpose, looking to the moral as well as the physical advantage of the members. In the matter of literature, the Club provides periodicals of the highest order of merit, both English and American; not however, relating exclusively to sports, but dealing, as well with the arts and sciences. The young athlete while developing his body, has at hand the means to also nourish his mind. Musical recreation is also much in evidence, and many an evening the Club piano is kept busy to the accompaniment of Club songs. Several societies are yearly

A FINE SIGHT.

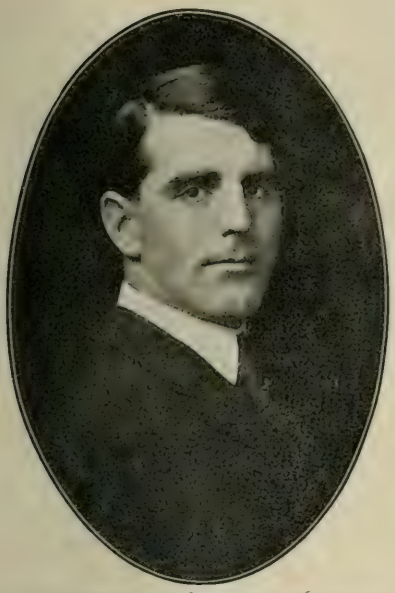


OLD MEMBERS DINNER, 1907.

organized from the membership, such as the "The Toronto Canoe Club Hockey Association"—the Dinghy Association under Captain Tyrell ; theAmateurPhotographic Club ; and the Toronto Motor Boat Club, organized by Mr. S. A. Sylvester; the war canoe racing section : etc. Perhaps the most arduous and persistent effort required in acquatic sports, is in the training of the war-canoe paddlers. There are five war canoes owned by the Club, and the several crews are under the care and management of the vice - commodore, Mr. Arthur McNichol. A professional trainer is employed and much practise is necessary in order that physical excellence may be attained. How thoroughly it is done is attested by the long string of victories to the credit of the Club in past contests.

An important annual feature in the line of contests, is what is known as the Baillie Life Membership Prize. Briefly stated, Mr. Frank W. Baillie in 1902 donated the interest on a thousand dollars at six and a half per cent annually, to the winner of the greatest number of points at the annual summer regatta of the Club. Said interest (amounting to sixty-five dollars yearly) to be used in the purchase of a life membership to be awarded to the winning member. The rivalry is naturally of a most stimulating character, the developement of which is closely watched by the entire membership of the Club.

Although the Toronto Canoe Club is devoted chiefly to acquat icsports, in season, yet there is something doing at Club quarters at all seasons. In the fall, a program of winter pastimes is issued by the House Committee. These consist of



VICE COMMODORE ARTHUR MCNICHOL

HON. SEC'Y W. H. PLANT, 1907-08

prize contests in whist, euchre and chess, interspersed with musical evenings, smokers, etc. A night in each month is set apart and called "ladies night" on which occasion the lady friends of the members are present in large numbers, and dancing to the strain of the finest orchestra in the city is indulged in up to the midnight hour. Every Saturday night in the winter season is a gala night ; and after the games and contests of the evening are over, those present (often to the number of one hundred and fifty) line up to the free lunch offerings which have become an attractive feature of the winter program. There is much musical talent in this Club, and the members are often regaled by concerts furnished entirely by Club talent. A banquet at McConkey's has become an annual feature and no effort is spared to make these occasions memorable, and marked by bright speeches and a general "feast of reason and flow

SENIOR WAR CANOE, 1907.

of song." Add to all this, several impromptu affairs such as theatre parties, informal luncheons, ice sports and the like, and it is not a matter for wonder that the old members who are now living in other localties, never forget the good times passed with the boys of the Red Ring.

HAND PADDLING FOURS.

There has been organized, lately, an Old Members' Association, the object of which is to foster and maintain in a social way, the friendships and intimacies started in the old days. There are nearly two hundred and fifty members who joined the Club prior to 1903, and this association extends to all such a cordial invitation to join its ranks. Many of the active men of the Club previous to five years ago, have naturally retired from active participation in sports, and their places are taken by newer, and for the most part, younger members.

A FINE RACE.

And this desire among the old members to meet together at stated intervals, means the revival in reminisces, of memorable events in the history of the Club. A number of the oldest members have passed away, but there still remain many who have been connected with the Club for upwards of fifteen years.

Of the nine organizers, in 1880, there remain but two who are now members of the

AN EXCITING FINISH.

NASMITH, MCNICHOL, LIVINGSTONE, KIPP—SENIOR FOURS, 1907-08.

Club—Mr. Frank M. Nicholson and Mr. Hugh Neilson. Both of these gentlemen are still hale and hearty. Every summer, Mr. Neilson paddles his canoe in Muskoka waters, and doubtless, Mr. Nicholson is still able to maintain his equilibrium in the frailest craft, when occasion requires.

The executive of the Toronto Canoe Club is, and always has been, composed of business men. Nearly every member of the present executive has held the office for years ; and to this fact must largely be attributed the excellent financial showing of the Club. A glance at the annual statement of the Club for 1907 shows receipts of upwards of ten thousand dollars, and expenditure of nine thousand dollars. It goes without saying, that up to date methods and unceasing care are necessary to the proper handling of the multiplicity of detail occasion-

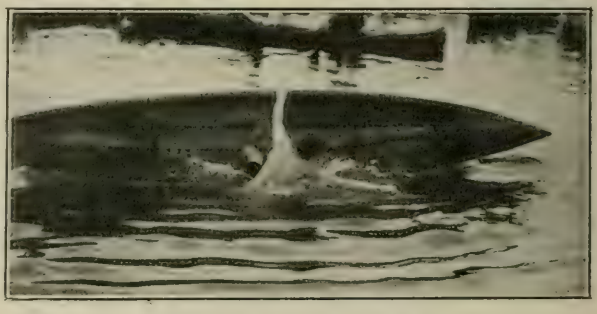
STANDING TANDEM.

ed, and to essential requirements of the membership.

Perhaps the most enjoyable function of the year, in the annals of the Club Sports, is the summer regatta. No expense or pains are ever spared by the various committees to make these occasions memorable. The extensive balconies of the Club-House are crowded with members and their friends, and the scene at the climax of a hotly contested race is always inspiring. Whether the contest be among the "white wings," the war canoes, the tandems or the singles, the enthusiasm is contagious, the hi-yah, hi-yah, hi-yah calls of the men, the gloved plaudits of the fair sex, the cries of encouragement proceeding from hundreds of throats altogether make a scene sufficient to arouse the most indifferent spectator. One of the most memorable of these occasions was the summer regatta of 1906. Many of those who read these lines will recall that delightful occasion. The day was one of the loveliest in the June month and the water was mirror like in its stillness and reflection. There was scarcely a ripple on its surface. The spacious balconies of the Club-House were filled with a joyous crowd, numbering hundreds of enthusiasts, while out on the the bay, on an improvised raft, was stationed the Highlanders' Band discoursing excellent harmony. The races on that afternoon were all most exciting, and closely contested. But it was the war canoe contest that was the great sensation of the day. As the crews neared the home stretch, it was observed that the two leaders were neck to neck. The great boats each manned by fifteen paddlers, came to the line amid the wildest acclaim, each man straining every muscle, while so nearly did they keep together at the finish that few could tell which crew had won the victory. Toronto Bay is always interesting, but its charm was never displayed to better advantage than on that twenty-third day of June. The water was dotted here and here, by scores of sails, floating t

R. C. BLACKBURN, WINNER, 1907.

BLOMFIELD DOING THE FLIP IN ONE AND A QUARTER SECONDS.



RIDPATH DOING THE FLIP.

"THE CANADIAN HENLEY"

1907-08 finish at St. Catharines—1st T. C. C. ; 2nd P. C. C. ; 3rd I. A. A. A.

lazily without purpose except to lend romance to the scene. Twilight settled on the waters, and one romatically inclined, could conjure up visions of the lagoons of Venice, so full of warmth and color was the picture. And so the day closed : the caterers had served refreshments and the dance was on. Nothing marred the occasion and it was voted on all sides that it was a day of delight long to be remembered.

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A Fine Collection of Sporting Trophies.

WE publish as a frontispiece an interesting collection of big game heads obtained by Mr. Wm. Irwin, of Shelburne, Ont. Mr. Irwin is now over sixty years of age and he has settled down quietly. In his younger days he had some western experiences, including some fine hunting expeditions in British Columbia, and secured some splendid game heads as our illustration shows.

The sheep heads are those of the Big Horn (Rocky Mountain). The older they grow the bigger become the horns as they are never shed. The deer heads are those of the mule deer, which reach large proportions, a four year old buck weighing about three hundred pounds. These deer which shed their horns in February get very fat in the fall and Mr. Irwin says he has taken twenty pounds of tallow out of one buck. Mule deer were found in Mr. Irwin's time two hundred miles east of Vancouver and seventy miles northeast of Ashcroft.

The following are the particulars of the heads :

No. 1 ram. Length of horns twenty-four inches, size of horn close to head sixteen inches.

No. 2 head. Length of horns twenty-two inches, round horn close to head fifteen inches.

No. 1 deer. Length of horns thirty inches. Spread of horns twenty-four inches.

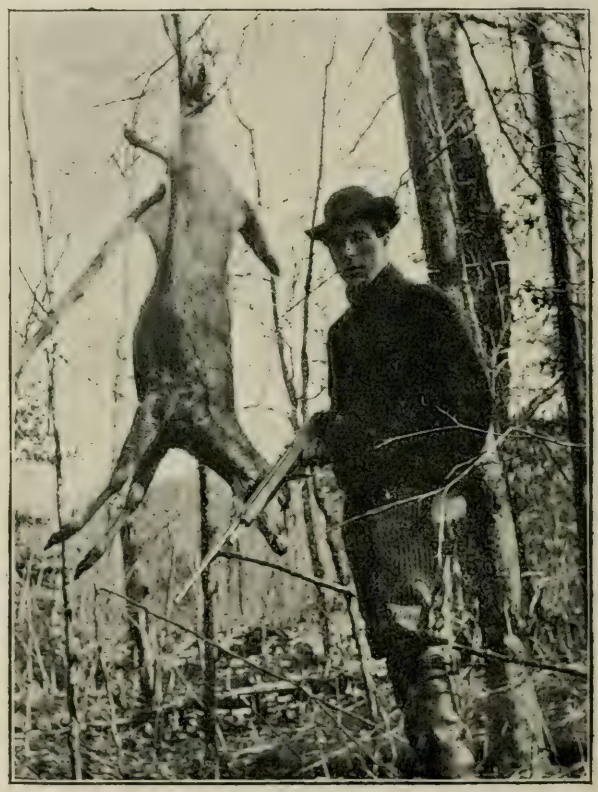
No. 2. Length of horn thirty inches. Spread of horn twenty-four inches.

No. 3. Length of horn twenty-five inches. Spread of horn twenty-four inches.

A Deer Hunt on Deer River.

BY GEORGE BOADWAY.

A party of us had made up our minds to enjoy a deer hunt in Muskoka in the open season of 1906. As we lived at varying distances apart including Sarnia, Brampton, Breslau and Toronto it was agreed to meet in the latter city and proceed with united forces to our destination. I had two days' start of the rest of the party and went through from Woodstock to Huntsville on a visit to a friend who lives at that delightful spot. Later on I joined the rest at Burks Falls where, after breakfast at the hotel, we got our baggage and dogs nicely stowed away in the steamer at the Magnetawan dock.



MY FIRST DEER.

All was ready by eight o'clock in the morning when we cast off our moorings and started for Ahnic Harbor, a distance of forty miles. We are agreed that this is one of the loveliest trips in Ontario. For twenty miles the river appeared as though it had been made artificially. It meanders through a low lying country with trees overhanging on each side. At times the river would almost seem to heave out of its bed as the steamer passed through. There are several remarkable things about the river. In one place we came to a small lake but instead of the river running into the lake it turns within ten feet of it and follows the lake fully half way round with nothing more than ten feet of land dividing them. Finally the river turns abruptly away from the lake at a point where a small neck of land runs into the lake.

It was two in the afternoon before we arrived at Ahnic Harbour. Here we found two teams awaiting us, and after a hurry up dinner we started on the last stage of our journey—a distance of sixteen miles to Deer River. Here we had arranged to stay with Mr. Harris, a settler who combines farming with lumbering and hunting and is doing well. The roads were so rough and hilly that walking proved more comfortable than riding and long before those sixteen miles were over we wished ourselves at our journey's end. It was not until seven in the evening, when everything is black and dark in those weary woods, that we reached the house, tired and hungry as bears. After supper we all made up our beds, having to sleep in one large room, which was good enough for camp life, and speedily tumbled in, sleeping sound, after our hard day's toil.

The first thing I remember after getting into bed was "Bill" Harris,

shouting in his loud backwoods voice "Hurrah, boys, sunlight on the door, pork and beans on the table and every son of a gun in bed."

Half past five was early for all of us, and the last fact was by no means remarkable. It was no use trying to sleep after this intimation. Far better was it to get up of your own free will than be pulled out of bed with no gentle hands. Our hunting rules were to be up early and no one shirked the ordeal.

Our camp was on the shore of a small lake with Deer River running in one end and out at the other. A short way up the river is Waby Creek and it is in this neighbourhood that we hunted the first day. Robert Fletcher, or "Big Bob" as we called him, was chosen for our leader. He himself said he was boss of the ratt and stationed us along the creek. I was placed on the Dam runway — a place where an old dam had been built, with the steep sloping hills on each side.

LANDING WITH TWO DEER.

Patiently I remained there till ten o'clock and thought by the looks of things that I should never see a deer in that rough place. Further on I thought the place much better for a runway and strolled in that direction. In the woods I found deer tracks as thick as sheep tracks in a barnyard (of course the number of tracks would depend on how many sheep the farmer possessed) and even saw two deer. They were too far off for me to shoot but in my rambling and excitement I got turned round or as most people would say "lost."

Having been born and raised in Muskoka, and used to the woods all my life, this was a new experience. As a rule I am at home in the woods though I know enough about them to be careful and always take my compass with me. I had noticed the direction of the hunt and following the needle for half a mile was brought out directly to the camp.

In the afternoon I was placed to watch the same runway and as I remembered my morning's experience I took to the woods again. This time I had not gone far when I heard the dogs coming and hurried back. Before I could reach my position I saw the dogs on my side of the creek and coming straight towards me. Now I knew that as a rule the deer are a good way ahead of the dogs and therefore felt that the deer must be close to me. As the woods were quite open I knew that the deer could not have passed without my hearing or seeing him and I stopped to consider where he could possibly have gone. While I was standing the dogs came within a hundred yards of me and scattered. From this I knew the deer had either seen me or caught my smell. Before I could think of anything further the deer came down the hill straight for me so quick and so close that it took me by surprise and I remained as if glued to the ground.

Recovering a little I fired my .35 automatic and attempted to reload. I had been used to a 44.40 Winchester and forgetting my rifle was a self loader followed my usual custom. By the time I recovered my senses, the deer was one hundred yards away and I could see only a white streak bobbing up and down. I fired again, but the deer did not stop to see if he was hurt.

When the dogs came up they stopped and looked at me inquiringly, as though to ask "Where is the deer?" Then they scampered off again and I was left to decide whether it had been a dream or a reality. I was ready to knock myself down with the gun and would have done so had I not thought it would hurt me. This proved the first, last and only run for the day.

We decided to return to camp, and Mr. Allen, or "Dad" as we called him, a man of seventy, a grand old hunter who had hunted every fall for the last twenty-two years, agreed to accompany me. We took a short cut through the woods and thought it best to go on parallel lines. We had not proceeded far, and I was in the midst of a thick growth of young pines when I heard a snort and the breaking of twigs. These noises told me a deer was close by, and a minute later I heard a shot. Next Dad called me over and I found sure enough that he had shot a two year old buck. We dressed it, drew it out to a lumber road, and when one of the boys came along and assisted us, we took it to camp on arrival at which we felt tired and hungry enough to eat everything in sight. At the same time we felt good to think that after all our disappointments we had experienced the good fortune of securing a deer on the first day of our camp life.

Next morning Dad was lucky enough to get his second deer. In the afternoon I was back on the dam runway again. As I sat there I heard rustling amongst the leaves and light snow up in the woods above me and on the opposite side of the creek. In a short time a fawn came trotting through the thick willows until it reached a big pine log. At that point it stopped and jumped over when it was hidden from my view, remaining there for about ten minutes, though this period seemed an hour to me as I sat there waiting anxiously and expectantly for the dogs to come. Apparently the deer had come down to the creek of its own free will. All at once it jumped out of its hiding place and came to the creek about one hundred and fifty yards from me, standing in the open. I fired, but instead of falling or making a jump back into the woods as I expected, it simply started and then fell to nibbling at the grass. I fired again, and with the same result. On a third attempt it simply shook its tail and trotted into the woods a short away. I could see it and fired a fourth time. Then I had the "pleasure" of seeing it trot away in the direction from which it came seeming to say "I had better not take any more chances or I might accidentally be hit !"

By this time I began to feel pretty well disappointed with myself. I thought my rifle too light, or I was too light ("light headed") to do any good. My adventures did not make a good story that night.

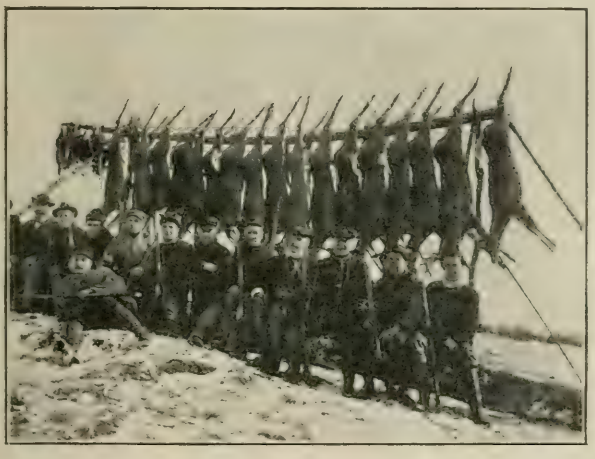
Another deer, a fine large doe, was shot next morning but not by me. Joe Degeer was the lucky man. In the afternoon I was stationed at the same old place and waited patiently till I heard the dogs. Then I saw a yearling coming as though nothing could stop it. In two jumps it was down the hill, landing in the creek, and the next bound was on the other side and into the willows. This time, however, I was too quick for him. I fired three shots, putting one through its shoulder and dropped it about fifty yards from the creek.

Next day was Sunday, and Will Merrill and I arranged to go by boat to the place where two deer were left and bring them to camp. It was more for the row than anything else that we undertook the journey, which was across Harris Lake out into Deer River and up Waby Creek, a distance of about three miles. After landing, and seeing our deer safe we indulged in a little rifle practice and rested on a rock.

The afternoon was lovely and we were enjoying the peace and quietness on every hand as well as the fine scenery when we saw a fawn come down to the creek. After drinking, it stood there, making a

fine shot. I took aim but to my surprise found I could not pull the gun off. Before I could unload my rifle, or my friend could get his rifle ready, the deer had plunged into the creek. Both fired, and one ball (as we learned later) tore part of its lower jaw off. At the time, we did not think either of us had touched it, but Will went over the hill to see if he could find traces of blood. To his surprise he came upon the deer and fired again, but without success.

On the runway where it had been standing we found a pool of blood, and followed the traces. There was much blood, making the trail easy, and we judged that from its condition it could not go very far. For a mile and a half, we saw that every jump was followed by splashes of blood on the snow. At the end of the runway, the deer took to the water but as some of the boys were engaged in target practice on the other side it returned and took to the woods. Soon we were again on its tracks, and found that about half a mile down the lake shore the deer had again taken to the water. There was a thin scum of ice on the lake, and by the time we reached the place the animal had broken its way through, nearly to the middle where it was plunging and trying to go farther while all the time it was getting into stronger ice, Its exertions tired it out, and it would rest its chin (or what it had left for a chin) on the ice, and after a time plunge forward again. Some of the boys went out in a row boat and when they found the poor animal's condition they speedily put an end to its misery. Will and I returned to where we had left our boat, and rowed back to camp, feeling very tired as a result of our double exertions.



HUNTERS AND DEER WITH SIX MORE HANGING IN THE WOODS.

Notwithstanding our Sunday exertions we were out on our runways at half past seven on Monday morning. Before half an hour had passed, I saw a fawn running down the hill with considerable speed. Before it had made two jumps into the open, I put a couple of shots through its shoulder, causing the deer to fall in its tracks. Although it could not get up, it held its head high and looked back to see if the dogs were coming. I thought it peculiar that it could lay there with its head up and looking so sharp, at a time when it was injured so much that it could not get up. As I had heard of deer playing tricks on dogs I thought this one might be attempting something of the kind, and sent a third bullet through its neck finishing my job completely.

By this time I was getting used to my rifle and could make nearly every shot count. In fact I began to brag that I was not going to allow any more deer to slip past me without putting a hole or two in them, and as is usually the case under such circumstances, my luck changed and I did not get another shot until a few days before we came out.

Bob Fletcher shot a fine two hundred pound buck a short way up the creek from where I was stationed, and we all felt that we were in good luck—seven deer in two days and a half.

Tuesday was our unlucky day. In the morning two deer crossed my runway just before I got there, the dogs having been started too early. In the afternoon, the deer instead of crossing the creek as usual, took to the lake and no men were stationed there.

On Wednesday five deer were secured, two in the morning and three in the afternoon. Will Merrill and I were the "dog

punchers" and the rest thought we were doing so fine that we were selected for the same task next day. That day however proved a blank, not a single shot being fired at a deer.

On Friday we did very little hunting as it rained all day and was most depressing.

Three more deer were shot on Saturday, two of them by Dad, who was stationed on my old runway at the dam.

A very exciting chase was witnessed on Monday. A fawn started near the lake, and was shot at by the dog puncher, as it made a couple of circles as though not knowing where to go or what to do. Finally it struck out directly away from the lake and made for the creek where a number of men were stationed. After being shot by two more of our party, I thought the dogs had taken it away completely. Later on I heard them coming again, and another shot was fired. Soon the deer passed me, but too far off to shoot. At the lake John Boyd shot it in the side, but it kept on swimming until a shot in the head terminated its existence.

Fawns seem to run with all the strength of old ones, and this one must have run fully fifteen miles.

There was not much more excitement for the rest of the trip, and on Friday morning we left camp on our homeward journey, with twenty-three deer to our credit, nearly two each, althongh four of our party were not fortunate enough to get a single one.

When we reached Ahnic harbor we all thought we would have to walk the rest of the way to Burke's Falls, as the bay was frozen over and the boys were skating on it. After dinner, and a couple of hours' rest, we were pleased to hear the joyful whistle of the steamer as she plowed through the ice and reached the wharf.

At Burke's Falls it was one o'clock in the morning before the hunter's special came in. Then it was so crowded that I had to stand or sit in the aisle nearly all the way to Toronto.

Although we had the best of luck, and a good outing, we were glad to reach our homes again, and once more face the problems of life with renewed vigor for the interval we had enjoyed.

Autumn Idleness.

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY.

THE lazy clouds lie basking on the blue,
Foam circled islands in a peaceful sea
Scarce ruffled by the breeze, which carelessly
Wanders the arch of autumn heaven through.

Beneath, the quiet ocean stretches wide,
Out and beyond the end of everything ;
The sunlight flashes from the gull's white wing
Soaring and dipping seaward with the tide.

Above me, where the painted maples spread
A screen all wrought and interlaid with gold,
The shining gloom a silence seems to hold,
A hush that tells of Summer lately dead !

I lie and hear the muffled monotone
Of the great working world that calls to me
Claiming my freedom—but I am not free,
Th' enchantress, Autumn, chains me to her throne !

The Red Deer or Wapiti and the Virginian or Common "Red Deer" of North America.

BY JOHN ARTHUR HOPE.

THE Red Deer or Wapiti (Cervius Elaphus) is found in North America, Persia, Cashmere, Barbary* and Europe, including the British Isles, those in the two first named countries being considerably the larger. They resemble each other in almost every detail except size. Their antlers (Elaphine) all branch in the same manner. I have seen the various superb heads in Britain with their brow beams and white burnished tips.

The Habitat of the North American Red Deer or Wapiti (incorrectly called "Elk") extends from the edge of the Eastern prairie to the Pacific Coast and south to Colorado.

A well-grown European stag stands over four feet at the withers, with a thickly coated neck of a grayish tint, a rich brown body-colour and uniformly curved symmetrical antlers. In winter its coat is longer and of a greyer tint. The tail is short or clubbed. The hair of the underbody is a dirty white colour, with a coloured patch on the buttocks. The stag carries its head high and is one of the most magnificent looking of any of the deer species.

The new born calves are brilliantly spotted with white. The pairing season occupies the early part of October, the calves are born about the end of May or the beginning of June, whilst the stags drop their antlers in March and first part of April; the youngest the latest. They continue to increase in bulk and strength up to their twelfth year.

The venison is excellent and is said to be more nutritious than any other meat.

It is still found wild in England, in the Exmoor Forest (no trees); in Scotland north of the Firth of Clyde, and in Ireland about Killarney and Connemara. Many hundreds of private enclosed parks have a pair or more living peacefully with Fallow deer, Japanese and Blacktail from the Rockies. Northern specimens are much the smaller and carry far inferior antlers to those of south Germany and Hungary which possess much the finest sets. In some of the forest of Germany heads have been obtained with as many as sixty-six points. Lord Powerscourt, county Wicklow, Ireland, has in his possession a pair with forty-five tynes.

In the southern counties of England and one county in Ireland the hunting of the stag has degenerated into chasing them with hounds after they have been deprived of their antlers, and let out of boxes shortly before the sportsmen put in an appearance; while in the forests of north Scotland— (strange forests; the mountain sides are bare of trees) the "stalker" uses a long range rifle and the more skillfully he uses this weapon when his "gillie" has placed him within range of a "good head" the better his chance of obtaining it, as a stag rarely gives a second shot. The farther the range the "trophy" is killed at, the higher the honour, that is to say a "royal head" secured at long range is considered the acme of sport in deer-stalking.

In great Britain the conditions of life and the food are not of the quality that develope first rate antlers—as in Scotland for instance it is the habit to shoot those with the finest heads (a twelve pointer is not necessarily a "royal" as the royal tyne may be absent) and so leave the indifferent specimens to perpetuate their species. To counteract this and to keep them from degenerating, as far as possible fresh blood of the same species is continually imported from Southern Europe.

In the spring of the year following its birth the antlers are nothing more than straight, conical and unbranched "beams", the animal then being known as a "Brocket". In the following spring the antler has, besides the "beam" a

*It is interesting to note that the Red Deer of Barbary—according to Professor P. Martin Duncan, London England—is the only number of the Cervine group which is found in Africa.

small branch from its base, directed forwards, known as the "brow antler," it is then called a "Spayad." In the third year an extra front branch is formed, known as the "tres" and the whole antler is larger. In the fourth year the brow antler is doubled to form the "brow" and "bez tyne" at the same time that the top of the main beam divides into the "surroyals" of the "staggard" or fourth year old male. In the fifth year the surroyals become more numerous, the whole antler of the stag being heavier than previously only to be exceeded in weight by those of the fully adult stag with ten or more points, each being larger and longer than the year before. At all times a full grown stag is dangerous when brought to bay, particularly in the rutting season when it fears not man nor dog. "Beware of the deer" is a common notice to be seen nailed to a tree in a deer park through which a public path runs. I have had a dog's back broken with a blow from the front hoof of a stag so quickly that the eye could hardly follow the movement and have found other dogs in a park killed outright by the same means. Many "gillies" (game keepers) have lost their lives by trying to separate a pair of fighting stags, while many more have been killed by wounded stags. Only a short time ago a gillie lost his life in a Scotch deer forest. The stag fell to his shot and lay, apparently, quite dead, on his going up to it. In attempting to bleed it however, it regained its feet and disembowled him with its last strength, falling dead across the man's body.

They fight savagely for possession of the hinds, one or both rarely coming off without being badly or fatally wounded. Like all of the deer tribe they fight between themselves with the antlers only, using their front feet on their natural enemies, striking quickly and with great force to a distance of ten feet. Except in the pairing season the stags herd alone.

The Virginian or "Red Deer" is the "common" deer of the United States south to Mexico and a strip through the southern part of Canada. It received the name "red deer" from the early settlers from the color of its summer coat, and correctly so as regards this colour as it is a much more yellowish red than the Wapiti or true red deer, but there all resemblance ends between these two branches of the Cervidae. The Virginian or common red deer is smaller than the European red deer and lacks several things to be found in the latter species: the white patches on the buttocks; the tail is from fifteen to sixteen inches long and not short or clubbed; the covering of the underbody is much whiter; the thick shaggy covering of the neck is also lacking. But it is in the antlers that we find the most marked difference. Those of the red deer are of the extreme recurvine type, their beams turning outwards and forwards, with several points directed upwards from their convex border. The brow tyne is short and pointed upwards instead of forwards and the antlers are very much smaller in size and the amount of tynes grown. Also unlike the red deer of Europe wherein the largest specimens are found in the south and the smallest in the north, the smallest here are found in the south, Mexico, and the largest in the north. This, however, may be due to climatic conditions.

They are also not gregarious like the Red Deer or Wapiti. However the "common"and pretty red deer of America is too well known to describe it further to readers of "Rod & Gun."

A correspondent writes : With respect to the discussion on trout and charr while I am not an authority I can distinguish a true trout from a charr at the first glance. The only feature they share in common is that both are salmonoids. In all other respects they are distinct—in shape, in scales, in habits, in the number of teeth in the upper and lower jaws, in shape of head, in color of skin, in having no speckles, in softness of flesh one hour after death in comparison to the firmness of speckled trout etc. These differences are surely sufficient to enable a fisherman to know the distinction between a charr and a trout.

A First Night in a Wilderness Camp.

BY ERNEST J. MCVEIGH.

HOW unfit for roughing it in the wilderness does the life in the city make us ! We dream of days in the canoe, and nights beside the fire, in our little tent, or in some long unused shack and it is all a delight, in our dreams. But we don't take properly into account the black fly that follows us all day, or the ubiquitous mosquito that sings his little song by night. How can such things make us afraid as we lay in our comfortable bed in our happy home where the fly pursueth not, and the song of the mosquito is not heard?

How many of us have sat in the chair car on the rear end of the fast express as it stood for a few minutes at the small station or water tank in the Ontario Highlands, and watched the bush ranger embark in his canoe to go we don't know where, with his bundle of grub, blankets and gun, and felt a wild impulse to run out and shout after him to wait and we would go with him. But suppose you did get into that canoe and start off into that great mysterious wilderness, how far would you go before you found how unfitted you were for the undertaking ? The flies and mosquitoes would feast on your soft white skin, your back and legs would ache from your cramped position in the canoe, and your arms, so unaccustomed to the work, would be numb with weariness long before the ranger would think of asking you to change sides, or if you were getting tired. And then the first night out beside that little fire as you lay and listen to the snore of your seasoned companion, and start into more nerveworn wakefulness as some small animal, or crawling thing, comes into contact with your body.

Of course if you have the right stuff in you all these discomforts will fade away in a short time, and you will enjoy it all, but not before your hide is well tanned and your muscles hard. If you are not built right for the wilderness the first day and night will, likely, be a big plenty for you until you forget the terrible hardships you think you have gone through. What looks so easy for the other fellow may not be even possible for you.

In the latter part of June this year I happened to be at the head of little Opeongo Lake, at a farm house, had arrived there at twelve noon from the direction of civilization, and at one o'clock two government fire rangers drifted in from the opposite, or wilderness side. They were tanned and weatherbeaten, wet to the knees, and apparently in no hurry to go any where in particular, but they asked in a quiet way if there had been a fire near us lately No, there had been no bush fire, but the owner of the farm had set fire to and burned up a big pile of stumps the day before—"So that was it, eh—we saw the smoke from the head of Great Opeongo and thought we would come down and see what it was."

Now that was all simple enough, and easy. Oh ! sure, but could you or I have made that little run of thirty miles by lake, river and portage, and come in so fresh and unconcerned after it ?

And, by the way, I wonder how many of us know what the Ontario Government fire rangers are doing, and how well most of them cover the territory allotted to them. I was interested and amazed in talking to one of these men to find how much he knew of what was going on in a district fifty miles square, where there was neither telegraph, telephone lines, or even roads. I was telling him about two gentlemen who had come up from Ottawa on the train with me, and mentioned the name of one of them, but could not name the second. The fire ranger asked me in his quiet way if they had been up last year, and I told them I understood they had, and he said "Then his name is—and he is a photographer. They were fishing last year on such and such a stream, come in by——and went out by——and could even give me the dates. That struck me as pretty good, and I went further into the matter with him, and others, and I want to say to all and sundry who go fishing, hunting and camping in the Highlands of Ontario that "There's a chile among ye

taking notes and by the powers he'll report it !" to misquote the immortal Robert, so it behooves you to be careful and leave no smouldering camp fires behind you as you go, or you will lay up trouble for yourself that may find you out even in your happy home in the distant city.

How slowly we learn, or "if our foresight was only as good as our hindsight" what a great country and people we would be. Had the Province of Ontario given this matter of forest preservation the attention fifty years ago that she is giving it today, and it can still be improved on, how many millions of dollars would have been saved ? The only way to get an answer to that question would be to get the figures for all lumber and timber cut in the province for fifty years, and double that, (as all lumbermen estimate that there has been twice the amount destroyed by fire than there has been taken out) then knock off a fair percentage for fires that a well organized staff of rangers could not prevent, and the balance would represent the saving that would have been effected. Rather a tidy sum I guess.

But to come back to our subject. I am not such a tenderfoot in the wilderness as some who are more so, but my trips are not so numerous as I could wish, and I find each spring that I have much to relearn, or get accustomed to. My first trip in the Spring of 1908 was when my friend George and I went up to prepare a lodge on one of the Madawaska Lakes, for a family party that was to follow in a few days. As we did not arrive at the lodge until six p. m. we had not much time to put in on the building itself, and with the windows all broken, and no screens up, our first night promised to be troubled more or less. However, the wind had been blowing hard all day, and we had hopes that it might keep up during the night and keep the mosquitoes away from us. But no such luck, it fell calm about bed time, and we found them coming in pretty bad, but I think we would have managed to get to sleep all right if just about when we were getting used to the mosquitoes the field mice had not begun running over the roof and up and down the walls.

Now the mosquitoes were not so very bad, in fact after being with them a week we would not have noticed them, and as for the mice in a few nights we wou d have paid no attention to them whatever, but on our first trip after eight months of home, without a break, our nerves were out of tune and to some extent beyond our control. My camp bed was about six inches from the outside wall, up and down which the mice were running every moment, but I determined to pay no attention to them, and persuade myself that they were on the outside. I had about succeeded in this when I felt one of them light on the blanket over my body and I reached down to brush him off, as I brought my hand back it came in contact with him close to my chin, and to save myself I could not avoid jumping up and clawing around wildly in the dark to dislodge him.

I couldn't tell where he was or how many there was of him, so I got out of bed and lit the lamp. George was awake, though he had only the mosquitoes to contend with and he asked me what my trouble was, and after I told him I got back under the blankets leaving the lamp burning and we watched for mice while we swotted mosquitoes. We did not have long to wait as they seemed to care for neither us nor the light, and were soon running around as lively as usual, but they were on the inside instead of the outside as I had tried to make myself believe, and as they would go up the studding beside me George would yell "catch him, hit him with your hand etc." but do you think I could ? No sir, the spirit-may have been willing but the flesh was weak, and I could not force my unwilling hand to either strike or grasp the nimble little devils, so I got up and found a stick while George got a fishing rod in a bundle and we went after them horse and foot. After half an hour's hard work we killed one and then went out and sat on the verandah to admire the moonlight on the water. It was fine indeed, but the mosquitoes became most curious as to what we were wearing under our night shirts and we found that our bear-skin pants were no protection against them, so we once more returned to the blankets.

During my absence some enterprising pair of our friends, the field mice, had

been moving house, and when I got into bed I found at least part of their family there ahead of me. Did you ever find a family of young mice, without any hair on them, in your bed, making the discovery by the sense of touch with a bare leg? If you have not, you may have one more sensation to enjoy in this world. This was a little too much for me and after disposing of the cold and clammy offspring of our enemies I gave in and proceeded to move my bed across the living room to another bedroom, leaving George to play with those mice by his lonesome. I now placed my bed in the bottom bunk of a pair in one corner of this room, and got between the blankets once more, determined to pay no more attention to mice, mosquitoes, or other disturbing elements, and such is the power of mind over matter that I was just going off to sleep when a mouse came spat down on my pillow about two inches from the end of my nose. I guess I must have been pretty well rattled by this time, for I made a spring that brought my head in contact with the bottom of the bunk over me, this sent me back into bed on top of the mouse, but I didn't stay there long, for I was out on the floor within a short time, a very short time, leaving lots of room in the bed for that small gentleman in the fur coat.

It beats all how much room one small mouse can take up in a bed. I did not seem to feel that there was any room in that bed for me at all, and I guess it would be a mean man anyway who would crowd a poor little mouse, particularly when he had nothing on but a loose night shirt, and the moose was fully dressed and wide awake.

By the time I got the lamp going again, the mosquitoes were doing their utmost to solve the problem of what was inside my night shirt, and I must say their investigations were thorough and complete, and while I can't say that I was sleepy I did yearn for my bed and blankets. The spring cot had legs to it so I pulled it out of the bunk and set it up on the floor as far as possible from the walls, and once more lay me down with small faith, less hope, and no charity at all for mice. But it was of no use, I don't honestly think there was a single mouse got into the bed for the remainder of the night, but just the same I could see them run over the blankets, and drop on my pillow, if I so much as closed an eye, until daylight came with its fresh horde of mosquitoes to drive away all further thoughts of sleep, and sent me out fully dressed to build a fire or "smudge" and watch the sun rise over the hills.

Such was our first night in camp, but you would not have known us for the same men the next night when with screens on the windows, the lodge well smoked out, and paying no attention whatever to mice, we lay down with nerves soothed by the glorious air and slept the night through in comfort and peace.

Mr. Cowan's Hunting Trips in British Columbia.

ALL readers of the "Rod and Gun" are aware of the reputation made for himself by Mr. C. G. Cowan as an explorer in out-of-the-way corners of Canada and also as a big game hunter. Many will remember with interest his articles on Two Thousand Miles Down the Yukon River in a Small Boat published in our pages. With the exception of the Mackenzie, Mr. Cowan has hunted on every northern river east and west of the Rockies. For the last twenty-six years he has visited Canada annually for for the purpose of shooting big game and few men know more about the northern portions of British Columbia and the Yukon than Mr. Cowan.

Last year, accompanied by Mr. E. C. Penrose, of Kamloops, Mr. Cowan made a trip after big game up the Pelly and McMillan rivers.

While hunting on the upper Skeena

his guide, Max Leclare, was fatally shot by Simon or Gun-a-noot, an Indian who is still at large. Mr. Cowan was only a quarter of a mile away at the time of this fatal affray. On coming down from the north he learnt that two expeditions sent out by the Provincial Government are now on a still hunt for the Indian murderer at the headwaters of Stikin and Skeena rivers.

"We enjoyed excellent sport, but had no thrilling adventures," said Mr. Cowan in describing the trip. "After outfitting we sailed for Skagway on July 22, and made a start up the Pelly River from Selkirk on August 19. Our destination was the Kalsas Mountains on the McMillan River. We chartered the small steamer Quick, but soon abandoned her owing to a defect in the machinery. Then we hired Indians and tracked up the Pelly River about seventy miles. Leaving that stream we ascending its tributary, the McMillan, for about thirty-eight miles.

"My main object was to get a large moose, and I am glad I succeeded," modestly continued the big game hunter. "In all we shot eight caribou, four moose and four bears, including a grizzly. These trophies will be mounted entire and forwarded to my Irish home. We were also fortunate enough to secure excellent snapshot pictures of live caribou and other animals.

"After shooting a big moose we started out for a three days' hunt in the mountains Imagine our anger and disappointment on returning home to find that a visitor in our absence had eaten the hind legs of the moose. From the manner in which things had been turned upside down we realized our visitor was a bear. Our tent had been thrown down and various articles of camp equipment and our supplies lay on the ground scattered about for a distance of sixty feet. Not satisfied with wreaking his displeasure the bear also located our cache of meat and left our larder empty.

"Well, we did not sleep much that night as we expected our visitor to return. And sure enough he did. It was after midnight on a clear moonlight night when we heard an animal cautiously approaching the camp. Presently from a thicket emerged a grizzly monster who sniffed and listened attentively as though suspicious of our presence. The next moment I fired and Mr. Grizzly, for such he proved to be, fell mortally wounded. The bullet had pierced his heart, and his death struggles were soon over. The animal was a male and measured eight feet from the tip of his nose to the root of his tail. I was just as glad that we did not meet him at close quarters.

"I had rather a novel experience when out alone hunting moose. At the end of a two days' trip I found myself reduced to ten cartridges. Late in the afternoon I espied a bull moose four hundred yards distant and blazed away. The first shot hit the mark as the animal fell prostrate and was unable to rise. The next moment another moose came into view around the corner of a rock near the first animal. I fired a succession of shots and was delighted to see the second moose fall to the ground. I had now exhausted my cartridges and cautiously approached only to find that both animals although wounded in several places attempted to regain their feet and showed every desire of putting up a fight. Under the circumstances I withdrew and returned to camp. Taking our Indian guides back with me we re-visited the scene of the previous day's encounter, only to find both moose cold in death at the places where they had fallen. I learned that my first shot had penetrated both of the front knees of the bull moose, thus rendering him hors de combat.

"The lateness of the season prevented me from visiting the headwaters of the Pelly, to have a try at the black sheep, a new species of which I was lucky enough to buy a pelt from the Hudson's Bay Co. at Hazleton last year. The sheep in question had been shot by an Indian near the headwaters, of the Skeena and from other Indians who lived farther north the hunter had learned that the home of the black sheep—hitherto unknown by sportsmen—was at the headwaters of the Pelly. If all goes well I shall go in there next year as I want to shoot one for my collection."

Throughout his trip Mr. Cowan only met one individual, a solitary prospector.

A Curious Moose.

BY A. L. SLIPP.

ON the 20th of November, 1904, I was hunting in the Oak Mountain Range, the great watershed between the Becaguimac and Nackawick rivers in New Brunswick.

About one o'clock in the afternoon of that day, I came upon the tracks of four large moose in the damp leaves on a large hardwood ridge. As moose would be lying down at that time of the day and therefore the chance of getting a shot would be slight, it seemed best to wait until near sundown. About four o'clock I began to work cautiously along on their trail, and presently heard them feeding on the white wood saplings. But at this point the wind suddenly shifted, and the rumbling of hoofs on the frozen ground, and the smashing of undergrowth told that a hurried retreat was in progress.

Ascertaining the general direction of their course, I made a detour of about a mile, and came up against the wind to a steep hardwood knoll on which I hoped to find them. Standing still and looking carefully ahead, at length I made out a moose behind a large maple tree, bull or cow I could not determine just then. Cocking my Winchester I waited. Soon the snaky head of a cow moose appeared. Lowering the rifle I looked and listened intently. The sound of clicking horns could be heard on the farther end of the knoll, and not wishing to route Miss Moose for fear she would take the rest of the bunch with her, I started to go round on the side that would not give her the scent.

Judge of my surprise, when she walked up in my direction and cut me off. Dodging the other way the moose cut me off that way. Then tacking the way I started to go first she cut me off again. Manoeuvering this way a half a dozen times she had reduced the original distance between us of 100 yards to about 20 feet.

Up to this point I imagined that the queer actions of this moose were due to curiosity, and a desire to get my scent. But now she surely had smelled me, and began to raise the hair on her mane and along her spine, at the same time distending her nostrils, and giving vent to warning gurgles.

Never before had I seen a larger or finer specimen of moose than this one. Arrayed in her glossy fall coat, and as fat as a seal, she towered far above me. At the distance of twenty feet she paused an instant. Then gathering courage apparently, she made a rush at me. I raised my rifle and holding it in readiness, ran around a large beech tree. After following me around four times she sidestepped and came close upon me. Drawing back my right foot I kicked her on the nose as it came low when she stepped into a hollow. This caused her to jump back about ten yards, where she stood grumbling to herself.

Leaving her there I went over the ridge to find the bull that had made the racket with his horns, but he had gone to parts unknown; saw another moose cow, however. She fled with great precipitation. Did not get a moose out of this herd, but was fortunate enough to kill a fine one two days later at a point a mile further south. In four days hunting I saw seventeen moose, (mostly cows) and forty-one deer; have been born and brought up among big game, and since the age of nine have seen some hundreds of moose, but never before saw one act the same as this one. Perhaps it was the animal's curiosity. Perhaps my avoidance of it caused the moose to think that I was afraid of Her Highness. The time was just at twilight. Many animals are less shy at this period of the day.

Photo, Julia W. Henshaw.

GREAT FLOWERED GAILLARDIA (GAILLARDIA ARISTATOR)

The Third Annual Camp-Fire Meeting.

Amid romantic surroundings, which could not fail to deeply impress the members in attendance, the third annual meeting of the Clnb was held at Rogers Pass, B. C., during the week of the the camp.

The president (Mr. A. O. Wheeler, F. R. G. S.) gave the opening address, in the course of which he said:—Ladies and Gentlemen of the Alpine Club of Canada:

I give you welcome to this our third Annual Meeting, held upon a spot that must be always regarded by us with the deepest veneration.

A quarter of a century ago, on the fifth of Sept. next, the first Alpine Club of Canada was formed within a few hundred yards of where we are now standing.

Our patron, Sir Sandford Fleming, was the founder and was elected President; while the late Principal Grant of Queen's University, Kingston, was elected Secretary. It is true that its numbers were few, and its life fleeting; but the inspiration was there, and the seed was sown to bear abundant fruit twenty-three years later. I would that Sir Sandford Fleming could stand here with us today, and realize, as we all must, in the midst of these most appropriate surroundings, that the passing inspiration of a moment's leisure has led to a climax with influences reaching not only through the length of Canada, but beyond the seas.

Our growth has been phenomenal. We are now in our fifth hundred of membership, and I fervently pray that we may be given wisdom to lead this healthy infant of ours to youth, manhood and old age; and, contrary to the laws of nature, to greater strength and fuller vigor as its years increase.

This, our third Annual Meeting, is the most important one for two weighty reasons (1) your first Executive Committee has now to render an account of its stewardship and to submit to you the names of its newly elected officers of the Club for the second official term of its life, the years 1908 and 1909. The report of the scrutineers of the ballots will be read at the close of this address and the new officials announced. (2) There are matters of serious import that will be brought before you for your consideration which are of almost vital importance to our future successful existence.

With regard to our stewardship:—We have had two successful Annual Camps. We have published the first number of the Canadian Alpine Journal, and the second will be presented to you after this meeting. We have acquired a magnificent site for a permanent home at Banff. Our library has attained to the considerable dimensions of some fifty-odd books and publications; we have no debts and there is a balance in the treasury. Ifyou will read the official section of the first and second numbers of the said Journal

MT. BIDDLE AND LAKE M'ARTHUR

Photo, Mary M. Vaux.

and, when I have finished this address, will listen carefully to the reports of the Secretary, Treasurer, and Librarian, you will be in possession of full details of our existence to date, with one exception, viz :—a full list of members. It was originally intended to publish this with the second edition of the Journal, but members have been coming in so rapidly that it was thought better to publish a separate list when the present camp was over, so that the names of those graduating could be enrolled as Active Members.

It is my sad duty to record the death, since our last annual gathering, of one of our Honorary members, the distinguished scientist, Monsier le Colonel Laussedat, Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour. Dr. E. Deville, another of our Honorary members, has kindly written a biographical sketch for the Journal. It is of the

deepest interest, by reason of the insight given into the lovable personality of the man, in addition to his exceptionally distinguished scientific attainments.

I have also to record the election to Honorary Membership of the Rev. Jas. Outram, nephew of the celebrated Sir James Outram, a hero of the Siege of Lucknow. This gentleman holds the premier record for mountaineering in Canada, having made first ascents of a large number of high peaks as yet little known : Mts. Columbia, Bryce, Lyell, Forbes, Assiniboine and others. His charmingly written book "In the heart of the Canadian Rockies" has done much to bring Canadian Alpine tracts and mountaineering possibilities before the world, and to emulate other climbers to follow his example.

FRANK YEIGH, TORONTO, AN ADVISOR OF THE CLUB.

As the instigator of the Annual Camp I have recently been held responsible for a certain diplomatic alliance that has been entered into by two of our prominent members, one of whom bears the distinguished order of "O.M." I refer to the engagement of Mr. Frank Yeigh of Toronto to Miss A. L. Laird, of Kingston, which I have been given permission to announce to the Club. The High Contracting parties, in a most brazen manner, calmly throw all the blame for their actions upon my hoary head and bent shoulders. If blame there be, I glory in my shame, for I feel all such unions, brought about amidst the healthful and beautiful surroundings of the mountains, will be blest, and I am sure the Alpine Club joins with me in placing its hands upon these young people's heads and saying "Bless you my children."

We have here with us representatives of the following kindred organizations: From the English Alpine Club, Mr. G. E. Howard of Manchester ; from the American Alpine Club; from the Appalachian Mountaineering Club, Mr. H.W. Gleason, of Boston; from the Mazamas Mountaineering Club; Mr. A. F. Flegel of Portland, Oregon, etc., etc.

Continuing, the President expressed the acknowledgements of the club to the Dominion Goot the Provincial Goot of Alberta and to the Canadian Pacific Ry. Co. for very substantial assistance towards the success of the past and present camps. Among the officials of the C. P. R. who were specially mentioned were Mr. Whyte, Mr. McPherson and Mr. Ussher of Winnipeg, Mr. Kerr and Mr. Robson of Montreal, and Mr. Hayter Reed, manager-in-chief of hotels, to whom for three camps the Club has been indebted for the loan of Swiss guides.

Three amendments to the constitution, which at the meeting at Calgary on June second became club law, were referred to.

(1) charging the qualification for active membership from an arbitrary altitude of 10,000 feet above sea level to an ascent of a truly alpine, glacier-hung peak rising at least 2500 feet above the timber line of its region.

(2) providing for an Executive Secretary. The President referred to the objects and work of the Club as outlined by the constitution, and made it very clear

THE IKEFALL OF THE ZOTHO GLACIER.

Photo, Byron H. Harmon, Banff, Alta.

that a permanent salaried Executive Secretary was an absolute necessity. He stated that Mr. S. H. Mitchell had expressed his willingness to undertake the work, and referred to the qualifications that fitted him for such an office.

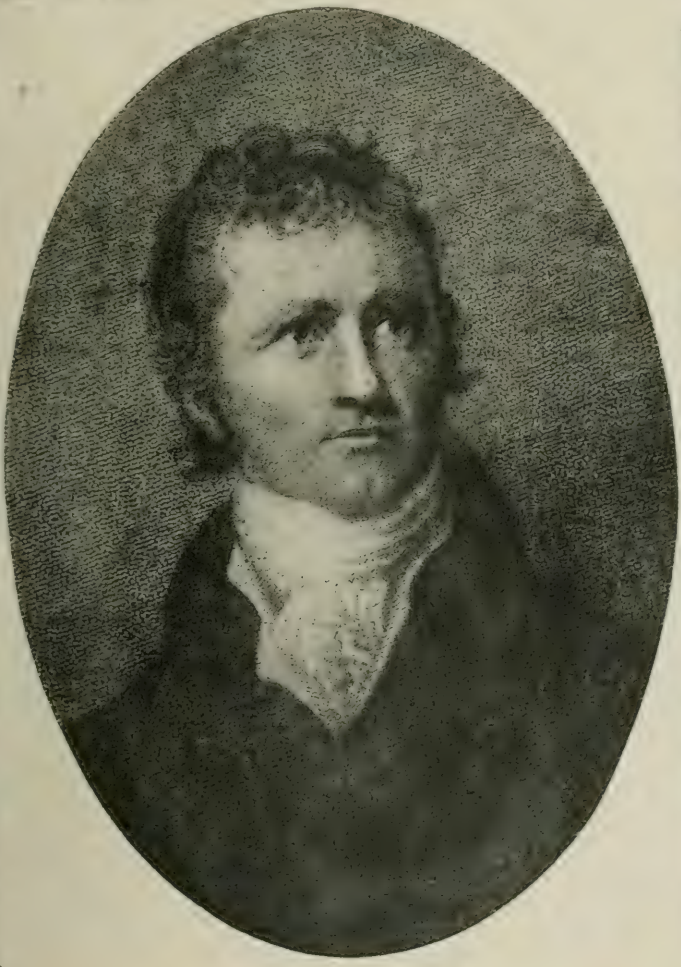
(3) providing that any applicant for election who receives five adverse votes will not be accepted.

Mr. Wheeler then dealt with proposed plans for the erection of a permanent Club House at Banff. A grant of three and a half acres of land at Banff has been made by the Dominion Government for the purpose.

The President also dealt with the ques-

tion of incorporation which would become a necessity for the issuing of debentures in connection with the Club House.

In concluding his address, the President referred to some remarkable achievements of the past year in mountaineering in the Canadian Rockies, viz., the attempt of Professor Coleman and party to climb Mt. Robson, involving a journey of over 180 miles from the base of supplies, the attempted ascent of Mt. Douglas by Mr. L. M. Earle of the English Alpine Club, the three unsuccessful attems on Mt. Pinnacle and the first ascent of Sir Donald by a Canadian lady, Miss Jean Parker. Reference was also made to the first ascent of the virgin peak, Mt. Garibaldi at the head of Howe Sound by a party of Vancouver mountaineers



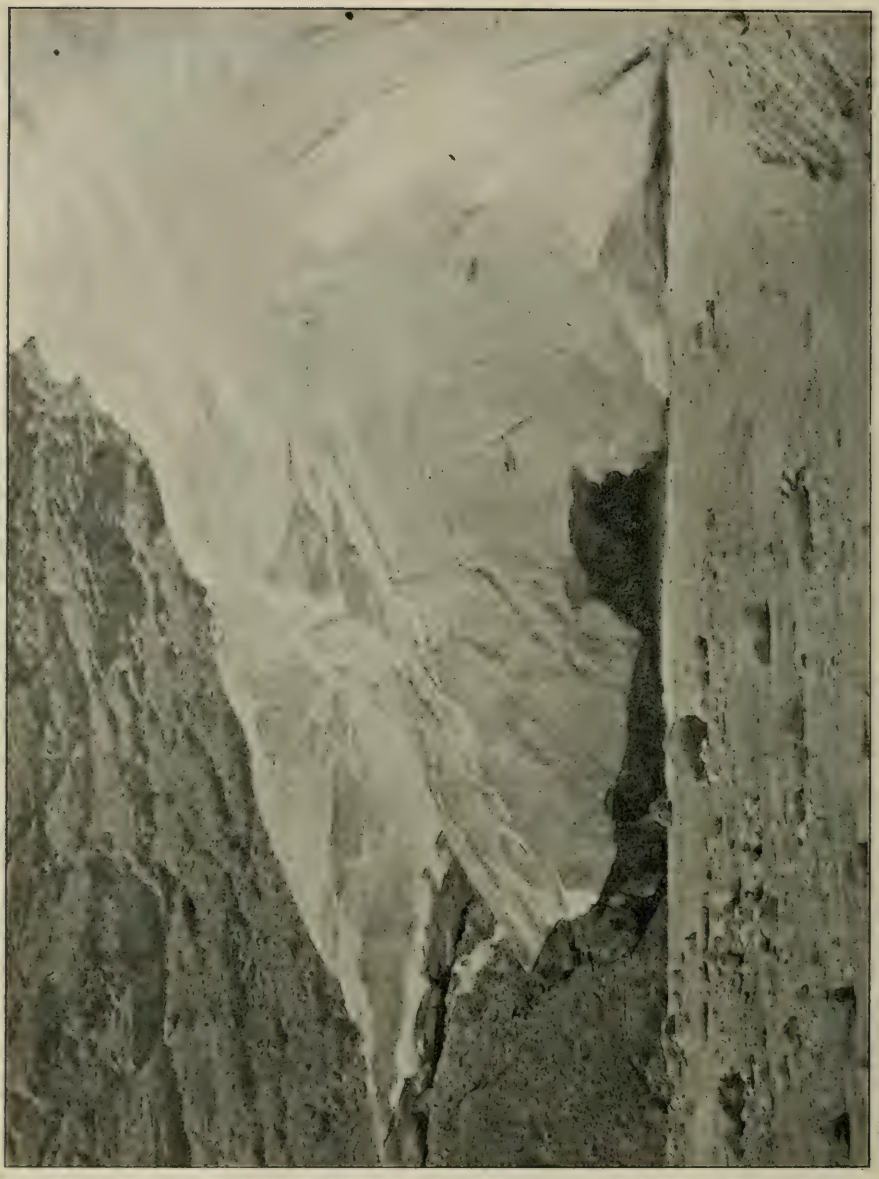
SIR ALEX. MACKAZENIE.
WHO FIRST PENETRATED TO THE PACIFIC THROUGH CANADA.

In conclusion, the President expressed his sincere thanks for the effective and hearty co-operation given him in the work of the Executive by the Secretary, Mrs. H. J. Parker, the Executive Secretary, Mr. S. H. Mitchell and the Librarian, Miss Jean Parker; also to the following members outside the Executive :— Mrs. A. O. Wheeler, Mr. H. G. Wheeler and Mr. M. P. Bridgland. Their work had entailed much self-sacrifice for the good of the cause and he hoped their labors had not been in vain.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH PARKER.

The Alpine Club of Canada passed its second birthday on March 28th. The original membership of 79 has increased to 403 of whom eight are honorary and eleven are associate members. In addition, there are 63 applications waiting for the next ballot. Some of these applicants are qualifying during this meet; the new honorary members are the Rt. Hon. James Bryce, His British Majesty's Ambassador at Washington, and Rev. James Outram, author of "In the Heart of the Canadian Rockies." One new associate member, Mr. Schiller Flindt, was added. The only loss by death came to the honorary list in the decease of Col. Laussedat, the eminent and venerable French scientist.

The constituency of the Club has extended to the Orient and Antipodes: India, Australia, South Africa, Holland and



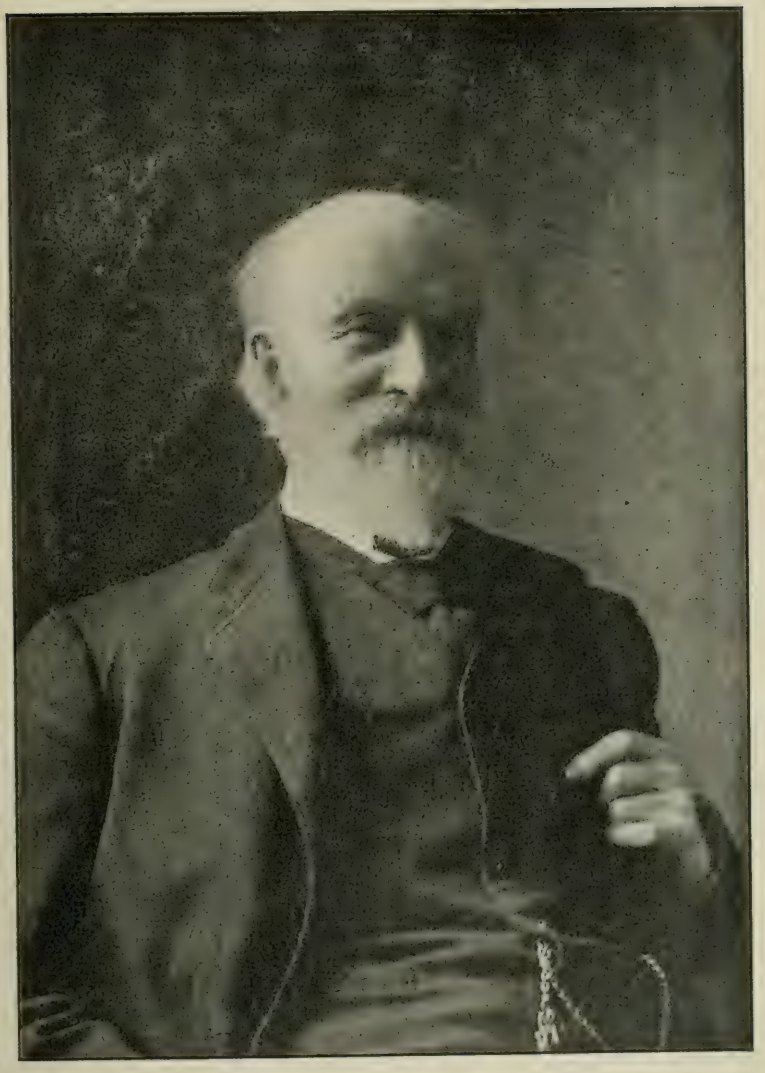
Photo, Geo. Vause jr., and Mary M. vance.

ICE ARCH IN THE ZOTHO GLACIER.

Switzerland and a dozen of the United States, are represented in its membership, as well as Britain and all Canada.

The second annual meet was held during the first week of July in Paradise Valley, with one hundred and fifty members and guests in attendance. Owing to the heavy snowfalls of the previous winter and an unusually late spring, the meadow at the head of the valley was too wet for an encampment, and it was necessary to hew out a place in the unbroken forest at the foot of Mt. Aberdeen. This involved very considerable though speedy labour: but the trees were felled, the ground prepared, the tents erected and everything made comfortable by the opening day. In spite of bad weather—snow and rain and thunder—climbing began on the day appointed, and there was not one beginner who failed to accomplish one of the official climbs, Mts. Temple and Aber-

deen. The total number qualifying for active membership was 66; also a large number of active members climbed these or other peaks every day. The President and his staff of mountaineers considered that the character of climbing was greatly in advance of that done the previous year. The round ascents were made in less time; physical hardiness was more in evidence; and the camp-fire, that supreme test of good-fellowship, if not of mountaineering-stuff, witnessed no dampened bouyancy in those of the company who had spent the day on glacier and neve and rock. This was the general rule. The excursions, too, over the difficult snow-passes, notably Abbot Pass, were much more strenuous than the excursions from Yoho Pass, and, on the whole, the achievements of Paradise Valley Camp showed marked progress in amateur mountaineering.



SIR SANDFORD FLEMING, C. E. K. C., M. G. L. L. D.,
PATRON OF THE CLUB.

The photographic exhibition, at which sixty pictures were shown by nine exhibitors, was an interesting feature of the meet. The prizes of a gentleman's and a lady's ice axes were awarded to the President and to Mr. Bridgland, but all the exhibits reached a high standard of excellence.

REPORT OF SECRETARY

The annual meeting was held around the camp-fire on the evening of July 9th. The chief business of the meeting was a resolve to build in the near future a Club House at Banff, where the Club's headquarters ought to be. Some fifty members promised to contribute $10.00 each to the scheme. A suitable site of three and a half acres on the side of Sulphur Mountain has been generously leased us by the Dominion government; and we expect soon to have there a building worthy ot the Club, which will give us

new visibility and a home to our growing library. Such a Club House will be the headquarters at which to rally our members for alpine work in the mountains, and from which to organize camps at advantageous points so that members may make up parties and go from one to the other at times convenient for them, finding good accommodation at each. The President at the last annual meeting threw out a suggestion which is likely to take tangible shape at no remote day, namely: that a series of camps in different climbing-centres be established each summer, for the better convenience of the whole Club, which is growing too large for a single annual session of only one week's climbing. This is a matter of development, and is dependent upon the erection of a Club House.

A happy and hearty transaction of the meeting was the standing vote, bestowing honorary membership upon the Rt. Hon. James Bryce, a past President of the English Alpine Club, and veteran mountaineer, who has been honored by having one of the loftiest mountains in the Rockies named for him.

Resolutions of thanks were cordially passed to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, the Alberta Government and the Federal Government for generous assistance to the Camp, without which it had not been possible to provide so excellent a school of mountaineering. There is no doubt about the interest such gifts yield in something more than money to the nation. I quote Milton's words applied by Tyndall to mountaineering: "Such exercises constitute a good means of making them healthy, nimble, and well in breath, and of inspiring them with a gallant and fearless courage, which being tempered with seasonable precepts of true fortitude and patience, shall turn into a native and heroic valour, and make them hate the cowardice of wrong-doing."

A kindly feature of the meeting which was adjourned to the following evening, were two resolutions of appreciation presented to the Secretary and Mrs. Wheeler, wife of the President, who in addition was presented with the perpetual freedom of the Camp and Club House. These resolutions were afterwards beautifully illuminated on vellum, Mrs. Wheeler's being placed in a silver casket accompanied by a silver key. The President, also, received a gold watch-chain and compass in token of the Club's appreciation of his arduous toil in the interest of organized mountaineering in Canada.

After the Camp in Paradise Valley had dispersed, the President received an invitation from the Alpine Club of England to be its guest for three days at its Jubilee on the 16th, 17th, and 18th of December, 1907, and though greatly pressed for time, Mr. Wheeler was able to accept the invitation and make a hasty visit to the Club in London, where he was received with warm hospitality, and in spite of the limitations of time, managed to get a day or two in Switzerland to see with Canadian eyes the Swiss Alps. Cordial relations with British mountaineers have been established through this visit, the first fruits of which will appear when the British Association meets in Canada next year. A party of Alpinists are already arranging to climb in the Rockies under the auspices of the Alpine Club of Canada before or after the great meetings to be held in Winnipeg.

Upon his return to Canada the President received the distinction of honorary membership from this Club, mother of organized mountaineering and first of the one hundred and sixty-eight alpine clubs in the world. By this courtesy, Mr. Wheeler is adopted into a distinguished alpine fraternity comprising men eminent in science, letters, law, the Church, and every intellectual realm in Britain. The honor is also to the Club over which he so devotedly presides, and is the more marked that it is the first of its kind that has been bestowed upon a representative from any of the British dominions beyond the seas.

Local meetings of the Club have been held as follows : one in Calgary and two in Winnipeg, where also meetings of the Executive Committee were held. At all of these the President was present. Taking advantage of Mr. Wheeler's visit to London, the Executive appropriated $50 of the Club's funds to the purchase of rare volumes, now out of print, dealing with the early history of the Canadian Mountains. The recent changes in the Constitution were considered, each

change having its birth not in the Executive, but in the Clubitself, and taking shape in the form of an amendment by suggestion from members; these have been voted upon and are now Club law. Amendments two and three are too obviously necessary in this so large and democratic organization, for any comment;number one requires explanation.When a glacier region was discovered in the Cascade range on the Pacific Coast, where climbing began almost at sea-level, it was evident that the ascent of a glacier-hung peak, whose altitude was below the 10,000 limit, was ample justification for active membership. It will be seen at a glance that the new clause impartially meets the requirements, and is thus an improvement in the Constitution.

MT. ASSINIBOINE SHOWING NORTH AND EAST FACES.

The report would be incomplete without reference to tne Club's modest social functions. Functions necessarily local by reason of its widely scattered constituency. On the President's return from England he was the guest of the Winnipeg members at a delightful little dinner at Tea Kettle Inn, when some thirty guests were present. The occasion was made the opportunity for an address, giving an

account of his visit to attend the Jubilee Celebration and subsequent trip to Switzerland. A day later, he lectured on the Canadian Mountains as a recreation ground at the Collegiate Institute of Portage la Prairie. The lecture was very well attended, and half of the net proceeds were turned in to the Club House Fund. Several small reunions were held during the year by the Winnipeg members.

Calgary was not behind in matters of social amenities. Last February the second of the Annual Alpine Club Dinners was held at Horchover's Restaurant, sixty-five members and guests being present. On this occasion, also, an account was given of Alpine Club's Jubilee Celebration. In April the President lectured to the A. Y. P. A. on the "Wonderland of Canada." The house was crowded to the doors and many turned away. The result has been an addition to the membership of a number of fine, atheletic young men who give promise of "doing things" in the near future.

The Journal has met with a cordial reception. Orders for Volume 1 are still received from various parts of Canada and the United States. We are not unaware that it might be better, and we are not without hope that soon it will rank with any alpine journal in the world. The second volume will be placed in your hands at the Camp, and we may be pardoned if we congratulate ourselves on the excellence of its scientific articles. We would be grateful for any suggestion concerning the best means of discovering the literary talent undoubtedly existing among the members of the Club.

The Alpine Club of Canada: it is a good name and a significant, one to quicken patriotism and to inspire a desire for experience in the hardships and delights of climbing mountains. There is much, very much, in a name—and the soul of Shakespeare would agree. We do not suppose that this Club will be the only one ever in Canada. No doubt in the next hundred or two hundred years, a great many mountaineering clubs will flourish in numerical strength and in esprit de corps: for mountaineering is going to be more and more a Canadian sport, and when Canada is as populous as the motherland, the Rockies of Canada will be as popular as the Swiss Alps. But the Alpine Club of Canada will still be the national mountaineering club, and will have gathered to itself a noble succession of Canada's good men in every high and useful vocation of life; will have added a worthy somewhat to Canadian literature, art and science.

A Double Tragedy

BY R. MANLEY ORR.

HE who thinks of the Prairie Province as being all prairie thinks amiss, for in one of Manitoba's timber belts was enacted the following double tragedy.

Take a Canadian Pacific Railway westbound mainline train out of Winnipeg, ride it till you have passed through a dozen or so stations and then when you hear the brakeman come through calling out "Austin, next station" prepare to get off. After the train has gone and you have had a look about the little place you will discover that a small snake-like stream coming wiggling into town from the south, passes through, and goes wiggling off to the north. The name of this little stream is Squirrel Creek, and when you have secured a good saddle horse and armed yourself with a short barrelled Winchester rifle, take to the old trail which snake-like wiggles off to northward, keeping within from ten to one hundred yards of the little stream and on the east side of it. As you ride along you are to remember that ten miles west of you flows Pine Creek similar in size and direction of flow to its twin sister which you are following and remember also that the heavy oak, ash, elm and poplar on your left extends in an unbroken forest over all this ten mile-wide-belt of land lying between these paralled streams.

The ride will not be without interest, because you *might* see a bear, you *will likely* see a deer and you'll be *sure* to see a coyote, but you'll *not* see a lynx though several may see you.

When you have travelled about twelve

miles as the crow flies and above twenty according to the wiggling old trail, you will come to a spot where a well beaten road from the east joins you, also one, not quite so well beaten, from the north and together in one splendid trail the three cross Squirrel Creek and plunge westward like a crooked tunnel through the ten miles of timber to Pine Creek and the open on the other side. After you have ridden about three quarters of a mile into this forest, dismount and tie your horse to a tree. Then turn to your left, and on foot work your way south till a mile of heavy timber and dense underbrush separate you from your horse. You are now standing on the ground where occurred the double tragedy.

On the afternoon of my story, Father and I were working in a little hay meadow exactly one mile east of the tragic spot and within a few hundred yards of the crooked old Squirrel Creek Trail.

It was a calm afternoon in the early fall, and about three o'clock we heard coming from the woods across the creek a sound which though familiar enough was so vehement that it at once took our attention. It was the bellowing of one of the thousands or so head of cattle which roamed the woods at this season and were the property of the stock men living like ourselves along the creek.

At first the bellowing was spasmodic, but after about fifteen minutes it became continuous and so awful than one could associate it with nothing less that a beast suffering the most mortal agony. Perhaps ten minutes of this continuous bellowing passed and then a rifle shot rang out over the woods. After a second or two the report died away but the bellowing continued and just as we were commencing to wonder what was going on a second shot rang out. This time the bellowing ceased. For over half an hour the old woods were silent and then a third rifle shot rang out, but when *its* echoes died away complete silence reigned again and was unbroken for the remainder of the day.

Next morning as Father and I were again at the meadow a familiar figure astride his favorite "cow pony" came cantering up the Squirrel Creek trail and turned in to where we were working.

Old Donald Ross carried as usual his 44 caliber "Winchester" but I am not sure that I ever saw him carry it with more pride than on this particular morning. He was not only proud of the rifle but proud also of the man who carried it and as he told us the story of the rifle shots and the bellowing in the woods we could not help but enjoy noting the satisfaction that came to him from the telling of it.

Old Donald had, on the previous afternoon, been riding over from Pine Creek and was just near the Squirrel Creek edge of the woods when he heard the bellowing. On dismounting he made his way south till he came almost to the spot, and then he moved quietly, but not quietly enough, for the first sight which caught his eyes, was that of a young steer lying on the ground and a big black bear shuffling off through the woods.

Instantly Donald's rifle went up, and a shot rang out but the trees were too thick and the bear too far gone. Coming up to where the steer lay he found him to be a fine two-year-old still alive and bellowing, but with a large torn spot on his rump where Bruin had commenced to dig out a hole in the hot flesh in the process of getting a meal of raw warm beef steak. A second rifle shot ended the suffering of the poor steer and then going back about fifty yards Donald lay down on his stomach behind an old log to await developements. In about half an hour the taste of warm blood and flesh overcame the fear in Bruin and stealthily he came back to see if he could now finish his meal. Old Donald saw his black fur as he came through the trees, but, he did nothing except wait patiently and watch. Bruin would come a little distance and then raise his snout in the air and sniff suspiciously then he would advance a little and sniff again. At last he was standing once more at the side of the steer but just as he lowered his head to resume his meal Old Donald's rifle spoke and the mouthful was not taken. Without even a growl he lurched forward awkwardly and lay quite still, his muzzle plunged into the warm steaming flesh where he had left off eating: but he ate not, for his world had suddenly gone dark and a piece of 44 calibre lead had passed through his heart destroying all its appetites.

Salmon in the North Land.

HERE is a sort of lament of the salmon lover:—"In former days, before civilization had substituted man and his dwellings for the broad meadows and their furred and feathered inmates, the salmon was found in many an English river. Now, however, there are but few streams where this splendid fish can be seen; for in the greater number of British rivers the water has been so defiled by human agency that the fastidious salmon will not suffer itself to be poisoned by such hateful mixtures of evil odours and polluted waters, and in the few streams where the water is still sufficiently pure for the salmon to venture into them, the array of nets, weirs, and all kinds of salmon traps is so tremenduous, that not one tithe of the normal number is now found in them."

The writer of the above should go to the rivers, and brooks, and leaping, foaming and dashing streams that everywhere empty their turbulent waters into the Hudson Strait. There the salmon has taken up its abode; there, far away from the haunts of civilized man; there, where the cataracts roar and rapids foam; and where is only the spear of the wily Eskimo to avoid, and the jaws of the porpoise, the walrus and the seal, the otter and the agile polar bear to shun, dwells the salmon in its virgin beauty.

The salmon is of course a migratory fish, annually leaving the sea, its really permanent home, and travelling up the rivers and into all sorts of streams to meet the fresh water for the purpose of depositing its spawn. The perseverance and skill of this fish in working its way up the streams is wonderful. It penetrates the swiftest currents and scales the swiftest rapids, nor even is it always checked by falls. It will sometimes spring out of the water, leaping several feet above the surface, and scaling the falls in a manner that is altogether incredible. In this way it often ascends a series of falls in a river, some fifteen or twenty feet, and having gotten above them it there burrows into the gravelly bottom and there deposits its spawn.

The salmon abound in the streams running into the Hudson Strait so plentifully that a ship can be loaded with them in a few days. Already, at Ungava Bay, the Hudson's Bay Company have opened a salmon fishery, and ship a refrigerator steamship load to the Old country annually. These salmon are pronounced the finest in the world—much better in quality than those caught on the Pacific slope or in the more southern waters of the Dominion. They abound in such immense quantities, in such a vast stretch of country, that the possibilities of development of the industry are unlimited, and we may expect that in the near future fresh salmon will not only be sent in a frozen state from the Hudson's Bay country to all the principal parts of the world where there is a demand for these fish, but that large salmon canneries will make their appearance on the shores of our northern waters, reaping good profits to those who invest capital and labour in the enterprise.

Pretty much all I have said of the salmon may be said of the sea trout which fill the streams of the north in certain seasons in "countless legions". They are like the salmon, beautiful, fastidious, sportive and delicious for the table. Their number, if possible, is even greater than the salmon, in the north. They are nearly as large as the salmon, being a little longer but not quite so stout. The Eskimos spear them and feed upon their sweet luscious flesh in the spring and early summer, and consider them, as well they may, a great luxury. They brought numbers of them to the Neptune during our stay in the Strait, and traded them for powder and shot, and of course we were ready purchasers.

In many places the Hudson's Bay Company are carrying on extensive trout fisheries by means of simple traps, which they set in the shallow streams when the tide rises some ten or twelve feet. At ebb-tide they often find thousands of these excellent fish secured in these nets. They are salted in casks or barrels, and shipped to England.

If a Canadian company were organized with even a limited capital, and equipped

or cod, salmon, and trout fishing, with stations at suitable places on Hudson Strait, these fish might be annually exported to the value of hundreds of thousands of dollars. It would require a much greater outlay of capital, as also more experience and skill, to deal successfully with the oil-bearing animals; but I have no doubt the returns reaped would be correspondingly greater. In either case it would require but the space of a few years to amass an extensive fortune. The wealth is there in an inexhaustible supply awaiting skill, labour and capital to develop it. Who will be the first ?

There is a variety of smaller fish in those waters, but they are not of so much importance, and I had no opportunity of learning anything concerning them.

From "Our Northland" being a narrative of the experiences of the Hudson's Bay Expedition of 1884, by Charles R. Tuttle.

My First Fox Hunt.

BY H. B. BECKER.

ON removing from Ontario I located fifteen miles south west of Lesser Slave Lake and four miles from Hart River, in the midst of a splendid game section. In this part the prairie has many deep winding ravines and upon their slopes grow poplar and willow trees. These break the monotony of great stretches of prairie and give grateful rest to the eyes.

In this region November is a beautiful month. The nights are frosty but the sun shines warmly throughout the day. At this particular season of the year the trees are covered with hoar frost and resemble snow clad trees, only they are much more beautiful, the frost sparkling brilliantly in the sunshine and appearing like myriads of diamonds.

On one of these beautiful mornings, when the air is so exhilarating that it seems good to be alive, I was busily engaged putting a roof on a granary. Occasionally I paused in my work, looking over the vast prairies and admiring the tops of the diamond clad trees as they appeared above the ravines. While making one of these observations I noticed a dark object in an oat stubble field about five hundred yards away. As coyotes are very numerous in the neighborhood—so numberous indeed that I have shot twenty-two since my arrival in the country a year ago—my first thought was that another of these visitors was about. I decided to try and pop him over. With that object in view I got off the building and fetched my Winchester.

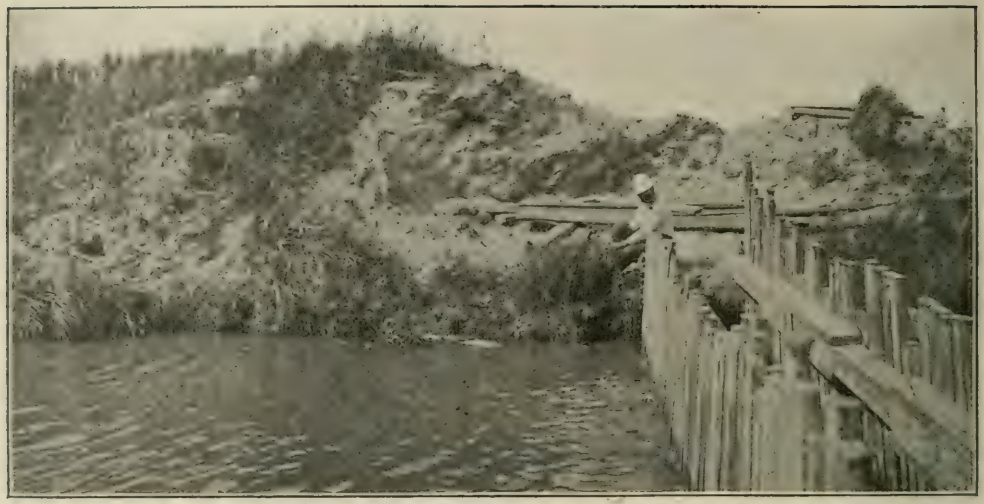
When within two hundred yards of the animal I saw it was a fox and a very dark one too. He was busily engaged digging for mice. When I fired he ran off but I got in a second shot and he fell, as I thought dead. To my surprise he got up and went down one of the ravines. I set off in hot pursuit and my son, with a collie dog, followed in the rear.

Soon we came to the ravine down which the fox had disappeared and found the tracking easy as there had been a light fall of snow. Blood was also dropped here and there along the trail. We knew that he was wounded and therefore kept up the chase. Occassionally we caught a glimpse of him as he dodged in and out amongst the trees.

The farther he ran the darker he seemed to get to me and I had visions of a valuable black fox running in my head. I therefore determined to get him at all hazards. The dog took to the track and after a long chase came upon him, seizing him and engaging in a fierce struggle.

By this time a "breed", known by the name of Nutch, who was working on the farm, took in the situation and ran like a deer to head off the fox. When he came upon the scene of the struggle he yelled in Cree "Watch Begoch" which means "Goodness Gracious!"

The dog released his hold and the fox dashed right straight down towards me. I again fired and the fox dropped dead. We then found that he had run for three miles upon a broken hip with the bone protruding through the flesh. The fox proved to be a nice cross between silver and black.



A PORTION OF THE CARP PONDS AT ST. LUKE'S CLUB HOUSE LAKE ST. CLAIR.

A Few Days' Fishing at a Game Preserve on Lake St. Clair.

BY CAPTAIN GORDON BOLES.

WHAT sport has enlisted so many eloquent tongues, and able writers in its praise as angling? I will not say that all that is written or said of it is not at times overdrawn, especially as regards the size of the bag or the individual fish; but a certain license in this respect is allowable taking into consideration the excitement that prevail with the man who "fishes for sport"; it is not fair to suppose him, when telling his fish stories, to be a—well, a mythomaniac! There is almost as much fascination about fishing as there is for the gambler when he puts his "pile" on, but the results are harmless if you are not in luck.

I mention it in this way because no one can tell what deep hole in a stream, what ditch or what stretch of water in our big lakes, may hide, in the shape of fish, from the tiny minnow to the fiery tempered bass, the speckled trout or the monster maskinonge.

Then even honest Isaac was averse to weighing his fish with a steel yard, preferring to reckon their "heft" by their outlines and the eyes of love. The only remarks derogatory to fishing I have heard is "O. E. Nutmegs" when he writes "Fishin' isn't all it is cracked up to be "

Few lovers of angling will be found in the Police Court or other such places, because they are as a rule patient men with level heads.

Having just returned from a few days' fishing on Lake St. Clair, where fishing is sufficiently good to satisfy even a "Game Hog", though of course I have had better sport in other parts of our fair Dominion, I thought I would describe a few circumstances that happened to me while on this trip without being taken for a mythomaniac.

There is no "weighing it" in either fishing or shooting at this particular place, St. Lukes Bay (Lake St. Clair) as I belong to a sporting club which is fitted up with every comfort and sporting appliances such as canoes, decoys, etc. for shooting, and rods, etc. for fishing. Of

late years the fishing in the lake and the Thames River has not been so good as it was formerly, owing to too much netting by the fishermen, and the quantity of carp which since their importation have become so numerous as almost to rival the rabbit pest in Australia.

The Government have, however, curtailed the netting, and carp have had every one's hand against them until I think their numbers are being depleted and the sportsman with the rod is getting his innings again. We found the carp so nunerous at St. Luke's and doing so much damage to the spawning grounds and even affecting the shooting by eating the wild rice and the grain with which we feed the ducks in the ponds that we netted them and placed them in a pond and periodically shipped them by thousands to New York, where they are of commercial value.

THE CATFISH DESCRIBED IN THE ARTICLE.

One day when I was having particularly good sport with the bass a rather curious thing happened. The day was very warm and the thermometer standing at ninety degrees in the shade and the flies extremely troublesome. I strung my fish on a line and hung them over the boat so as to keep them as fresh as possible, when having another to add I looked for the rest and found them gone and the line broken.

Knowing that such a large quantity of fish could not or would not sink and being equally certain that if they remained on the surface their struggling would cause a commotion on the water, I made up my mind that some old "Moss Back" had pulled them under and possibly might take them to the bank of the stream I was fishing in to feed on them. Therefore I cast my eyes on both sides of the stream and as luck would have it, saw the water disturbed about fifty feet from me. I paddled over and there they were, with, a snapping turtle tearing away at them with mouth and claws. I seized the string and lifted them into the canoe, also the turtle, who would not let go. Out of the turtle's mouth was hanging a line about five feet long. I caught hold of this and what was my astonishment to find a catfish about four pounds in weight attached to the other end; both the turtle and the catfish having hooks embedded far down in their throats. How long these two had been tied together no one could tell, perhaps days. I am of the idea that they both took the bait on a nightline and by some accident this piece gave way on either side of them. I send you a photograph of the catfish.

Another thing that I learnt while on this trip was that banana peel was an excellent bait for carp, and the way I found it out was as follows : In the evening, while smoking I rigged up four lines and

betook myself to the carp pond and baited each line with a different bait, viz. a half cooked potato, a piece of dough, a piece of raw meat and a banana peeling. I caught a number which I threw back but the banana peeling was the most successful bait, being as five to one. This may be worth knowing, as it is an easy bait to fasten on the hook and is not so liable to work off in the water.

The bag I made was a remarkably good one on this trip, but there were no fish of extraordinary size, though at this particular place on two former occasions I killed a maskinonge weighing forty-three and a half pounds, and a black bass weighing six and three quarter pounds, twelve hours after he was caught therefore as a fish usually shrinks when kept I consider he must have been over seven pounds when freshly taken. Both were on exhibition in the city of Chatham, Ont.

Our Vanishing Deer.

BY DR. V. A. HART.

DURING the last year in the discussions on "Our Vanishing Deer" and incidentally on still-hunting, versus dog-hunting, many of the writers in favor of still-hunting refer to some of the different States to the south of us, particularly Maine and Michigan. I know nothing of the State of Maine, but I want to show that the prohibition of dogs in the State of Michigan below the Straits of Mackinac did not allow the deer to increase ; and that north of the said Straits the deer have decreased or changed their ground, without practically, ever having been hunted by dogs.

I lived in Michigan for six years, moving there in 1896. As readers know Michigan is divided somewhat unequally into two parts by the Straits of Mackinac. Natives of the State call the parts the "Upper" and "Lower" Peninsulars, and being used to that description, I will use the same terms. The Lower Peninsular, or that part of the State south of the Mackinac Straits, was practically the only part where dogs were used, and they have been prohibited for years. Now, if the argument of my still-hunting friends should be true, the whole of the Lower Peninsular should be well supplied with deer. Is it ? Most of your readers will say that I do not know, because I have not had the opportunity of being there. Those who know will at once admit that the number of deer below the Straits are few. Why is this ? The law has been in favor of the still-hunters' argument.

The facts are, as I tried to show in the October "Rod and Gun" last year, that the destruction of cover in what is now a good agricultural country has been the means of driving the deer back and will continue doing so, and that the dogs are not to blame. Therefore, the banishing of the dogs in Michigan did not prevent the deer from vanishing.

Now, the Upper Peninsular is not well settled, and being well treed, has large tracts of land particularly well suited to make homes for the deer. Probably the best settled County is that of Chippewa, and even there, there are large tracts of solid woods, unbroken by any settlement except in spots along the two railroad lines. The pine is gone, but hardwood, hemlock and cedar are there in abundance. As a matter of fact it is only a comparatively short time since deer hunting was taken up as a sport by any number of men ; although trappers have been working along the different branches of the Tahquamenon and Pine Rivers for, probably, over two hundred years.

Hounding has never been indulged in to any extent at any time in the Upper Peninsular. Twelve years ago I located

there, and about that time the residents of the State were first charged a license fee, said fee being seventy-five cents, and was paid to the County-Clerk, who issued you a license having five coupons attached, which allowed each licensee the taking of five deer—if he could get them. The season commenced on November the eighth, and closed the thirtieth of the same month, both days inclusive. This was a snap for pot hunters who came, many of them, from the Lower Peninsular loaded with two or more licenses, and they could hunt the whole season, shipping out enough deer to make big wages and have the sport beside. The experience of four or five years showed that the deer were being depleted rapidly, and strange to say, without dogs. The licenses were then changed so that only three deer were allowed to each license. This went on for two or three years, when, I understand, a further reduction was found necessary, and I believe only two deer have been allowed the last couple of years, and the license fee raised to a dollar and a half, license being good for the County in which it was issued.

Hence, we see that prohibition of dogs did not increase the deer in Lower Michigan ; as we also see that there is apparently a decrease of deer on the Upper Peninsular where practically dogs have never been allowed to run, and where the still hunter has had a free hand. There are sections in the Upper Peninsular where deer are still plentiful, but where the land is worth clearing, and being cleared, the deer are certainly not so numerous as proved by the restrictions in the game laws during the last ten years.

Hence, you see that the inferences of certain still-hunters are not correct as far as Michigan is concerned.

There are other sides to this question which I do not intend taking up at length, and some not at all at this time. There are one or two points to which I would like to refer. The first is the increased danger to the hunter in still-hunting as compared with the use of dogs. I have a friend living in Sault Ste. Marie who was shot in mistake for a deer and lost a leg, while a number of others each and every year lose their lives, which would have been impossible under our laws. About the only accidents we have, is when some of our fellows go still-hunting, as Mr. Clarke on the Magnetawan a few years ago. This has gone so far, that in the State of Michigan a law has been placed on the statute book punishing by fine and imprisonment any man shooting another in mistake for a deer. We have never needed any such law, but do away with dogs and the necessity will be ours. Still, a fine of ten thousand dollars or imprisonment for a hundred years will not restore the life accidentally taken.

In conclusion, I would say that as far as I can see, the only harm dogs can do is that by chasing the deer into the water they permit the lazy sportsman to get his complement without much trouble. Such a sportsman is easily satisfied, for I cannot see where there is any fun in rowing or paddling alongside a deer in the water and at the distance of a few feet, or it may be inches, shoot it. This is easily corrected by passing a law something like this :—No deer to be killed by any person while in a boat, canoe, or any other floating device whatever.

The man who stands on the shore of a lake and shoots at a deer's head in the water deserves his game if he can get it. Then, allow only one deer to each licence, and should it appear that the game is still reducing in numbers, make a close season of from three to five years, not forgetting, of course, the points so well expressed by Mr. Cy Warman :

"First of all you must save the shelter. The forest is the natural home of big game. Destroy your forests and your game will go, your rivers will dry up, your fish will die, and desolation will brood over this land that God made most fair."

Shot Guns and Their Loads.

BY FOREST H. CONOVER.

THE August number of Rod and Gun publishes an article on the above subject under the signature of G. B. Smith giving to the public and amateurs throughout the Country his best formula of Shot Gun loads for nearly all kinds of game.

It is not the intention of the writer to upset his opponent's theory or experience but there are some objections to his formulas which may be misleading to beginners and amateurs in this line of recreation. While the majority of experts and professionals have received experienced tuition.

The snipe load given by Mr. Smith in my opinion is somewhat misleading as the author does not mention weight or guage of the gun in question. The amount in load would serve for a light weight gun from five and three quarters to seven pounds. Then again why use a two and three quarter inch shell when a two and five-eighths inch would be more suitable for this formula, and would mean less in expense for wadding. It would appear that about three variations would fill the requirements in the majority of shooting for featherweight guns. As above mentioned the two and three-quarter drams bulk smokeless and three-quarter ounce chilled shot would be suitable for the majority of guns and not effective for many others. For the cylinder barrel the full ounce would be in order and for the full choke the three-quarters to seven-eighths.

A good formula for the average twelve gauge gun from seven to eight pounds for snipe, plover, woodcock, quail and all game of this class is a three dram load one and one-eighth ounce No. 8 to No. 9 chilled shot in a two and five-eighths inch shell good black edge wadding eleven or twelve gauge. The former wadding may be slightly beneficial in the heavier guns.

For ruffed grouse, squirrels, prairie chickens, rabbits, etc. the three and a quarter by one and one-eighth ounce No. 6 to No. 7, the No. 6 more suitable for squirrel. This load works well in a two and five-eighth shell and may be used to some advantage in a two and three-quarter shell the latter permitting of increased wadding.

I make some objection to Mr. Smith's duck load, the three and a half by one and a quarter ounce shot for long range work and a hard killer. When you increase the shot charge you lessen the velocity of the load, for example as per scientific tests made, a three dram load of bulk smokeless with one and one-eighth ounce No. 7 chilled shot gives a velocity of eight hundred and sixty feet per second; a three and a quarter load, same shot charge nine hundred and ten feet; a three and a quarter by one and a quarter load, two and three quarter shell eight hundred and thirty-five feet per second; a three and a half dram load bulk smokeless one ounce No. 6 chilled shot nine hundred and ninety nine feet. It will be easily seen that the long range killing load is decidedly in favor of the lesser amount of shot charge to a minimum and the powder increased to the limit of three and a half drams. This combination includes a two and three-quarter inch twelve gauge shell with allowance of five-eighths to three quarters inch for wadding with about twenty-five pounds pressure on the powder, three-quarters of an inch of good wadding will confine all the gasses of the load i. e. after the seating has been finished, in the shell, and considering the gun barrels true to the bore or calibre. The above load is more suitable for the average gun of seven and a half to eight pounds.

The writer has made a specialty of duck shooting from boyhood to the present time and during that period, years of experience in the Canadian marshes have shown him many useful lessons with game guns and suitable ammunition. The sportsman who follows duck shooting incessantly, requires the very best ammunition the market affords—a load that is effective in high velocity with unformity of shot pattern.

I have noted remarkable success with

high flying ducks late in the season with the three and a half dr. load smokeless one ounce to one and one-sixteenth No. 5 chilled shot using two and three quarters in shells. This load applies best to full choke barrels—guns that are uniform in results of shot patterns. A trial to one who has never used this load will undoubtedly be satisfactory. The line should be drawn at the three and a half drs. for standard twelve bores.

The size of the game may govern the load and the average sportsman may easily select a formula satisfactory and suitable. The load for one particular gun may not be adapted for another. The variations of chokes result in all kinds of patterns. The average spread of only a medium choke, for the general demand of game shooting is preferable to the extreme constricted choke.

At the traps, a shooter points nearly dead on at a quartering target, while another may lead fifteen to twenty-four inches. The former pulls the trigger in the swing of the gun ; the latter stops the gun at the end of the lead; the last mentioned would have better results with the one and a quarter ounce load while the former may do as well with the one and one-eighth load.

The man behind the gun is the main factor. A poor shot performs badly as a rule with most any combination while an expert may succeed fairly well with any ordinary load.

It would be advisable for the beginner in starting out to commence with a medium load. This lessens recoil and insures confidence in a manner that overcomes flinching (a serious fault). After a series of trials he may settle down to the Standard load.

With reference to guns, a gun that is properly bored should give good results for pattern and penetration with the average factory load. Some gun manufacturers will tell you to target your gun (the one you ordered so particularly constructed) and find out the load most suitable—when, if perfectly bored, would with care, perform well with any good factory or hand loaded shell.

The following will be found effective for special work in a two and three-quarter inch shell:—three and a half drs, bulk smokeless, forty-three grs. one and one-eighth ounce chilled shot—one trap wad one three-eighths white felt and one and one quarter inch black edge, size of shot to suit the purpose.

For a target load, reduce the powder charge three-eighths and increase the shot one-eight ounce No. 7½ (three hundred and forty-five pelts to the ounce, Dixon measure.

The writer fails to note any beneficial results in the use of a three and a quarter inch shell over a two and seven-eighths. The latter accepts the extreme combination and retains the gasses of the powder. The two and three-quarters inch shells may be found at all dealers in sporting goods, and the variety of loads as given by Mr. Smith can scarcely be obtained from the cartridge companies, and the three and a quarter length of shell is not suitable for the average gun of the sportsman.

The sportsmen at the present time when game is becoming scare, cannot afford to carry around for a day's shooting the varieties specified by him, and when loaded for plover, extract that load and search for a three and a half drs. shell when having jumped a mallard or larger game.

This is similar to a story related of two ministers who were out sailing. One was a Presbyterian and the other an Episcopalian. During the trip something serious happened to the boat and it began to sink. The Episcopalian began to look for his particular prayer for "the drowning one" and before it was found, the boat went down. The other clergyman just prayed and was saved. "Moral :" If you have a half dozen loads with you in the woods your game is away before you can slip the particular length of shell wadded just right and with the "proper powder" load and charge of shot, in the gun's chamber. No one should say the identical powder you may select; this is for your better judgment. The high averages made at the shooting tourneys clearly demonstrate the brands that are popular and in evidence of excellence.

If there was to be only one size of shot made and used for all classes of shooting I would say give me No. 7. Mr. Smith's article is gorgeously colored with a par-

ticular make of shell as the only one, and leaves out several of the standard brands that bear equal reputations. I would infer possibly he has not given them all a show in the race, or not the opportunity of a trial. The Dominion Cartridge. Company of Montreal are now making and have upon the market their new "Imperial" shell especially adapted for the seval bulk Nitro Compounds. The composition is the very best in Brass paper, and primer force. I have used a good number and find them equal to the best on the market.

Big Game Queries

BY W. J. BIGNELL.

I have read with much pleasure the interesting and instructive article by Mr. Adam Moore in your August number. While Mr. Moore's article stamps him at once as a man thoroughly conversant with his subject and of a long and varied experience in woodcraft and in big game, and though my experience with moose only covers a period of some six years, I must beg to differ with him on one point. He says, "I dont believe a moose will charge a man anyway, wounded or not, and I have no fear of them whatever."

Now for an incident that happened to me in April, 1907 near the headwaters of the Jacquet River in Mr. Moore's home Province of New Brunswick, where I was looking over some limits. My man and I were constantly putting up moose from their yards but naturally did not follow or molest them in any way ; consequently all we had seen during five or six weeks of cruising were evidences of yards where the moose had decamped on hearing us approach till finally one day we stumbled almost on top of two young females, one not fully grown and the other one, I should say, three years old.

The temptation to study them at closer quarters than I had hitherto done, except in captivity, was too much for me, and we gave them a good sharp run of perhaps half a mile, where the larger specimen which had been doing most of the road making, stopped, evidently played out, the younger one right behind simply laying her head down on the back of the older and apparently resigning herself to fate. My man approached to within ten feet or so of the moose while I stopped some twenty feet behind and to one side, cautioning him not to go too close as I began to see evidences of fight in the larger moose raising the long bristles on her back. He paid no attention to me, however, till the moose suddenly laid her ears back in exactly the same manner as an angry horse, and made a vicious run at him.

Fortunately he was agile and the snow was deep and he made a run for it before the moose reached him. As he had nothing more than a small axe for blazing and I had nothing but a pen knife I expect it would have gone hard with him had he tripped and fallen.

The eyes of the moose fairly blazed with unmistakable anger, and she charged some thirty or forty feet, not paying any attention to me at all. After charging, she stopped, stood still a moment and then made off at a slower pace with the younger one in her wake. We did not molest them further.

All other moose that I have run across have only made efforts to get away.

I had never run them in the deep snow before, although I had often seen them making off. The two we chased were apparently without young so I had no fear of harming them on this score by our exertion.

Two friends of mine, one at least whose veracity I have never had any reason to doubt, have told me of separate instances of thus having to take to a tree in self-defence

One instance occurred during the rutting season and the others on the tail end of the drive in May, both animals being bulls and the one seen in the spring, so my friend swears, being the greyish, white color of a caribou.

I have always believed that my friend was trying to put it all over me in this respect, but would very much like to know just the same if there are sometimes freaks of color in moose or other big game. Perhaps some of you readers can inform me.

OUR MEDICINE BAG

Dr. Sisley writes: In answer to "Hibernian" I would say that the differences between the trout and the charr are not so much those of color as of atomical formation. In a charr there are teeth on the upper and lower jaw. The roof of the mouth or palate is high and smooth. In a trout there are teeth on the upper and lower jaw as well as tongue. The roof of the mouth is flat, and covered more or less with teeth right back to the throat. The "Salmo Mykiss" of Alberta, as far as I know, is the only trout in Canada. If there are any other varieties I shall be pleased to hear of them.

Judge Fraleck has been elected President of the newly formed Sportsmen's Gun Club at Belleville, Ont.

Visitors to Vancouver Island in order to take part in the fishing for big (Tyee) salmon on the Campbell River have included Sir John Rogers K.C.M.G.; Mr. J. G. Millais, the well known author and big game hunter; Mr. Powell and Mr. Stern all hailing from Great Britain; with Mr. Wrigley, director of the U.S.S. Co. of Vancouver and Mr. Garswell from the States. The latter gentleman caught three fish, one of forty-one pounds, a second forty-nine pounds and a third fifty-six pounds—all three in one morning's fishing—a truly fine catch.

It is most gratifying to note the good work that is being done in the matter of game and fish protection by the New Brunswick Fish, Forest, and Game Protective Association, whose energetic secretary Mr. Douglas W. Clinch (92 Prince William Street, St. John N. B.) is not only a thorough sportsman himself but one who believes in seeing other sportsmen get full value for their money. This association has adopted a plan whereby they keep a complete register of the guides of the province, and a letter addreseed to this association will bring immediate reply giving the name of guides, prices they charge and all particulars by return of post. The Canadian Pacific Railway is working in with this Association and will give every assistance possible to further its good efforts.

A combination of the Rallway and Association ought to insure game and good sport for future generations. On behalf of the fishermen the association has introduced salmon into several rivers and streams and Mr. Clinch reports that the outlook is extremely promising. What a blessing this will be to the salmon fisherman whose opportunities to indulge in his favorite sport are few and far between, now that the best waters are in the hands of private individuals and clubs! It is the intention of the association that these new salmon waters be kept open to all comers, subject to the payment of a license. It is not yet definitely decided what the license is to be and of course to a certain extent it depends on the class of sport afforded, but any profit that may be derived from this source will be used in restocking and in the interest of fishermen in general.

A correspondent describes the excitement in Pleasant Valley near Desbarats, Ont., caused by the advent of a bear. There are only six houses in the village and about four o'clock on a recent afternoon a big black bear was seen making his way through the settlement straight for the lake. Instantly, the men were alive and had their firearms out. William Hatton ran after it with a Snider, Joseph King with a Winchester, and George Halton with a shot gun. Dave King took a fishing rod. The man with the shot gun was going to blind it while the

others killed it. The man with the fishing rod declared that he would bore it through with that weapon. It certainly was a fine chase and as might have been expected with so many cooks to spoit the broth the bear got safely away.

The surveys of the proposed railway to Hudson Bay have commenced. The arrangements are for four parties to undertake the work and then reports will probably decide the route to be chosen. If this work, which it is anticipated will last six months, be completed in time to be laid before parliament in the next session, authority may then be given for the laying of the rails to proceed and an undertaking which has been discussed for years may become an actual fact. While the primarary idea is for the new line to act as a relief outlet for the ever increasing western crop there is no doubt it will bring within comparatively easy access new fishing and hunting territory and carry forward the work of exploration to and beyond the Arctic circle.

Big game by wholesale is the record of C. A. V. Peel, a student at Oxford, who has returned from a shooting trip in the Arctic regions where he and his party bagged twenty-one polar bears and thirty seals. Mr. Peel, who is a comparatively young man, has hunted big game in Africa, Canada and the Western States. In 1906 a museum of his trophies was opened at Oxford and these included lions, leopards, an elephant ten feet tall, zebras, grizzly bears, rhinoceroses, hippopotamus and several pythuos.

The "Fishing Gazette" of London, England, contains particulars of an experiment for taking salmon from Labrador to Scotland. The steamship Cornelia, formerly a yacht has been fitted up for the transport of salmon. Her tank has a capacity of two hundred and fifty tons of water and the powerful circulating pumps which have been installed are capable of dealing with twelve hundred tons of water per day. By arrangement with the Canadian Government the fish are to be taken from Hamilton Inlet. The editor of the Gazette thinks the chances are against success but if it succeeds he asks "Why not cross our salmon by liberating thirty tons of live Labrador fish on our coasts? I believe the salmon of Labrador and Canada is the same as ours—Salmo salmon—so there would not seem to be any danger in the experiment. Perhaps the Labrador fish would try to get back to their native rivers, though it is more likely they would taste fresh water and run up our streams."

The Fourth International Fishery Congress will be held in Washington, D. C. from September 22nd to 26th. The members will,as a result of their deliberations, submit propositions for the benefit of fisheries to Government, Provincia State and local authorities.

Mr. Harold Weld, of London, Ont., while fishing in the Thames early in August, caught amongst other fish a silver bass weighing four pounds. This is considered a large fish of its kind as the species generally weigh from one half to a pound.

For fear of a wrong impression which may have been conveyed by the following paragraph:—"McDonald's express had not been along for a week so we did not know how long we would have to wait," which paragraph appeared in an article entitled "A Northern Moose Hunt" published in the September issue, we beg to draw the attention of our readers to the fact that the incidents related in this story took place before the completion of the Temiscaming and Northern Railway. Where previously there was only one train a week into this district the service now includes three or four trains a day.

An international meeting for the consideration of questions relating to angling in the St. Lawrence, was held at

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DOMINION CARTRIDGE COMPANY, LTD., MONTREAL.

Gananouque early in August. The conference was attended by Mr. E. Tinsley, Chief Inspector of Game and Fish ; Mr. A. Kelly Evans, Sacretary of the Ontario Forest, Fish and Game Protective Association ; Messrs Derbyshire, Dargavel, and Charles Britton of Gananoque and representatives of New York State. It was agreed to make efforts to abolish the license fee for fishing on both sides of the St. Lawrence, to have the sale of bass prohibited in New York State (last year 10,000 pounds of black bass were shipped from Gananoque) and to recommend a uniform open system on both sides of the river. It was decided to hold a further conference on these questions at Toronto in the fall when New York State will be represented by Col. Staples, R. P. Grant, William Thompson and the Assistant Fishery Protector. It is hoped that with representation having been made to both Governments some definite steps may then be decided upon and recommended for the force of law.

Every fishermen will welcome the Coller Attachable Grip for fishing rods—a grip which, in the words of one of the fishermen who had used it, "gives, without tiresome clutching of the rod, an easy yet firm and accurate control of the line under all circumstances." Like all effective devices it is exceedingly simple, is attached almost instantly, and gives both pleasure and comfort to the fisherman using it. With the bait casting rod it is specially recommended. As another experienced fisherman puts it : "No more loss of big fish on account of rod slipping in the hand." Those who have used the grip are enthusiastic in its favour and their recommendations should result in its wide use next season. The grip is manufactured by the Coller Rubber Grip Co., Coldwater, Mich. and if inquirers will mention "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada" they may be assured the best of treatment.

Nova Scotia came well to the front during the visit of the Prince of Wales to the Dominion. A mink coat made from the skins of one hundred and fifty mink, averaging from twelve to fifteen inches in length was presented to the Prince for the Princess. The coat showed that the stripes of the mink about an inch and a half apart were turned at the bottom to make a deep border with perfect unbroken continuity in the strips. Deep reversible cuffs on the sleeves were finished with mink tails. On the collar a finish was made with the pretty heads of the mink. The lining was made of elaborately brocaded gold colored satin. The effect of the whole received a fine addition by buttons of Nova Scotia gold. The coat was packed in a cedar box finisned in burnished steel, and embellished with nuggets of Nova Scotia quantz and gold. All were products of the Province and the work was performed by the Nova Scotians.

The President of the Alpine Club of Canada might well describe the European Alps in our May number, as a "gigantic graveyard," the death roll for July last standing at fourteen persons killed and two seriously injured.

Nova Scotia fishermen have captured a tuna measuring ten feet in length and six hundred pounds in weight. The fish put up a spirited fight and was only killed after a terrific battle lasting an hour and a half. Dr. Cadegan and party on board a launch took part in this exciting contest and towed the fish to Glace Bay.

A Danish exploration party has been successful in mapping out the north eastern coasts of Greenland. The expedition which was supported financially by the Danish Government, has been away two years and a half and on its return announced the death of Mylins Erichsen, the leader. It is believed that the tragedy took place in an attempt to cross what is known as the Eternal Ice Gap where it is believed to be so cold that it is doubtful if man can live there during the coldest period of the year. Mr. Erichsen had distinguished himself in previous exploration trips and believed with his knowledge and experience that he would be able to cross the Gap. Unfortunately not only himself, but also the members of his party perished in a terrible snowstorm which raged for days, and the men, weakened by exposure and want of food, had not sufficient strength to return tothe s tation.

Probably the majority of readers know from his writings that the popular Hoosier poet, James Whitcomb Riley, is an ardent angler and lover of other open air recreations. His brief experience in field shooting, hitherto an unwritten page in his life history—is thus humorously recorded by Mr. James B. Morrow, the information having been gleaned in a personal interview : "How do you spend your time when you are not writing ?" "Oh, I don't know. I read almost everything that is new in literature. Golf I have never attempted. I can fish, if conditions are favorable—sit on a bank, the hook baited with an angleworm, on which I spit now and then, and catch sunfish. I wouln't waste my time on bass or brook trout. My father, a good shot himself, tried to teach me how to hunt. Bought me a gun of my own. I had bad eyes but didn't know it. We went into the woods for squirrels. He killed several, and then, with considerable impatience, he asked : 'Why don't you try it ?' 'I would,' was my reply, 'but they won't stand still.' 'Shoot them as they run,' he shouted. "He was on one side of a big tree and I was on the other. Just then he saw a squirrel high up among the branches. He fired and it fell. Another, perhaps its wife or its husband, or, maybe, its grandfather, started down the tree in long, scratchy spirals. I followed it with the barrel of my gun until it was on a line with father's head, and then I pulled the trigger. Some of the bark flew into father's eyes and some of the shot went into father's hat. Right there, under the tree, he whaled me with his ramrod. He didn't tell, nor could I understand, the reason why. I figured it out for myself the next day. That was my first hunt. And it shall be my last."

The fishing season is reported as having been extremely good on Lake Winnipeg and it is denied that the supply is being depleted as some critics have alleged.

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A two year old cow moose visited St. John, N. B. in the early part of August and found a death trap in the city streets. As soon as the animal was seen a crowd of small boys gathered on its trail and these were reinforced by their fellows every few yards until the crowd reached large proportions. Eventually the badly scared animal took refuge in an old burying ground and fell exhausted in an endeavour to mount a hill. In a frantic endeavour to gain its feet, it fell over and died. In the course of its flight it ran into a woman but caused no injury. A few days previously a driving party, when three miles from the city encountered a full grown moose.

Five hundred children from Sheffield, England, members of the Rechabite lodges and Bands of Hope, have had their annual outing and fishing competitions at Eckington, Derbyshire. This is the sixteenth year of the competition, which began with thirty-two children. The children pay three-halfpence a week, and each child received a prize worth eight shillings and three pence, while the thirteen who caught fish received extra prizes proportionate to their catch. The catches ranged in weight from a quarter of an ounce to two ounces.—London Standard.

The latest appointment for Mr. S. T. Bastedo, the ex-deputy Minister of Fisheries is a curious one. It was believed that he would do the country the best of service as the representative of the Dominion on the International Fisheries Commission buthe has nowbeen appointed Superintendent of the Departmeut for Old Age Annuitie s. Judging from his record Mr. Bastedoknows more about fish than annuties.

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AUTOMOBILES AND AUTOMOBILING

Travelling in Canada.

With his Haynes runabout and his ventriloquistic powers, Ed. F. Reynaud is travelling through the Canadian country and extracting all sorts of fun from his experiences. The great ventriloquil wonder makes all trips from city to city in his car and in every town manages to find an opportunity to mystify the people by giving his Teddy Bear a conversational outing. "Teddy" always makes a hit and his powers of speech are considered most remarkable. Mr. Reynaud has driven many thouand of miles while making the circuit and has travelled through all sorts of weather and apparently believes in his car, as he states unequivocally that during his journeys he has never experienced the slightest trouble with the outfit.

The Auto Engine.

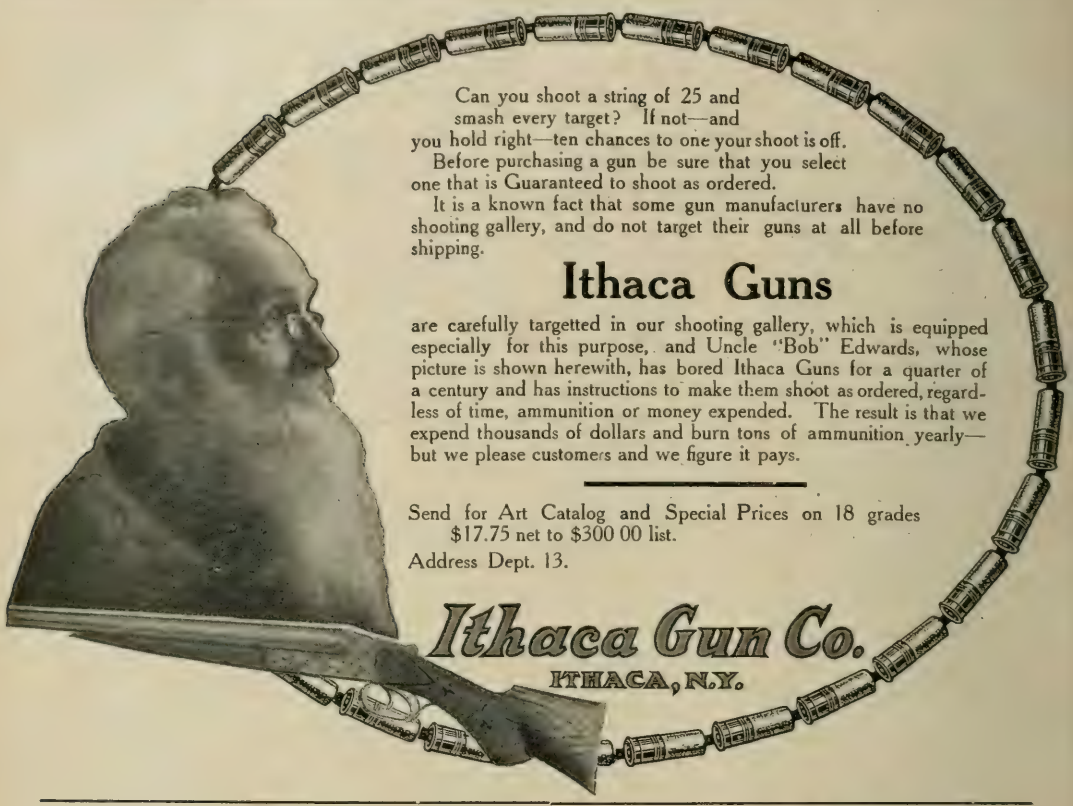
During the recent A.A.A. tour a thinking man who watched details carefully commented upon the fact that very seldom if ever during a trip of two hundred miles made the final day of the tour, was a car seen at the road side with other than tire trouble. The engines were never under inspection. The men were invariably working on tires and the thinking man said: "I believe that just as many cars would have successfully made the journey with perfect scores had the hoods been sealed down." The thinker was right. Engine trouble has ceased to be a bug bear with a great touring car well made. The makers have so perfected the engine and in addition test it so thoroughly before it goes into a car that it will go day in and day out with little other trouble than oiling. W. B. Hurlbut of the Garford Motor Car Co. of New York, who drove a Garford 40 on the tour, said in regard to the matter: "In our factory at Elyria we place our engines on the blocks and run them continuously at high speed for one hundred honrs night and day, and watch them carefully. They then receive three severe tests to determine the horse power, and these tests are over a minute each. An engine which has gone through such a test safely can be depended upon to stand all that is required of it in the ordinary season's running, for it will never get as severe usage on the road as we give it."

Tires the Only Trouble.

"Years ago," says Col. Chas. Clifton of the Geo. N. Pierce Co., "we conducted a department for the dissemination of springs, and our cars go on month in and springs, and we supplied our customers regularly with replacements. Today we have no trouble at all from month out touring, as our customers generally are tourists, and they have no complaint to make regarding the springs. It is really a fact that never trouble about the springs on a Pierce Arrow car after it leaves the factory. No amount of hard work seems to break springs for us, and we are well pleased with the springs being used today. The trouble from this source seems to have been eliminated as it has been from engine trouble and other of our troubles in the past. When the tire propositions has been altogether settled, and we are only troubled by punctures and no blow-outs, we shall be on Easy street from any possible source of trouble. Today we only suffer from tire punctures and not from blow-outs, and some day I hope to be able to say that Pierce Arrow cars go through great tours without punctures as they go through today without blow-outs. Whether the milennium is going to come I cannot say, but I sincerely hope so.

A European Tour.

Dr. A. H. Heaton, of Sedalia, Mo. after a seven thousand mile tour through Europe in a Ford runabout has a most



interesting tale to tell of his experiences of the past four months.

Leaving New York late in April, Dr. Heaton started his tour from Paris on May 15th.

"Before leaving Paris I had to undergo a severe examination as to my ability to drive. Having successfully passed those requirements relating to mental equipment, habits, etc., the examiner went out with me for the final test on the boulevard.

"Take every vehicle of every nature in Detroit, mass them on Woodward Ave., and you know how the boulevards are crowded at all hours. There are no speed laws in Paris—go as fast as you can—if a pedestrian is run down, he, not the driver, is arrested. The laws are very strict in regard to signals—there is no indiscriminate tooting of horns allowed. Every sonnd means something definite. A horn blown behind you means the car behind is speedier and desires to pass. You must immediately pull to the side and allow the approaching car to pass. The use of rear lights is enforced. Ill smelling exhausts forbidden and violations severely punished.

"There are fewer auto accidents in Paris than in Detroit despite the enormous number of cars there. My examiner gave me a command suddenly to stop. With one foot on the emergency, the other on the reverse, I pulled up so short that he went over the dash board and would have fallen out, had I not caught him. I passed.

"With me on the tour was Mr. Emil Bichsel, a fellow townsman, and we travelled in a Model N 15-h.p. Ford runabout. The route lay southwest of Paris over the Cevennes Mountains through Moulin, Monte Carlo and Lyons, and from Paris to Genoa, Italy, we made the entire distance on high speed. On June 5th we rested above the clouds several inches of snow covering the top of the mountains. The next day in the valley we found it 80 degrees in the shade.

"The trip through France was delightful. The roads tho'hilly are very fine—regular boulevards—the scenery is wonderful, and touring through the country is

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"Stopping only at the best of hotels, living well at every stage, our expense for the week ending May the 23rd covering the trip from Paris to Genoa was $3.08 per day per person. This did not cover luxuries of course, but included hotel bills, gasoline and oil, garage charges, repairs and tips.

"From Genoa we went south to Rome and Pompeii and up the eastern shore of Italy to Venice practically traversing the entire coast of Italy. Striking east again we entered Switzerland, making successively Geneva, Berne, Interlaken and Luzerne. The trip over the mountains from Interlaken to Luzerne, while hazardous, was well worth the time. The pass is open to automobiles only between 9 a.m. and 4 p.m., being too riskyat other hours.

"We had no trouble going over the mountains of Switzerland, making excellent time, and up to the time we entered Germany had had no repairs of any kind to make.

"Entering Germany we visited Strassburg and Berlin, then crossed the country through the netherlands, south through Belgum and back to Paris. From Paris we crossed the English Channel to London and visited the chief cities of England, Scotland and Ireland.

"We saw more of Europe than the average tourist ever sees. We had no inconvenience waiting for trains, hunting up baggage, securing tickets—no stuffy railway coaches, no sticking to circumscribed roads bound by steel rails. We travelled on no set schedule, went as fast or as slowly as desired, saw the country that the railroads never touch, crossed the mountains and visited the lakes, all exactly as we pleased.

"For the entire trip, our expenses averaged not $3.75 per day, and the car is as good as ever—the riders better. We started out to prove that automobile touring need not be expensive. We proved it to be even less costly than we anticipated.

"Gasoline cost us from 60c to $1 per gallon. At the United States prices the cost of the trip wonld have been much lower. I see no reason why a party of two or three persons could not tour the entire United States at a cost under $3 per day.

After Effect of the Race.

It is indeed easily noticeable after a big automobile race of any sort in which the particular winning make of machine gets a great deal of attention, that owners of cars of this certain make are apt to look a little bit more proud than usual. Take for instance, directly after the Grand Prix race at Dieppe, where a German car was first. There have been folks driving this make of car in subdued manner about the streets of the city for some years when the German machine was not showing up at all well in races.

But the moment that the news of Lautenchlager's victory was read abroad they began to look a little more conscious as they drove about. It was as if each one felt that he had the handling of a car that might turn out any day and win just such a race.

When the Isotta-Fraschini finished first at Savannah and at Briarcliff, that sent the heads of a whole lot of owners of these cars away up. It is the same with every little thing—a road race or a hill climb or some unusual feat ; they make the driver or owner of one of these trium phant cars a bit more cocky. When the Pierce Great Arrow, the Haynes, and Garford were tied in the Glidden tour owners of these makes of cars, whether they were handling 1901 or 1908 models, apparently all had mental pictures of what they could do to some other makes if they wanted to. It is a sure thing that each of these races has such a result and sometimes the drivers are surpised and hurt when in a road brush they get left by some car that never won a blue ribbon as a racer.

A Sportsmanlike Action.

The Glidden trophy is in the hands of the Touring Board of the American Automobile Association for one year for the George N. Pierce Company promptly surrendered it to lhe Board at Saratoga rather than win it on a fluke. The vice-president of the George N. Pierce Company, Mr. Henry May, was in Saratoga at the close of the run and on learning of the disallowed protest of the Peerless Company with their decision to withdraw, told Captain Dey of the Great Arrow team to drive to the starting line the last day and refuse to cross the line. Mr. May then wrote to Chairman Hower, stating that in as much as no competitors had appeared for the run-off, he had ordered his team to refuse to cross the line, as it was not the wish of the George N. Pierce Co to win the trophy on a fluke. The Great Arrow team then drove their cars to Buffalo in excellent shape,and the Peerless cars were shipped to Cleveland by frieght for some reason or other. This fact excited general comment, as the protest against the Great Arrow amounted to little or nothing and as a result the Touring Committee promptly disallowed it. The fact that J W. Maguire took off chains in less than a minute and that the time was not charged up until after the tape was crossed at the finish amounted to nothing, as Mr. Maguire was at Saratoga over an hour ahead. He had not been notified by the observer that three minutes had been taken and as a matter of fact three minutes had not ensued, as R. M. Owen, starting one minute later, did not see Maguire on the road. Each car had a two-minute leeway and Mr. Maguire made his change within this. He checked in without a word from the observer and was then asked to sign a card showing three minutes for the removal of the chains. He signed under protest only, while in the garage. It developed after the incident that a majority of the cars removed chains within the time and that no observer entered the fact, thinking it too short, inasmuch as a minute or less only was requirred. To the Great Arrow will always go the credit for the victory in the tour of 1908, although, through good sportsmanship, the George N. Pierce Company refused to accept the cup.

Farmers Purchasing Autos.

F.L. K. Holmes, manager of the Jackson Automobile Co., who is in New York as the guest of Eastern Sales Manager C. W. Oathout, when asked to what he attributed the wonderful success and prosperity of the automobile industry in the past year, said : "It is due to the farmer of this country, who has loomed up as an automobile buyer. The Jack-

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again at nearest ink-well by simply dipping in pen and pressing Crescent-Filler. No bothersome dropper, no fuss, no muss, no cleaning up to do. Self-filling, self-cleaning. Won't scratch, blot, balk or skip. There is no other pen in the world like it.

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son Company attribute their large business this year that conception of manufacturing which believes in finding out what can be sold and where it can be sold, and then making it to be sold there, rather than to confine production to some arbitrary fixed ideal. The following up of that idea has certain opportunities in automobile manufacture at the present time which are not to be overlooked. These arise from the fact that this year no small portion of the money of the country seems likely to lie for quite a period to the credit and at the disposition of that portion of the populace which has devoted itself to the coaxing of products from the ground and which this spring has been rewarded with promises of extremely abundant and fruitful returns. This alone would not be sufficient were it not that coupled with the affluence now in prospect there is an itching for motor car possession and a conviction that the automobile has practical benefits from a business and economical standpoint.

"To strip the proposition of all its euphemism, that neglected and in some quarters despised customer, the farmer, has spent money for automobiles this season to an extent that is unbelievable to those who have not given the matter study. The business that has already been done in motor vehicles designed with particular regard to his purse and fancy has reached astonishing proportions, its volume being such as to attract the commercial sense of at least two of the largest organizations that have relations with him. I refer to the makers of agricultural implements. For the manufacturers who can adapt themselves to conditions and markets, without sacrificing any tenets of sound business, the assured prosperity of the Western farmer is a call to action."

How to Improve the Running.

"It is really remarkable how a complete clearout of old lubricant will sometimes change a sluggish engine and car into a lively and reponsive affair," said C. M. Hamilton, of the Isotta Import Company referring to the fact that many owners

are always complaining of their car when it is the fault of the owner or driver. "Some manufacturers give explicit instructions on this point, but the majority do not, and in any event they are more honored in the breach than in the observance. We test the Isotta cars in a very simple way. When the engine is going well we can take certain hills at a certain speed on top with open throttle, starting, say, at twenty-five and dropping to twenty by the speedometer. If suspected of sluggishness the car is set at one of these, and if its behaviour is not quite satisfactory, we assume that it is time to clear out the base chamber, with untailingly good results. In cars of small power like town cars once a week is a good plan if they are in use every day. In cars with positive feed lubrication the exhaust will become smoky if the lubricant is old and carbonized by the cylinder heat. Proper lubrication and lubricant ensures immunity from fouled cylinders and plugs and a hundred minor annoyances."

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It is made to suit the requirements of those who are particular about what they use.

It is round, true to size and can always be depended upon to be the same.

Specify "M. R. M." and see this trade mark is on every bag.

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THE MONTREAL ROLLING MILLS CO.

The Wonders of Machinery.

"Talking of the quickness of the human mind" said President E. P. Warner, of the Warner Instrument Company, "what do you think of a machine that we have just gotten out and called the Tachometer, which will register thirty thousand revolutions a minute, and the dial at that is steady as a rock. The Tachometer is an instrument used by mechanical engineers and heads of large power houses for assuring the velocity of a shaft in revolutions, and surpasses the human brain in action by several thousand degrees. This is not the only instrument which is more than human in its work, for we manufacture the Cut-Meter, which gives you the velocity of a shaft or wheel but gives it in feet traveled per minute, instead of revolutions. The Anemometer, a machine for measuring the velocity of the wind, has been adopted by the United States Government for the use of their riflemen and by means of which they gauge the velocity of wind currents and how much allowance to make for "windage," thus greatly raising the standard of marksmanship in the regular Army and the different branches of the State Militia. It is not generally known but an ordinary twelve miles an hour wind, at right angles, will cause a deflection of a rifle bullet of eighteen feet lower than the target in one thousand yards, so that absolutely accurate work without this machine cannot be secured except on a calm day. The United States Government bought two tons of these machines in one order. The machine is also used in the Weather Bureaus and the Marine branches of the Government.

5,000 Boats Built By One Man.

Andy Linton, of Vancouver, B.C. has built up-to-date 5,000 boats and though referred to as the oldest boat-builder in Canada, he will likely add another thousand to his record before he makes his final cruise. He does not build ocean liners, but gold prospectors' boats and fishing smacks. He has built about one boat a day for the last twenty-five years. He has a little sawmill and a few workmen, but does himself a large share of the work of getting each craft ready for active service.

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THE MOST DURABLE, HEALTHFUL, COMFORTABLE AND ECONOMICAL CLOTHING FOR ALL *SPORTSMEN*

TRADE MARK

Experienced *hunters* have *proved* that one garment of Jaeger Pure Wool is more *serviceable* more *adaptable* and more *durable* than *three garments* of any other material.

Follow the trail of their experience and take Jaeger Pure Wool Day and Night Wear in your *hunting kit.*

Jaeger Pure Wool is a most valuable safeguard against exposure to the changes of weather and temperature. It is a sure protection against chill.

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The Motor Vehicle in Cities.

"Owners and drivers of horse-driven cabs have come to a realization at last," said W.B. Hurlbut of the Garford Motor Car Co. of New York City, "That the motor-driven town car or cab has come to stay and in some towns and cities there is talk of the horse owners trying to petition the municipal authoritlse to refuse motor cab licenses unless it can be shown that the addition of the motor cab to the service now given is necessary for the good of the public. Of course, this brings into consideration two elements that must necessarily be antagonistic, and which will not hesitate to bring all manner of influence to bear in opposition to each other. It is not assumed that this is to benefit the industry of the public and it is not improbable that there will be some effects that will be unpleasant, simply through the motor cab being prefered to the horse cab, and the endeavour of the owner of the latter form of conveyance to continue his ovation as long as this can be done."

The Needs of the Trade.

One of most surprising developements in the motor industry," said Sales Manager Van Horne of the Jackson Automobile Co., "is the steady and rapidly growing call for the small car and the demand for the machines that are limited in power, in capacity, in equipment and cost, because those of limited means are those who have created this call, and who will not, with rare exceptions, be willing to make larger investment. It is a perfectly natural result. It has been experienced in every other industry. One may spend lavishly for pleasure or for amusement, but once the utility stage is realized then the economic side only is in sight, and this must be considered more than any other aspect." Continuing said Mr. Van Horne : "The manufacturer who cannot minimize the expense of upkeep, who cannot lessen the expenses for operation, who cannot insure against depreciation by the use of improved materials or methods, who cannot improve through bettered design, who cannot give the greater simplicity, accessibility and efficiency with each succeeding model, will find that he is losing ground and that this is due to his unwillingness to provide the public with what is wanted rather than endeavoring to place in the market what is not wanted. And it should be remembered that while price is a very potent factor, is it not the deciding influence with all men. To meet the demand of the public, then, there must be constant improvement and if possible a lower purchase price named and a greater economy of operation insured."

Jobs in thn Air

"Many aspirants for positions in the automobile manufacturing or selling field have of late been advised not to go into motoring on land but to make every effort to secure connections with the manufacturing end of the field of aero work," C. M. Hamilton, of the Isotta Import Co. who has just returned from a quick trip abroad, where he had been visiting the factory of the Isotta Frascheni at Milan, Italy, in order to hurry up shipments of the popular Briarcliff model, which Strang drove to victory at Savannah and Briarcliff." Continuing, said Mr. Hamilton : "In Paris they are fairly airship crazy, and it behooves every good automobile driver to get ready to make connections with aeronautical work of some kind."

The advice has been received with a creduluous smile but that it is good is demonstrated by the reports coming from all over the country of orders placed for air ships. The inventors are at work on special engines for air ships and those who have ships that have been demonstrated successful in flights are rushed with orders from private individuals and governments. Several companies have been formed to manufacture aero contrivances and the present year will see the air ship out of the experimental field and safely placed among the well-established necessities of the times. The air ship has come to stay.

FURS HERMAN REEL, Milwaukee, Wis. FREE
Send address of two fur trappers and we will send you free a mink stretching pattern. Write for price list of raw furs and fur coats.

SPORTS AFLOAT

A section devoted to those who brave wind and wave.

Edited by
LOU. E. MARSH

The Canadian Henley.

The two days' rowing at St. Catharines on August seventh and eighth produced some fine racing and the prizes were scattered in a manner that added materially to the wide interest taken in the meeting.

One of the best of the series was the eight oared race between Winnipeg and the Argos, of Toronto. From the start to the finish the two boats kept well together and at the end only half a length separated the contestants, the westerners gaining a well fought victory.

In the Senior Fours Winnipeg as first and second with Detroit third , and a margin of only two feet separated the first and second boats, thus maintaining the interest of the spectators to the finish.

The Junior Fours was won by the Argonauts, Toronto, Junior Fours Working Boats by St. Catharines Rowing and Canoeing Club. Intermediate Fours, Argonauts; Senior Doubles, Dons, Toronto; Intermediate Doubles, Dons; Senior Singles, H. Jacobs, Dons; Intermediate Singles, Chas. J. Shean, Mutual Rowing Club, Buffalo.

A Good Suggestion

In the course of the annual meeting of the Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen a suggestion was made to the effect that the Association purchase a number of four and eight oar shells to be kept at the regatta course at St. Catharines for the use of crews coming from a distance. It was alleged that many clubs are at present unable to attend this annual event, which it is desired to make thoroughly representative of all Canada, owing to the heavy freight rates charged on their boats. After some discussion it was decided to take up the matter in earnest later on. The newly-elected officers of the Association are as follows:—President, A. Claude Macdonell, M.P.; First Vice-President, Geo. F. Galt, Winnipeg; Second Vice-President, Ed. Mack; Hon. Treasurer, Alex. Boyd; Hon. Secretary, L. C. Hoskins; new members for the Executive for three-year term—P. J. Mulqueen; J. W. McAllister and Major O. Heron; to fill vacant term till 1910, Mr. C. F. Mason, Grand Trunk R. C., Montreal. The treasurer's report showed a substantial balance.

An International Win.

There was a fine international race across the Pacific recently which was won by a Canadian boat. The object of the race was to decide the best route by means of which to send silk from Japan to Europe. A large consignment was divided into three parcels one being forwarded by the Canadian Pacific steamer Monteagle; the second on the Nippon Yusen Kaisha with the steamer Tosa Maru; and the third by the steamer China, the property of the America Pacific Mail Company. All three steamers left Zoko-Lama within an hour of each other on July twenty-first last. The Mounteagle reached Vancouver on August fourth, the Tosa Maru was at Seattle on August sixth and the China did not reach San Francisco till the following day. The Canadian boat was a good two days ahead and the silk was delivered in New York on August tenth.

The Good Work of Genesee.

At the Watertown Regatta, Genesee, of Rochester, the boat that won the Canada Cup from Beaver in 1899 carried off the honours in the largest race

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Second Hand Launches.

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ever sailed on the lake. At the time she captured Canada's Cup she was considered a freak but from experience has given her owners more satisfaction than any other craft built for these cup races. The race was from Hamilton to Chaumont and occupied over thirty-seven hours. Light winds and smooth seas prevailed throughout and were exactly to Genesee's liking.

The American Cup.

"The ambition of my life is to bring the cup to Great Britain". These are the words of Sir Thomas Lipton who is credited wtth the determination to challenge again this year for the American Cup. He has now a new Shamrock which has won twenty-four out of twenty seven contests in which she was entered. He wishes to be allowed to challenge under two conditions: that he be allowed to build two boats and select the faster of the two as challenger and to challenge under the now universal rules that govern all yacht racing in America. Such conditions might not be hard to meet.

A Good Showing.

In the second day of the Eastern Lake Yacht Racing circuit at Chaumont, CanadianYachts won four out of the five races in which they participated. They were Kathleen of Kingston, which won the George Cup; Petrol, Hamilton; Cheriyia, Kingston; and Little Nell, Trenton, while the fifth event was won by the Iroquois, Rochester.

A Win For Halifax.

At the Springfield (Mass.) Regatta on August fourteenth the senior international four oared race was won by the St. Mary's(Halifax) crew from the Minnesota Boat Club. The race was a game one and fought throughout the entire course. For the first one hundred yards the Minnesota crew had a slight lead but St. Mary's forged ahead and despite the most desperate efforts of their opponents managed to maintain their lead, although not by much.

A Good Contest.

At the National Regatta at Springfield, Mass., John O'Neill of the St. Mary's Club, Halifax, was second in the championship single sculls. There was a stiff contest for the position.

A Win Outright.

In the middle of August, the Togo won the Ethel Cnp for seventeen foot sail boats on the Ottawa For twelve years the cup has been battled for but this time time the Togo won it for the third time in succession and in accordance with the deed of gift it now becomes the property of the winner. The same class of boat will next year compete for a shield which has been offered by Mr. J. E. Wilmot, Sparks St., Ottawa. The race was twice round a three mile triangular course and the time one hour thirty-eight minutes.

Speedy Motors.

The Chateauguay Basin probably never saw so many motor boats at one time as on a recent Saturday to witness and take part in the fifth annual regatta of the Chateauguay Boat Club. The motor races were a grand success, and the honors of the day were carried off by Messrs. Rudel, Shea, and Stanford with their Fairbanks—Morse two and three cylinder engines. Mr. Rudel was an easy winner in the fifteen mile handicap race, and Mr, Shea a close second. The boats these gentlemen have are equipped with 1908 Fairbanks-Morse three cylinder twelve horsepower three port engines, and the steadiness with which they run is remarkable. Mr. Shea states that his boat developed more than eighteen horse power during the race. In the two cylinder race Mr. Stanford took the first prize, with his Fairbanks-Morse eight horse power three port engine. Quite a crowd was gathered around Canadian Fairbanks head-quarters for the announcement of the results and during the distribution of prizes, all three of the winning boats being equipped with the celebrated Fairbanks-Morse Marine Engines which are winning in all the big races throughout Canada.

BOVRIL'S

Extraordinary Triumph

At the Olympic Games, 1908

Out of the 28 Arrivals in the Marathon Race, 26 took Bovril during the run

DORANDO

First to arrive and winner of the Queen's Cup

Doctor who attended me after the race, and writes to Bovril Ltd.:—

"I beg to thank you for the benefit I have derived from using your Bovril during the short time I have been over in this country, and especially for the great staying power it gave me during the memorable Marathon Race in the Olympic Games, 1908. Bovril was the only thing ordered and allowed by the it very soon revived me."

(Signed) DORANDO. July 25. '08

Dorando's Trainer writes:—

"I beg to say Dorando was trained on Bovril *only*, while in this country. Bovril was also administered after the race by the Doctor's orders. I can vouch for the truth of this on his behalf." (Signed) GIUSEPPE BROCCA, July 28, '08

(Signed) WILLIAM MORISETTI. Trainer of Dorando.

JOHN J. HAYES

The Official Winner of the Marathon Race

writes :—"I had touched nothing up to 15 miles, when I asked my trainer for something as I started to feel tired. My man got some Bovril and it gave me ease and strength before I had covered another mile. He gave me it at different points along the road, and I kept getting stronger every mile I travelled until I entered the Stad. I cannot give the credit for my strong finish to anything but your kindness in supplying your strength-giving Bovril. I have given no other testimonials and will not do so for any preparation of this character." (Signed) JOHN J. HAYES. July 29, '08.

Witness: GEO. G. CAMERON, His Assistant and Trainer.

READ THIS: Dorando, the Popular Winner, Hayes, the Official Winner, and Hefferon, the Official Second—all three trained on Bovril and partook of it during the race.

THE TRAP

Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada is the Official Organ of the Dominion of Canada Trap-Shooting Association. All communications should be addressed to W. A. Smith, Editor "The Trap" Kingsville, Ont.

Stray Pellets

There will be a fruit shoot at Jordan Station on Saturday, September 19th. The prizes will consist of peaches, pears, grapes, etc., and it is confidently expected that numbers of baskets of the choicest fruit will be offered for every event. It is proposed to charge only a nominal price for the targets, and to add the fruit prizes, without extra charge, to every event. Rigs will meet all shooters arriving on the 9.52 a.m. train and convey them direct to the grounds. While everything except the price of targets will be free to the shooters, the local men promise to give all who attend "a jolly good time."

MR. JOHN STOCKER

We publish this month the portrait of Mr. John Stocker of Harrow, Ont. Mr. Stocker, who is in his 75th year, is the father of trap shooting in that locality. He has been a shooter for the last 40 years and is still able to hold his own at the traps with any of his younger competitors, generally making an 80 per cent. score or better. He is, also, a splendid rifle shot and annually renews his youth by a trip into the great deer country in Northern Ontario. A shooting companion reports that, on one occasion, he knocked over two out of three running deer without moving from his tracks, a splendid exhibition of his skill with the rifle. Mr. Stocker says he keeps young by associating with the boys. He seems to be good for another quarter of a century and we heartily wish him many years of healthful recreation at the traps and in the woods.

P. E. Island Scores

The Charlottetown (P.E.I.) Gun Club have finished their first series of shooting for the season and the following are some of the best scores. Total shot at 60 birds each: Capt. D. A. McKinnon 47, Sec. J. D. Jenkins 42, V. C. Gay 41, J. K. Ross 38, Dr. Smallwood 38, H. Jenkins 31, M. McLeod 30.

Ayton Doings

An interesting match took place between Walkerton and Ayton Gun Club on Friday, August 15th. Clifford also gave Ayton a call and held a match the same day. The afternoon was more than enjoyed by all. The weather was fine, with jarring winds at times, which made some wonder why the bird kept going after they pulled the trigger. The following are the scores:

Ayton vs Walkerton, 25 birds each man:

Walkerton — Jacob Steinmiller 9, Clarenz Smith 11, B. Russel 14, O. Steinmiller 16, J. Froelich 17, J. Hamson 4, J. White 21, J. Hartman 18, Frank Smith 18, Miller 17, John Smith 16. Total 161.

Ayton—G. B. Smith 25, Fred Smith 23, P. G. Doersam 16, V. Glebe 12, Ed. Koester 14, J. Werner 13, A.Schank 6, M. B. Flynn 9, Henry Koenig 14, Johnston 11, Fred Schause 12. Total 155.

Clifford, Ayton and Walkerton indulged in a five men event, shooting at 15 birds each. The following scores were made:—

Ayton—G. B. Smith 14, Fred Smith 15, P. G. Doersam 9, Ed. Koester 12, Johnston 7. Total 57.

Walkerton—J. Hartman 8, J. White 12, F. Smith 10, Miller 11, J. Smith 14. Total 55.

Clifford—C. Willets 11, Beachie 14, Dr. Perdue 15, J. Werner 10, Eckinswiller 13. Total 63.

Clifford winning out.

G. B. Smith and Fred Smith shooting a total score of 50 birds each that day, scored as follows:—

	Shot At	Broke
G. B. Smith	50	49
Fred Smith	50	47

G. B. Smith used an Ithaca gun with Leader shells. F. Smith used an Automatic gun, with Sovereign shells.

A Popular Professional

We present a cut of Court Thomson, the new representative for Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces, of Messrs. M. Hartley Co. of New York, the selling agents of the Union Metallic Cartridge Co. and Remington Arms. Court is a very well known and enthusiastic trap shooter, and previous to his engagement with the above company, was the travelling representative of a large stove and hardware concern of Hamilton, Ont., and as anyone who knows him can testify, the M. Hartley Co. made no mistake in their selection. He is a brother of W. P. Thomson, a winner of the Grand Canadian Handicap, and of Charles E. and George J., all enthusiastic and splendid trap shots. The four brothers have won many championships and prizes as a team of bowlers on the alleys and green, curlers, bicycle riders and oarsmen, and in fact have excelled in nearly every branch of sport. They are jolly good fellows to meet anywhere, and are seen at the traps throughout Canada and around the border at all of the tournaments.

COURT THOMSON

Riverdale Matinee

The tournament held on the grounds of the Riverdale Gun Club was one of the most successful half day shoots held in Toronto for some time. The day was a little windy, which caused the flight of the targets to be somewhat irregular, but this did not seem to hinder or confuse the shooters very much, for during the afternoon several straight scores were made throughout the different events.

Mr. P. Wakefield, of the Stanley Gun Club carried off the honors for the day by winning the high average prize, a beautiful engraved medal, presented by Mr. J. E. Jennings, with a score of 88 out of a possible 100. Mr. W. Joselin being second with 86. The consolation prize, Gillett Safety Razor, was won by George Vivian, with a straight score of 25, but he was pretty hard pressed, however, as the runners up, C. Wilson of Brampton, and W. Roberts of Parkdale Gun Club, were close upon his heels with the creditable scores of 24 each.

Following are the scores in events:—

	1	2	3	4	5	Ttl.
P. Wakefield	16	18	17	19	18	88
W. Joselin	16	18	16	17	19	86
J. E. Jennings	17	19	17	17	16	86
Geo. Mason	17	16	16	19	17	85
T. Houghton	18	19	16	16	16	85
G. Logan	20	14	17	17	16	84
L. Hazelwood	16	17	19	16	16	84
W. Pedrick	14	16	18	17	16	81
C. P. Wilson	18	16	17	15	13	80
S. A. White	16	12	20	20	14	80
C. J. Packham	15	15	16	18	14	—
T. Bennett	17	15	16	13	17	78
W. Roberts	16	16	13	17	15	77
E. Marsh	15	15	17	14	15	76
R. J. Fletcher	10	17	16	19	14	76
*Geo. Dunk	14	15	16	15	16	76
J. Logan	13	15	16	16	12	72
F. J. Shreve	13	11	14	13	19	70
Geo. McGill	14	15	17	13	10	69
T. Logan	15	14	17	17	—	63
J. S. Beck	6	12	13	12	12	55
G. L. Vivian			15	17	19	51
*F. L. Halford	15	11	12	12	—	48
F. Hooey				16	18	34
E. Bond			14	10	—	24
W. Lowe			13	—	—	13
F. B. Averill			12	—	—	12

Consolation event of 25 targets—G.L. Vivian 25, C. Wilson 24, W. Roberts 24, S. A. White 23, Geo. Dunk 22, C. Packham 21, T. Bennett 21, E. Marsh 21, T. Logan 21, F. Hooey 21, R. Fletcher 19, G. McGill 14, J. Logan 13, J. S. Beck 12.

*Professionals, representing the Dominion Cartridge Co. of Montreal.

The high average for the entire tournament of the Dominion of Canada Trap Shooting Association's Contest held at Sherbrooke August 5th to 7th, was awarded to H. H. Stevens. The high amateur average was won by George Beattie of Hamilton, Ontario. Both of the winners used "Du Pont Smokeless." Mr. W. H. Ewing of Montreal, who won the Olympic Individual Championship in England, added two more honors to his name by winning the Amateur Championship of Canada with 49 out of50 and the Grand Canadian Handicap with 49 out of 50 and 24 out of 25 in the shoot off. The Two Man Team Championship of Canada was won by A. W. Westover of Sutton Junction, and Dr. Stockwell of Sherbrooke, with a score of 38 out of 48, both shooting "New Schultze."

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Dominion Tournament at Sherbrooke

The Eighth Annual Tournament of the Dominion of Canada Trapshooting Association held at Sherbrooke, Que., under the management of the local gun club, was one of the most successful in the history of the Association. At the annual meeting at Toronto last year the Sherbrooke representatives accepted the responsibility of pulling off this big shoot, with a good deal of reluctance. The Sherbrooke Gun Club is composed of prominent and wealthy business and professional men who, admittedly, could spare little time for the work, but what they could not do personally they delegated to others and the result was eminently satisfactory from the trapshooters' point of view.

This was the first opportunity many Eastern shooters had had of visiting the prosperous city of Sherbrooke. It is the principal city in the Eastern townships and is in the centre of a very rich agricultural country. It is a very picturesquely situated place and the numerous handsome residences give conclusive evidence of the prosperity of its citizens. The C.P.R. and G.T.R. furnish ample railway accommodation.

Sherbrooke Gun Club grounds are conveniently situated on the banks of the St. Francis River, not far from the centre of the town, and within easy distance of the electric railway. For this tournament three Dickey Bird Traps were used and Dickey Bird targets thrown. These traps and targets gave great satisfaction to the shooters. The traps worked perfectly and the targets were good flyers and breakers. The only drawback was a very dark background, which made it difficult at times to locate the bird with certainty.

Complete preparations had been made for comfort and convenience of the shooters. Ample tent accommodation had been provided for the different clubs. The luncheon on the grounds provided by the local caterers, Bonner & Povey, was very tasteful and appetizing and far above the average furnished at affairs of this kind.

WALTER H. EWING, Montreal
Olympic Champion Winner Canadian Individual Championship and Grand Canadian Handicap.

GEO. BEATTIE.

The tournament was well patronized by the trade, the following representatives being on the grounds: Winchester R. Arms Co., J. A. R. Elliott, J. R. Taylor, J. H. Cameron, G. R. Ginn; Union Metallic Cartridge Co., H. H. Stevens, Court Thomson and Thos. A. Marshall; Dupont Powder Co., L. J. Squier, E. G. White, J. T. Skelly, E. A. W. Everett and Ed. Banks; Dominion Cartridge Co., C. Edward Wood and Johonnot Marlin Firearms Co., W. B. Darton; American Powder Mills, A. E. Sibley; Parker Gun Co., Col. A. W. Du Bray.

The office was in charge of Luther Squier, assisted by Geo. Ginn and J. A. Cook. Mr. J. Squier, as the originator of the Squier Money-back System, had special charge of this feature of the tournament and the results were very satisfactory in every way.

The shoot practically commenced on Tuesday afternoon, when 33 professionals and amateurs indulged in an eye-opener at 100 targets. The weather was ideal and some good scores were made. The following were the scores:—

Professionals:—H. H. Stevens 96, W. B. Darton 95, J. R. Taylor 95, A. E. Sibley 85.

Amateurs—W. H. Ewing 92, Geo. Vivian 92, W. P. Thomson 92, Geo. McGill 91, F. W. Mitchell 90, T. M. Craig 90, G. Beattie 89, Thos. Upton 88, Geo. Dunk 87, D. Bray 87, J. E. Jennings 85, W. A. Smith 85, J. B. Goodhue 84, Dr. Wilson 83, H. A. Horning 80, E. J. Marsh 79, M. E. Fletcher 78, F. A. Heney 77, C. G. Thompson 77, W. Fenton 77, W. Slaney 77, J. A. McLaughlin 75, G. Easdale 73, Dr. Hilker 73, H. E. Hawkins 70, H. D.

Romans 67, P. Wakefield 64, G. M. Howard (60) 49, A. E. Ross (40) 36.

FIRST DAY.

The battle proper commenced this morning. The morning was overcast and rain commenced to fall soon after the shooting commenced. This added to the discomfort of the shooters an a bearish effect on many scores. Notwithstanding, some very good scores were made. George Beattie, Hamilton, covered himself with glo by beating the whole field of professionals and amateurs with a 95 per cent. score. He bro 190 out of 200 and annexed the Parker gun given by Parker Bros., Meriden, Conn., as the prize for high averages. The second average prize, a beautiful cup donated by Thomas A. Duff, Toronto, went to J. E. Jennings, Toronto, who broke 185. Of the professionals, H. H. Stevens of the U.M.C. Co. and J. R. Taylor of the Winchester Arms Co., tied for first place with 188.

The scores, 10 events at 20 targets each, were as follows:—

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AMATEURS.

	H'cap.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total
D. J. Kearney	16	18	16	19	18	19	16	17	14	19	15	— 171
Dr. A. E. Hilker	16	18	14	18	17	16	13	15	19	17	18	— 158
H. E. Hawkins	16	17	14	18	16	16	19	13	18	15	11	— 157
J. K. Boswell	16	14	17	14	17	14	18	19	18	16	16	— 163
R. Lewis	16	16	16	19	20	20	19	13	18	19	18	— 178
J. B. Goodhue	18	12	14	16	17	18	16	19	18	15	15	— 160
H. Desriviers	18	13	16	15	16	17	19	17	16	18	17	— 164
G. J. Mason	16	19	18	15	15	14	18	16	17	16	12	— 160
Gus Dumont	16	10	16	15	15	12	18	15	11	12	12	— 136
H. E. Hibbard	16	15	16	18	16	11	17	18	18	16	15	— 160
A. E. Ross	16	14	15	13	18	15	15	17	15	18	15	— 155
A. Galbraith	16	13	17	15	19	16	19	13	14	17	16	— 159
W. Carruthers	16	18	19	18	15	19	18	20	18	18	18	— 181
J. C. McConnell	16	15	11	11	9	16	16	11	14	13		— 116
E. I. Perry	16	10	11	14	14	13	13	12	11	15	10	— 113
G. W. McGill	18	15	18	20	16	13	17	17	16	16	19	— 167
G. L. Vivian	18	19	17	20	19	18	19	19	17	18	17	— 183
J. E. Jennings	18	19	18	18	20	20	19	19	19	19	19	— 185
A. Smith	18	15	13	19	15	19	17	14	15	16	16	— 159
M. Dunk	18	17	19	17	17	18	20	18	14	17	17	— 174
G. Thompson	18	19	14	15	20	18	19	18	15	18	19	— 175
T. M. Craig	18	17	19	18	19	20	17	18	15	18	19	— 180
A. W. Westover	18	15	19	18	18	18	16	18	15	17	18	— 172
Dr. Stockwell	18	18	16	15	18	19	18	18	19	18	16	— 175
G. M. Howard	18	19	17	16	20	18	19	18	16	19	20	— 182
F. A. Henry	16	18	13	14	10	16	13	18	15	13	14	— 144
Geo. Eastdale	16	16	13	15	16	13	17	15	13	16	16	— 150
W. Slaney	16	17	15	18	15	18	15	19	16	18	17	— 168
H. Vian	16	16	15	19	18	20	16	18	17	19	13	— 171
Dr. Smith	16	16	20	18	19	19	16	15	16	17	17	— 173
Dr. Wilson	18	18	16	15	16	17	18	14	19	16	16	— 165
Tom Upton	18	17	14	18	17	19	16	16	16	19	17	— 169
W. P. Thomson	18	08	17	17	20	15	18	15	17	18	19	— 174
Geo. Beattie	18	19	19	20	20	20	17	18	20	18	19	— 190
H. A. Horning	18	16	15	16	14	14	17	13	14	16	17	— 152
M. E. Fletcher	18	11	15	15	15	18	20	15	17	17	17	— 160
N. G. Bray	18	17	17	20	19	18	18	18	15	20	16	— 178
W. H. Ewing	18	17	17	15	18	17	16	20	17	18	19	— 174
F. W. Mitchell	18	14	15	16	15	18	16	19	14	20	15	— 162
P. Wakefield	16	16	17	16	15	19	17	16	17	18	14	— 165
E. J. Marsh	16	17	14	17	16	14	12	11	18	16	18	— 153
W. R. Fenton	16	17	14	17	17	18	17	19	16	18	18	— 171
H. D. Romans	16	15	15	16	17	13	18	16	15	13	16	— 154
J. A. McLaughlin	16	19	17	17	17	11	18	11	15	14	18	— 157

PROFESSIONALS

J. A. R. Elliott	18	17	19	20	20	19	18	19	19	14	—	183
J. R. Taylor	20	17	20	18	17	20	17	20	20	19	—	188
W. B. Darton	19	19	17	18	19	20	18	16	20	18	—	184
H. H. Stevens	20	18	18	20	18	18	20	18	18	20	—	188
E. G. White	15	18	19	19	19	16	20	17	18	19	—	180
T. A. Marshall	19	16	19	19	18	19	16	19	18	19	—	182
L. J. Squier	19	18	20	18	17	17	20	20	18	20	—	181

Professionals shot sliding handicap 16 to 20 yards.

SECOND DAY.

The second day of the shoot was free from rain and was favorable for good scores. Geo. Beattie again demonstrated his superiority by heading the list of amateurs with 183 out of 200. He received the high average prize for this day and Ideal "G" grade Lefever gun presented by the Lefever Arms Co. of Syracuse, N.Y. G. M. Howard and W. H. Ewing, tied for second average prize, a handsome trophy presented by Geo. W. McGill, Toronto and in the shoot off Howard won out. H. H. Stevens and L. J. Squier tied for first place a-

mong the professionals with 185 each. The scores:—

AMATEURS

	H'dcp.											
G. W. McGill	18	15	15	19	16	19	15	19	18	18	10	— 164
Vivian	19	18	19	15	15	15	15	15	18	17	19	— 166
Jennings	19	20	17	17	18	19	17	18	18	14	18	— 176
Ewing	19	18	16	18	18	19	20	20	18	16	18	— 181
Dunk	19	17	18	20	13	16	17	14	15	18	18	— 166
C. G. Thompson	19	15	16	17	15	12	17	16	17	18	17	— 160
Craig	19	15	18	17	17	17	18	19	14	16	15	— 166
Westover	19	17	17	15	18	17	18	17	18	18	14	— 169
Stockwell	19	16	16	16	10	19	17	15	16	18	16	— 159
Howard	19	18	20	19	17	19	19	17	18	18	16	— 181
F. A. Heney	16	13	13	9	15	14	10	13	13	17	16	— 133
Geo. Easdale	16	15	16	15	16	17	13	14	8	12	13	— 139
W. Slaney	16	17	15	14	16	15	15	9	18	15	19	— 153
H. Viau	17	12	15	18	17	17	17	18	15	16	14	— 159
Dr. Smith	17	18	17	17	17	14	19	19	16	16	18	— 171
Dr. Wilson	18	17	15	13	17	12	18	15	15	16	12	— 150
Tom Upton	18	17	17	18	14	12	18	15	13	19	15	— 158
W. P. Thomson	19	18	17	17	16	19	19	11	20	17	17	— 171
Beattie	19	19	17	20	17	17	17	20	19	19	18	— 183
Bray	19	19	14	18	20	16	18	17	19	17	17	— 175
J. B. Goodhue	18	14	16	16	16	13	16	17	12	11	15	— 146
H. Desrivieres	18	18	19	18	18	17	17	18	14	17	15	— 171
M. E. Fletcher	18	16	17	18	15	19	17	17	17	16	15	— 167
Carruthers	17	12	13	13	17	17	13	18	18	16	18	— 155
Horning	17	17	19	17	15	15	18	17	18	19	17	— 172
P. Wakefield	16	15	15	16	16	18	12	15	17	17	14	— 155
E. J. Marsh	16	15	12	18	12	11	13	11	15	14	11	— 132
Fenton	17	16	15	20	16	16	18	18	15	17	17	— 168
H. D. Romans	16	18	16	15	19	17	19	17	18	17	19	— 175
J. A. McLaughlin	16	13	18	14	14	13	10	12	11	13	17	— 135
Kearney	17	17	16	14	16	15	17	17	16	19	16	— 163
Dr. A. E. Hilker	16	17	10	14	16	12	14	14	14	13	15	— 139
H. E. Hawkins	16	14	14	15	14	15	15	16	17	18	18	— 156
W. A. Smith	17	20	15	15	13	17	15	17	19	18	18	— 167
R. Lewis	17	20	17	17	16	16	16	17	12	15	14	— 160
G. J. Mason	16	15	16	18	16	14	14	15	14	18	15	— 155
Gus Dumont	16	15	16	18	16	18	17	16	15	15	17	— 163
H. E. Hibbard	16	15	18	16	18	16	18	17	15	14	18	— 165
A. E. Ross	16	16	18	19	19	14	15	15	18	18	15	— 167
W. Galbraith	16	15	13	17	18	16	18	15	19	16	17	— 164
J. C. McConnell	16	17	17	17	18	17	17	19	15	19	18	— 174
E. I. Perry	16	9	11	17	18	16	16	14	11	10	12	— 4
J. K. Boswell	16	15	16	15	13	15	13	11	18	14	16	— 1[illegible]6
C. P. Keeler	16	12	12	16	15	15	13	17	15	18	15	— 148
F. A. Briggs	16	17	17	20	14	18	19	18	15	18	14	— 170
S. H. Ball	16	10	16	16	11	11	6	8	7	8	12	— 105

PROFESSIONALS.

J. A. R. Elliott	16	20	19	17	18	17	16	18	15	18	— 174
J. R. Taylor	19	19	20	17	19	17	16	19	19	18	— 183
W. B. Darton	19	18	20	14	18	17	18	19	20	20	— 183
J. T. Skelly	14	15	19	15	16	19	18	16	16	10	— 158
H. H. Stevens	19	19	19	19	19	18	18	19	17	18	— 185
Edw. Banks	20	16	19	18	18	19	18	19	18	18	— 183
T. A. Marshall	17	18	18	19	20	19	18	18	18	16	— 181
L. J. Squier	17	19	19	17	19	20	20	18	20	16	— 185
E. G. White	18	17	17	18	18	19	20	19	18	18	— 179
E. A. W. Everett	18	16	18	16	18	15	20	13	14	6	— 148
A. E. Sibley	19	18	17	19	18	18	17	17	19	17	— 179
A. W. DuBray	15	13		14	13	11					— 66

Professionals shot sliding handicap 16 to 20 yards.

Annual Meeting

The annual meeting af the Association was held at the New Sherbrooke House in the evening. T. M. Craig, president, presided. Minutes of the last meeting were read by the secretary, C. G. Thompson, and approved. The question of incorporating the Association was discussed and the secretary reported that the operations of the Association not being confined to any one Province, he had been advised that a charter would cost $250 and the executive had not felt like incurring this expense without the sanction of the general meeting. It was decided that the new executive should proceed with incorporation. The financial statement was presented showing balance on hand of $508.19. Ottawa was unanimously selected as next place of meeting and the Squier Money Back System with handicap as at Sherbrooke decided upon. The following were selected as officers for the ensuing year: President, F. A. Heney, Ottawa; 1st vice- President, Thos. Upton, Hamilton; 2nd vice-president, George W. McGill, Toronto; secretary, Geo. Easdale, Ottawa; executive committee, A. W. Throop, Ottawa; Dr. Smith, Ottawa; W. P. Thompson, Hamilton; Geo. L. Vivian, Toronto; H. DesRivieres, Quebec; E. J. Marsh, Toronto; W. H. Ewing, Montreal; T. A. Duff, Toronto; W. A. Smith, Kingsville.

At the close of the meeting, a hearty vote of thanks to the retiring officers was passed, particularly to the local officials, who had done so much to make the tournament a success.

THIRD DAY.

This was the day of championships and was in many respects the most important day of tournament. The Individual Championship, the Grand Canadian Handicap, the two-man team, five-man team and eight man team races, as

well as the 20-target event for the Brewers and Malsters Cup were all on the schedule, every one of great interest to the contestants. Unfortunately, it rained hard all day. Walter Ewing, Montreal, was the hero of the day. won the Individual Championship and M.R.M. cup, and, also, Winchester Repeating Trap gun, with 49 out of 50, having as an appetizer won the Brewers' and Malsters' cup with a straight score. Thus he broke 69 out of his first 70. Subsequently he landed the much coveted Grand Canadian Handicap with 47 out of 50, after shooting off a tie with T. M. Craig, G. M. Howard and P. Wakefield. He was on the eight man Montreal team, which won the Mail Trophy and tied for first place in the two-man team race. Surely enough glory for one day. Dr. Stockwell and A. W. Westover, Sherbrooke, won the two man team championship, with 38 out of 40, after shooting off a tie with W. H. Ewing and D. J. Kearney, Montreal. Sherbrooke won the Mail Trophy, emblematic of the five-man team championship, with 228 out of 250. Hamilton was but one bird behind and the finish between N. G. Bray and M. E. Fletcher, of the respective teams, proved very exciting, the result being in doubt until the last shot had been fired. Montreal won the eight man team championship with 140 out of 160 and received the Hamilton Gun Club Trophy.

The Vivian Cup for the longest run during the tournament went to George Beattie, who scored a straight 69 the first day.

The professionals shot a regular program of 200 targets, the high man for the day being J.A.R. Elliott, who made the phenomenal score of 195 and almost broke the record with 110 straight from 20 yards. For the three days H. H. Stevens won high average with 562 with W. B. Darton second with 553. Both received handsome gold watch fobs, donated by the Sherbrooke Gun Club. These were very handsome and will be highly prized by the recipients.

George Beattie won high average for the tournament with 373 out of 400 and received the Grey Cup and gold medal and Remington Trap Grade Repeating shot gun. The gold watch donated by the Canadian Indians for second high average went to G. M. Howard, who scored 363.

The leaders of the amateurs for the two days were: Geo. Beattie 373, G. M. Howard 363, J. E. Jennings 361, W. H. Ewing 355, N. G. Bray 353.

INDIVIDUAL EVENTS—AMATEURS.

Name.	Event — No. Targets	1 20 H'cap.	2 50	3
J. E. Jennings	20	20	47	40
G. M. Howard	20	18	34	47
Geo. Beattie	20	17	48	46
W. H. Ewing	19	20	49	47
T. M. Craig	19	15	47	47
N. G. Bray	19	18	41	46
C. G. Thompson	18	17	39	46
A. W. Westover	18	18	47	45
Dr. Stockwell	18	19	44	
J. G. Smith	18	18	41	43
G. W. McGill	18	19	41	37
G. L. Vivian	18	18	38	43
G. M. Dunk	18	17	46	43
W. P. Thomson	18	11	44	46
W. R. Fenton	18	16	45	42
F. A. Heney	16	11	35	32
G. Easdale	16	13	35	37
W. Staney	16	18	39	41
H. Viau	16	15		43
H. E. Hawkins	16	13	44	
Tom Upton	17	16	48	43
Dr. "Wilson"	17	14		45
M. E. Fletcher	17	15	47	45
W. Carruthers	17	17	38	38
H. A. Horning	17	17	39	41
P. Wakefield	16	19	44	47
E. J. Marsh	16	14	33	
J. A. McLauchlin	16	14	42	40
H. D. Romans	17	19	40	45
D. J. Kearney	17	18	41	41
W. A. Smith	17	13		43
G. Dumont	16	19	47	42
G. J. Mason	17	13	x14	x18
A. E. Ross	16	18	39	
Dr. Hilker	16	15	34	
F. W. Mitchell	17	18	47	42
W. Galbraith	17	18	42	37
N. Candlish	17	11	38	40
R. Lewis	17	17	45	x19
W. Kenyon	18	14	42	46
H. E. Hibbard		18	45	
J. B. Goodhue		15	39	
E. C. Eaton	17	16	42	42

xWithdrew.

Event No. 1—Brewers' & Malsters' Cup, won by W. H. Ewing.

Event No. 2—Amateur Championship of Canada, won by W. H. Ewing.

Event No. 3—Grand Canadian Handicap. — Howard, Ewing, Craig and Wakefield were ties at 47 each. In shoot-off at 25 targets Ewing won with 24. Howard 23, Wakefield 23 Craig 21. Handicap for Grand Canadian Handicap only.

CHAMPIONSHIP TEAM EVENTS.

Two Man Teams—

Stockwell 20, Westover 18	38
Ewing 20, Kearney 18	38
Kenyon 18, Lewis 19	37
Howard 19, Bray 18	37
Dunk 18, Jennings 19	37
McGill 18, Vivian 19	37
Upton 17, Horning 19	36
W. P. Thomson 18, Beattie 17	35
Romans 16, McLaughlin 18	34
C. G. Thompson 15, Craig 19	34
Wakefield 16, Fenton 17	33
Eaton 17, Carruthers 15	32
Dr. Smith 16, Staney 16	32
Hilker 14, Hawkins 17	31

Shoot-off: —

Stockwell 19, Westover 18	37
Ewing 19, Kearney 17	36

Five-Man Teams:—

Sherbrooke—C. G. Thompson 41, Craig 46, Westover 47, Howard 49, Bray 45. Total 288.

Hamilton—Beattie 48, W. P. Thomson 48, Upton 41, Horning 45, Fletcher 45. Total 227.

Toronto—McGill 43, Dunk 46, Vivian 45, Fenton 40, Jennings 45. Total 219.

Montreal—Ewing 47, Kenyon 45, Eaton 43, Dumont 38, Lewis 36. Total 209.

Ottawa—Heney 33, Easdale 37, Staney 39, Viau 44, Dr. J. G. Smith 41. Total 194.

Eight Man Teams.

Montreal—Ewing 18, Kearney 17, Eaton 19, Kenyon 17, Carruthers 18, Candlish 19, Dumont 19, Lewis 19. Total 146.

Sherbrooke—C. G. Thompson 16, Craig 17, Westover 17, Stockwell 17, Howard 19, Bray 20, Mitchell 18, Hibbard 16. Total 140.

Toronto—McGill 20, Dunk 18, Vivian 19, Marsh 11, Mason 17, Fenton 18, Wakefield 17, Jennings 20. Total 140.

Hamilton—Upton 15, W. P. Thomson 20, Horning 18, Fletcher 19, Beattie 20, Hawkins 13, Hilker 12, Dr. "Wilson" 19. Total 136.

PROFESSIONALS.

J. A. R. Elliott	19	19	19	19	19	20	20	20	20	20	— 195
J. R. Taylor	19	15	20	18	17	18	14	19	19	17	— 176
A. E. Sibley	18	17	18	19	17	20	17	18	19	18	— 181
W. B. Darton	18	18	18	18	19	18	20	20	19	18	— 186
H. H. Stevens	19	19	17	19	19	19	18	20	19	20	— 189
E. G. White	18	18	18	18	16	20	19	18	19	19	— 183
A. E. W. Everett	18	16	16	18	17	17	17	18	15	18	— 170
T. A. Marshall	17	20	16	20	20	19	19	19	18	16	— 184
L. J. Squier	18	19	15	17	18	19	20	18	16	16	— 176

Professionals shot at 200 targets, sliding handicap, 16 to 20 yards.

1st professional average for 3 days—H. H. Stevens, 562 out of 600.

2nd professional average for 3 days—W. B. Darton, 553 out of 600.

Other professional averages for 3 days: Squier 548; Marshall 547, Taylor 547; White 542, Sibley 523.

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Tournament Notes

Toot ! Toot !

Geo. Beattie and W. H. Ewing, the two Olympic champions, were the heroes of the tournament.

A very pleasant feature of the tournament was the presence of the following ladies: Mesdames W. H. Ewing, Montreal; F. A. Heney, Ottawa; G. L. Vivian, Toronto; H. E. Hawkins, H. A. Horning, Dr. Hilker, W. P. Thomson and Miss Couse, Hamilton.

A number of the Western shooters, including the Hamilton ladies and gentlemen went down by R. & O. steamer Kingston from Toronto to Montreal, and enjoyed a most delightful sail through the Thousand Islands.

Rain the first and third days marred the pleasure of the shoot, greatly.

Geo. Beattie and M. E. Fletcher shared with Bobby Kerr in a splendid reception given the Olympic champions by the citizens of Hamilton on their return home.

A pleasing wind-up to the shoot was the presentation to L. J. Squier of a diamond scarf pin as a token of appreciation of his services as the office. The presentation was made by Mr. C. Thompson on behalf of the officials of the Association.

Court Thomson, the new Canadian U. M. C. Co. representative, is certainly " making good." More U.M.C. shells were used at this tournament than any other and this was largely owing to Court's personal influence and popularity. Besides he had the satisfaction of seeing the high professional average, high amateur average, the individual championship, the Grand Canadian Handicap and Brewers' and Malsters' Cup won with U.M.C. shells.

Twenty-three shooters used U.M.C. and nineteen Winchester shells. The winners of the two-man team used Winchester shells and many of the high scores were made with Winchester loads. Elliott's wonderful run of 113 from 20 yards was, of course with the popular Elliott load. Joe Jennings, as always, used Winchester Leaders.

Twenty-four shooters used Dupont, twenty-three New Schultze and two Infallible. E. used a 26 grain Ballistite load in U. M. C. shells. Beattie used 38 grains New Schultze in U.M.C. shells.

Ewing did his splendid shooting both here and in England with his handsome high grade Lefever. It has 32 inch. barrels and is certainly a winner.

Thos. A. Marshall, the U.M.C. professional, was, as usual, the fun producer for the party. Thomas is no knight-blooming serious.

W. P. Thomson made a straighe score in the Hamilton eight-man team match. This makes the seventh straight score he has accounted for in the five-man and eight-man team matches at Dominion tournaments. He seems to have the habit.

For three days it rained shot almost as bad as in dear old "Lunnon."

This was Geo. M. Dunk's last shoot as an amateur. Hereafter he will represent the Dominion Cartridge Co. both on the road and at the traps.

The oldest as well as one of the most pop-

ular shooters present was Mr. W. Slaney, Ottawa, who, notwithstanding his 68 years has still a good eye and steady hand.

Dr. Overholt was much disturbed by the news of the forest fire at Fernie. His son Frank was at Michel, pretty much within the fire zone.

E. C. Eaton, Montreal, the always genial and popular "Eddie" dropped in on the last day to help his team win the eight-man team championship. He had recently undergone an operation for appendicitis and his score of 19 out of 20 was an exceptionally good one under the circumstances.

Messrs. Romans and McLaughlin of Dartmouth, N.S., gun club, were welcome additions to the ranks. Both did good shooting during the tournament.

The Sherbrooke officials certainly "made good" in their handling of this big shoot. All the arrangements were as near perfect as possible.

After the tournament, a number of the shooters enjoyed the hospitality of W. H. and Mrs. Ewing at their summer home at Woodlands.

The Squier Money Back System was an unqualified success. Every low man got his entrance money back, less price of targets, the amounts required to do this varying from $26 to 5 cents, while a substantial surplus was divided among the high guns.

A false alarm of fire caused a stampede among the guests at the New Sherbrooke. It proved two things, however. First, that Tom Marshall looks stunning in pajamas; second, that he is a real nice man to be in bed so early.

But what is the use of betting a million if your wife says you haven't got it.

The Squier Money-Back-System not only repaid every shooter his entrance money less price of targets, but paid to the 15 high guns a surplus of $240.00, as follows: 1st, George Beattie, 373, $43.20; 2nd, G. M. Howard, 368, $33.60; 3rd, J. E. Jennings, 361, $26.40; 4th W. H. Ewing, 355, $24.00; 5th, N. G. Bray, 353, $19.20; 6th, G. L. Vivian, 349, $16.80; 7th, T. M. Craig, 346, $14.40; 8th, W. P. Thomson, 345, $12.00; 9th, Dr. Smith, 344, $12.00; 10th A. W. Westover, 341 $9.60; G. M. Dunk, 340, $7.20; 12th W. R. Fenton, 339, $7.20; 13th Geo. Lewis, 338, $7.20; 14th F. W. Mitchell, 336, $3.60; 15th, W. Carruthers, 336, $3.60.

Ladies Day at Hamilton

The fourth annual Ladies' day of the Hamilton Gun Club was held on the club grounds and, as in former years, very keen interest was taken in the event for ladies at five targets, known angles. The first honors went to Mrs. John Hackett, who was also winner of last year's first prize. Mrs. Hackett broke four out of five targets shot at. Miss Van Brocklin won second prize with a break of three, while Mrs. Cantelon and Mrs. Bain tied for third prize, and in the shoot off the former won easily, equalling the score of Mrs. Hackett by breaking four out of five.

H. E. Hawkins won the beautiful oil painting of that famous setter, Joe Cumming, presented to the Hamilton Gun Club as a trophy by the Dupont Powder company. This event was a 25 bird race, Hawkins breaking 24. Ralph Ripley and Dr. Wilson were a close second, with 23 to their credit. Court Thomson, the U.M.C. pro., who has just returned from a trip to the Maritime provinces, was the guest of the club. The scores for the Dupont Trophy — twenty-five targets—Court Thomson (pro) 20, Raspberry 16, Waterbury 17, Cline 17, Beattie 19, Dr. Hilker 17, Hawkins 24, Ripley 23, Scott 15, Sturt 18, Frank 17, W. P. Thomson 22, Wark 20, Freed 18, Friend Rich 21, Horning 21, Dr. Wilson 23, Konkle 17, Hunter 19, Davies 22, Barnes 22, Bates 21, Dr. Greene 20, E. Clifford 15, W. Clifford 16.

Ladies—5targets—Mrs. Cantelon 2, Miss Slacer 1, Miss Cline 0, Miss Groves 1, Clifford 0, Mrs. Wark 0, Miss Conse 1, Miss Hackett 0, Mrs. Hackett 4, Mrs. Bain 2, Miss VanBrocklin 3, Miss McCredie 0, Miss Armstrong 1, Mrs. Davidson 0, Miss E. Moore 0, Miss M. Moore 0, Mrs. Barnes 1, Miss Climie 0.

Shoot-off for third prize—Mrs. Cantelon 4 Mrs. Bain 2.

To come out first in the Olympic games was a great triumph and this was the record of the Lefever gun. Mr. Walter Ewing, of Montreal, who won the first prize and gold cup, emblematic of the world's highest shooting honors used a Lefever. There were three stages governing this great test, which included known and unknown traps, all at unknown angles, and this provided a severe test. Mr. Ewing, under the most adverse conditions, was first in each of these stages with the creditable score of ninety per cent, thus gaining the individual championship for the entire program. "To see this champion break clay birds at seventy yards with a gun containing a game charge emphasizes the wonderful system of taper boring of this American gun." This is the comment of an English sporting journal and shows the effect produced by this record on the other

side. Any of our shooting readers who will address the Company at Syracuse, N.Y., and request their catalogue will have one forwarded to them.

At the thirty-ninth annual shoot of the New England Schuetzen Bund at Westville, Conn., F. C. Ross made 67 points out of a possible 75 on Honor Targets, defeating over fifty crack marksmen. Mr. Ross shot with a Stevens rifle equipped with a Stevens telescope. The first, second and third prizes on the king targets were won by contestants using Stevens rifles, as well as the first and second prizes on the Honor target.

Clinton Gun Club announce that their 18th annual tournament will be held on Thanksgiving Day and the day following. There will be ten events at 20 targets each day, divided on Jack Rabbit system, and all shooters will stand at 16 yards. There will be good average money as well as a guarantee of $400 in purses. A special event will be 25 targets, each day, at 22 yards, known as Long Distance Championship, in which the money will be divided, high guns, two moneys for every five entries. A beautiful silver cup, valued at $25.00, to the high man in this event for the two days.

Guelph Shots Were Defeated

Guelph, Aug. 27—A team of eleven members of the Brampton Gun Club came to Guelph yesterday afternoon to shoot a team race with local men. Their opponents consisted of an equal number of the Royal City Gun Club. Although the Guelph men were defeated in the match by six birds, they demonstrated to onlookers that they could smash asphalt crockery with the best of them before the afternoon shoot was over. After the shoot, the Royal City Club entertained the visitors at the Western Hotel. The following are the scores:—

11 Man Team Shoot—25 birds Per Man:

Brampton—Wilson 19, Packham 20, Beck 16, Pecker 16, Fletcher 23, White 23, Choate 23, Campbell 22, Dunk 21, Morris 14, Hanis 17. Total 214.

Guelph—L. Singular 22, W. G. Mitchell 17, Spalding 24, Sleeman 17, H. H. Cull 21, W. Singular 23, Dunk 22, F. Sweetman 17, Rhodes 13, A. Ritchie 18, Burnett 14. Total 208.

Sweep No 1—15 birds—Mitchell 14, Choate 10, Beck 10, Cull 14, Ritchie 12, L. Singular 11, Peaker 8, Packham 11, White 11, W. Singular 13, Rhodes 8, Dunk 15, Campbell 12, Fletcher 14.

Sweep No. 2—15 birds—Cull 13, Mitchell 12, L. Singular 11, Beck 9, Packham 11, White 14, Ritchie 8, Rhodes 6, Campbell 13, W. Singular 14, Choate 14, Peaker 11, Fletcher 11.

Sweep No. 3—10 birds—Mitchell 10, L. Singular 8, Beck 7, Rhodes 5, Choate 3, Peaker 9, Fletcher 9, Cull 8, White 9, W. Singular 10.

Sweep No. 4—10 birds—Mitchell 10, L. Singular 9, Cull 9, White 10, Beck 6.

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BEST PRICES

IN

Guns, - Rifles
Revolvers
Ammunition
Camping Equipment

FROM US

Fall hunters will find it to their decided advantage to purchase their outfit from us. Write for prices.

WARREN & ELLIS

Toronto's Leading Sporting Goods Store

302 YONGE ST., TORONTO

Phone Main 6737

THE HUNT WILL SOON BE ON.

These are only a few of the great variety of Sights we make.

Price $2.00

How Are Your Rifle Sights?

The Watson Sights compared with others are as silk compared with cheese cloth.

They are not the cheapest on earth, but they are certainly the best.

If you want to plaster every bullet with blood, the Watson Sights are the quickest and surest means to that end.

My specialty is: Giving a man exactly what he wants.

Full directions for ordering found in printed matter.

Price $2.00

T. A. WATSON

CREEMORE, ONTARIO, CANADA

For Three

SUBSCRIPTIONS

We will give a

Vest Pocket Light

Valued at $1.50.

Every hunter, angler and yachtsman should own one.

WATSON'S SCOTCH.

THE

Sportsman's Favorite

JAMES WATSON & CO., LIMITED
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS
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NEW TRAILS

TO THE

Canadian Game Lands

CANADIAN NORTHERN

BEFORE the six railways of the Canadian Northern System followed the old fur trails into the Canadian game lands, only a hardy few dared to go in. But now, the back places of the woods—wealthy in moose, caribou, deer and bear—may be quickly and easily reached. The Canadian Northern System serves a wide range of undisturbed territories. Here are a few suggestions:—

The country between Parry Sound and Sudbury traversed by the ***Canadian Northern Ontario Railway*** is a land of lonely muskeg and brule, the native country of the white-tailed deer. From Sudbury north to Sellwood this same line goes in through a moose hunting territory unequalled in Ontario.

The Canadian Northern Quebec and Quebec and Lake St. John Railways span the native country of the ouananiche, northern brook trout, and the spruce shored lakes of the Roberval country, where the moose and caribou abound.

The eastern shore of Nova Scotia, from Yarmouth to Halifax, is served by the ***Halifax and South Western Railway.*** On the barrens, slightly inland from the railway, are some of the best places for big moose in the east.

The Canadian Northern Railway, from Port Arthur to Edmonton, with many branches, griddles almost undisturbed haunts of moose, caribou, deer, wolves, bear and all species of four-footed and feathered game.

For information—general and special—address the Information Bureau, Canadian Northern Railway, Toronto

To get the full values from your vacation negatives, print them, or have them printed, on

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Velox is made especially for use with negatives that have been exposed under the harsh conditions of light that the amateur almost invariably encounters—no other paper therefore, so well fits his particular requirements. (We make other papers for the professional that are suited to *his* needs.) Velox is simple to handle, prints in any light, requires no dark room for development and permits the amateur to utilize the evening hours for print making.

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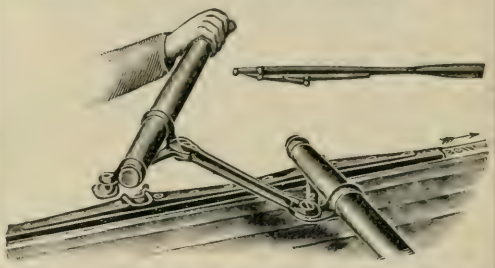
"Velox Booklet free at any Kodak Dealers or by mail

Canadian Kodak Co.
LIMITED
TORONTO - CAN.

LYMAN'S
Bow=Facing Rowing Gear



Rowing Gear with handle part detached from the boat to show the Ball and Socket Joint.

Several advantages, viz: the *front view*, the increased ease and speed in rowing, the rising of the bow instead of depressing it, the closing up of the oar out of the way while on the boat, the increased facility in avoiding obstacles, the diminished effort of hand and eyes in steering, rowing without noise, the better balance and swing of the oars, have commended this gear to all who have tried it.

The gear can be attached to almost any boat, and is especially adapted to hunting (indispensible in duck shooting), fishing and all kinds of pleasure boating.

Send for our Catalogue of Rowing Gear and Rifle Sights.

THE LYMAN GUN SIGHT CORPORATION
MIDDLEFIELD, CONN., U. S. A.

Raw Fur Shippers

Read the following and govern yourself accordingly

——B. C. Can., July 30th, '08

MR. JAS. P. ELLIS,
20 E. 16 St. N.Y.

Dear Sir:—Yours of the 23rd with check enclosed for $212.50 at hand and all satisfactory. Well Mr. Ellis we have done a little business this spring, $3000 worth and appear to have got along very well. Your assortment has been fair and you have not tried to deceive me as some, yes a good many others have tried to do. I don't want the earth but I do like a square deal and I must say you have come up to the mark all along the line. Now what I want to know is this: what kinds of fur skins will sell and be in the best demand next season? Will lynx hold up long do you think? I do not expect to handle any more furs this summer but you will surely hear from me again and I hope I shall be able to do as satisfactory but a more extensive business next season. With many thanks for your kindness and promptness, I am

Yours very truly
L. O. MILLER, B. C. Can.

It is impossible to satisfy everyone but I would like a chance on your collection providing the skins are prime. Furthermore I will hold your goods subject to your orders if you wish. Price list issued during latter part of Nov. Yours for the asking. But remember, I dont want early caught unprime furs.

JAS. P. ELLIS
20 E. 16 St., Dept. A., New York.
Established 1899.

HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO

FOR

Big Game

Reached via the Grand Trunk Railway System

DEER--Open Season-- Nov. 1st to Nov. 15th both days inclusive.

MOOSE--Open Season--Nov. 1st to Nov. 15th

In some districts in Northern Ontario including Temagami, Oct. 16th to Nov. 15th, both days inclusive.

Write to any agent of the Grand Trunk Railway System for free copy of "Haunts of Fish and Game." It contains full Information maps, game laws, etc.

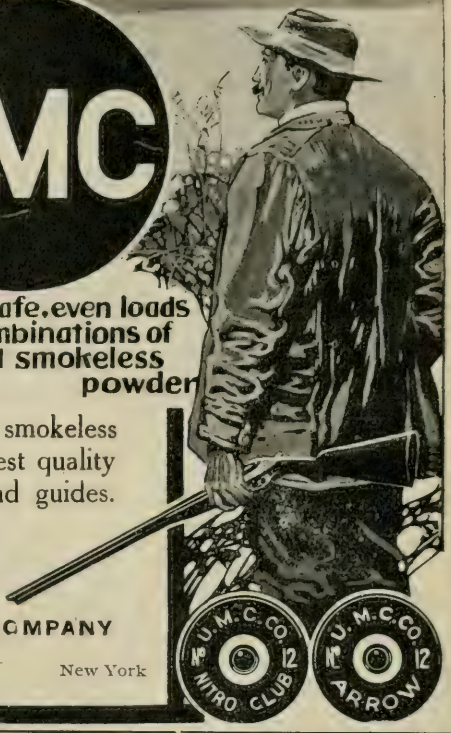
W. E. DAVIS
Passenger Traffic Manager
MONTREAL

G. T. BELL
General Passenger & Ticket Agent
MONTREAL

UMC

ARROW and NITRO CLUB SHOT SHELLS

Strong, safe, even loads in all combinations of shot and smokeless powder



They are steel lined. That protects the smokeless powder, also your gun and face. "The finest quality in the world," write expert shots, hunters and guides. For perfect results shoot perfect U. M. C. Shells—the Standard of America.

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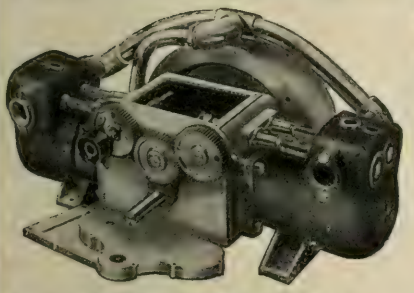
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Agency 313 Broadway New York



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have desirable features found in no other makes. They are unequalled for power, speed, reliability and economy. High speed motors for speedy craft, heavy duty 6-cylinder engines for large cruisers and commercial boats. Made in one of the largest and best equipped factories in America. WRITE FOR OUR LATEST CATALOGUE. Special attention to Canadian customers.

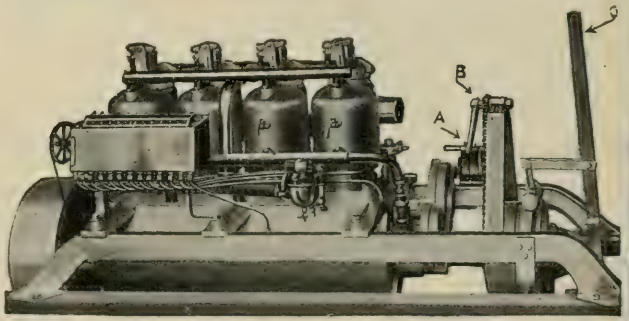
Why Buy a New Car?

Send us specifications and we will furnish you with a new motor and transmission gear that will make your car run better than when new. Hosts of pleased customers have saved money in this way. References furnished on request.

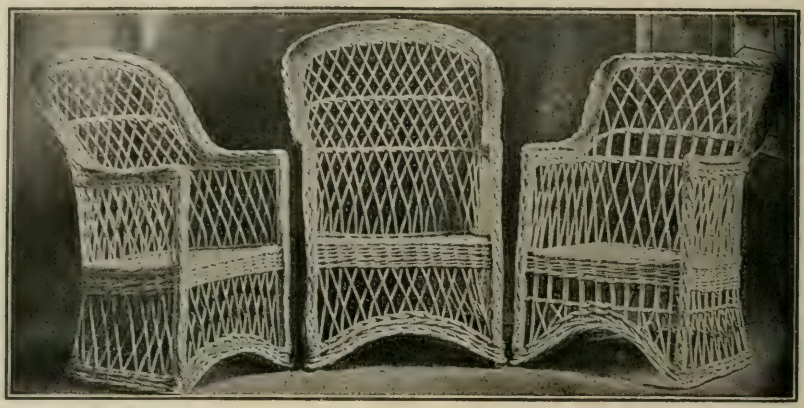
BRENNAN ENGINES can be furnished complete to fit all the standard makes of cars, such as Packard, Peerless, Thomas, Olds, Ford, Russell, Stevens, Duryea, Pope, etc., etc.

2-cylinder, horizontal, opposed and 4-cylinder vertical type.

All our engines are very quiet, flexible, economical and efficient on all speeds. COMPLETE CHASSIS BUILT TO ORDER IF DESIRED. Prices on application.



Brennan Motor Mfg. Co., Syracuse, N.Y.



	No. 10 $3.50	No. 14 $5.00	No. 12 $4.00
Size of seat	16x11	19x19	18x17
Height of back from seat	23 in.	26 in.	24 in.
Height of arm from seat	9½ in.	10 in.	20 in.

THE distinctive feature about my Willow Furniture is not the price, but the quality—lots of Art Furniture is sold at less, but you would not want it at any price when placed alongside of YOUNGER'S WILLOW FURNITURE. I grow my own Willow. I supervise personally the workmanship. I guarantee strength and durability of every article. As to BEAUTY of this furniture, it speaks for itself. The handsome set, illustrated above, sells for $12.50. It comprises three comfortable arm chairs, made of Willow. That means coolness and comfort. There is no reason in the world why you should sit in an unventilated and unhealthy upholstered chair when you can buy these artistic chairs at prices from $3.50 to $10.

We also manufacture a variety of other Rush and Willow Furniture, including Settees, Arm Chairs, Fancy Chairs, Invalid's Chairs, Tables, Picnic Baskets, Automobilist's Bakets, and numerous other articles. Special baskets of any style made to order. No extra packing charges for shipping to outside points. **Send for catalog.**

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Our Ideal Hunter's Axe

(1½ LBS.)

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This is not a Toy but a real Axe. Also

Hudson Bay Pattern

Same Weight and price.

Can supply above patterns in 1¾, 2, 2¼, 2½ and 2¾ weights.

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THAT DAINTY MINT COVERED CANDY COATED CHEWING GUM

AN OUNCE FOR A NICKEL AND IN 5¢ AND 10¢ PACKETS

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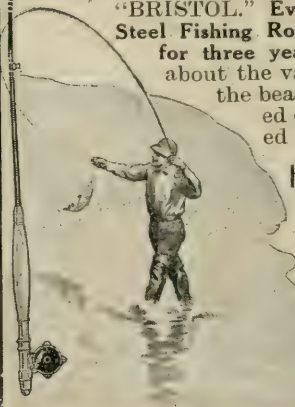

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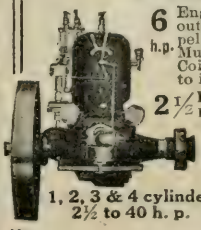
GRAY MOTOR BOATS

High Speed 18 ft. Runabout

Beam: 4 ft. 8 in. Speed: 12 miles per hour.

This boat will beat any boat of its length, beam and power in your harbor. 6 H. P. Gray Motor, Reversible Clutch, Mechanical Force Feed Oiler, Mahogany Finish. Starting ratchet and control in *rear* of *motor*. Everything handy for operator so he does not have to leave his seat to do anything on the motor. Auto steering wheel or brass double handle, as preferred. Linoleum on floor. Price with Brass Checks, Cleats, $265. NOTE—If you want to build a boat off these lines we will furnish them free to your boat builder if he buys and installs a Gray Motor.

Gray Motors



6 h.p. Engine with complete boat outfit *not bare*, Shaft, Propeller Wheel, Stuffing Box, Muffler, Batteries, Spark Coil, Switch, etc., all ready to install in your boat. **$97.50**

2½ h.p. with complete boat outfit, *(not bare)* **$67.50**

Gray Motors are made in the largest and most uptodate plant in the world devoted exclusively to making 2-cycle marine engines.

1, 2, 3 & 4 cylinders 2½ to 40 h. p.

GUARANTEED by a responsible concern—ask Dun or Bradstreet or any bank in Detroit.

Immediate Delivery

Our enormous output enables us to keep stock on hand and ship at once.

GRAY PUMPING OUTFITS for irrigation and other purposes requiring large volume of water. Write for details and prices.

Write today for 1908 catalog, showing how we build motors.

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ESTABLISHED 1865

E. T. Carter & Co.

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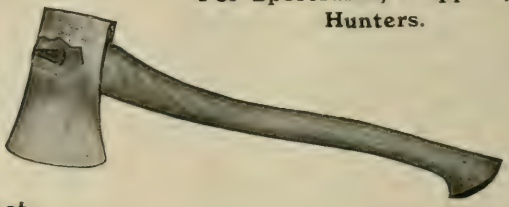
TORONTO - CANADA

We earnestly solicit your business this season. Send us your name and address that we may regularly mail our Price Lists to you

A Good Hatchet is a Camp Necessity

For Sportsmen, Trappers, Hunters.

TRADE MARK CAC



The Damascus Hunting Hatchet

IS HAND FORGED.

This means it's made right, — right material, right shape, right temper.

IS THIN AND TOUGH.

Cuts clean and deep with every stroke, it's a "chopper," not a "hacker."

HOLDS ITS EDGE.

Will cut soft wood, hard wood, big game, without spoiling its keen, sharp edge.

HAS A HANDLE THAT WON'T SLIP OR TURN.

Cold weather means MITTENS, and mittens and a round, straight handle don't go well together.

HAS THE JONES ADJUSTABLE HANDLE FASTENER.

You can tighten the handle without filling the end full of nails and wedges, and replace a broken handle without burning it out.

"JUST TURN THE SCREW."

Price $2.50 with Leather Sheath.

Weighs (with sheath and **16 inch** handle) 1½ to 2 lbs. Your choice of 16, 18, 20, 22 or 24 inch handle, straight or curved. BUY ONE TODAY OF YOUR DEALER. If he will not supply you, **send us his name** and $2.50 and we will forward hatchet, express prepaid. Money back if not satisfied.

THE DAMASCUS CAMP AXE IS JUST AS GOOD—ONLY BIGGER.

THE C. A. C. AXE COMPANY

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Marble's Jointed Rifle Rod

This Rod will not wobble, bend or break at the joints. Any cleaner will fit it.

As will be seen by the accompanying sectional cuts when its three sections are screwed home, it is to all intents as solid as a one-piece rod. A long, neatly fitting steel dowel enters the recess prepard for it in its solid brass section and imparts to the rod a special rigidity which the screw thus relieved of all side strain upon it, backs up. It has two steel joints, steel swivel at its end and two detachable tips. Price prepaid $1.00.

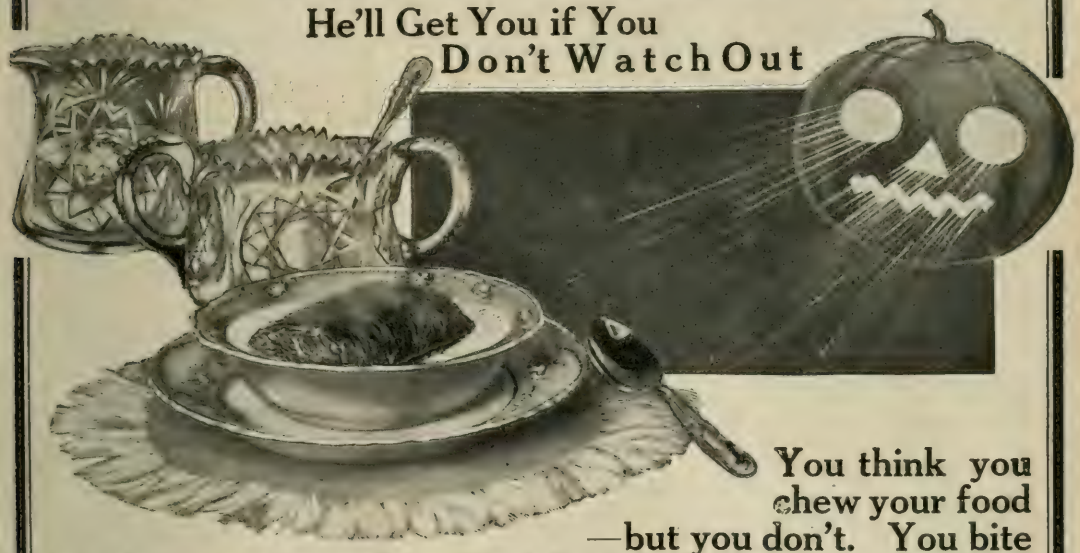
Marble's Rifle Cleaner is made of brass gauze washers on a spring tempered torsional wire, "it follows the twist" cleans quickly and thoroughly and lasts a lifetime. Fits any rod. Price, prepaid, 50 cts. State caliber.

Send for 40-page catalog of specialties for Sportsmen.

All Dealers or Marble Safety Axe Co., 101-129 Delta Ave., Gladstone, Mich.

The Chew-Chew Man

He'll Get You if You Don't Watch Out



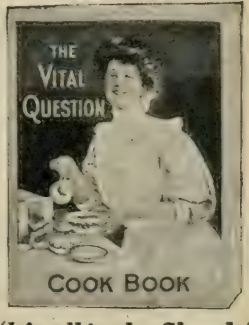
You think you chew your food—but you don't. You bite it a few times and then "bolt" it down. The result—imperfect insalivation, hence imperfect digestion.

It is what you *digest*—not what you eat—that makes bone, brain and tissue. Thorough chewing and mixing with saliva is the first process in digestion. You simply *have* to chew

Shredded Wheat Biscuit

You can't bolt it down as you would a mushy porridge—hence it is all digested and every particle of nutriment in the cooked whole wheat is taken up and converted into brain, bone and muscle.

Horace Fletcher, the original "Chew-Chew Man," recently visited "the home of Shredded Wheat," and this is what he wrote in the guest book: "Charmed beyond description and gratified beyond expression with all the details of organization. The atmosphere is redolent of mutual welfare in the true sense."



Shredded Wheat induces "Fletcherism" and, hence, promotes digestion and good health. Children fed on it have sound teeth and good bones Try the BISCUIT (heated in oven) for breakfast with milk or cream TRISCUIT is the Shredded Wheat Toast. It is delicious with butter, cheese or marmalades.

THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT CO. LTD., Niagara Falls, Ont
Toronto Office : 32 Church St.

1127 "It's all in the Shreds"

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Mounted by our student Charles Donart, Klamath Falls, Ore.

LEARN TO MOUNT BIRDS, ANIMALS, GAME HEADS, FISHES, AND TO TAN SKINS, MAKE RUGS, ROBES, ETC.

Preserve Your Splendid Game Trophies

YOU can **now** learn the wonderful art of *Taxidermy* in your own home during spare time. We can teach you with complete success *by mail* to mount all kinds of beautiful specimens so they will appear just like life, and the work will be *permanent* and will retain its beauty for centuries.

OUR course of lessons will make you, not an amateur, but a **real taxidermist,** capable of doing high grade mounting. Our *students succeed.* We teach nothing but Taxidermy, and seven years of success have enabled us to *teach the art quickly and by the very latest and easiest methods.* Save your trophies of gun and rod. They are *valuable.* Decorate your home, den, or office with these fine pieces of art, and enjoy to the limit the results of your hunting and fishing trips.

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PROFESSIONALS earn from $2,000 to $3,000 per year in the business. Here is a great uncrowded field for the young man. From $15 to $30 per week may be easily earned in game seasons by giving it your *spare time only.* There is an eager market for every well mounted specimen, and not half enough Taxidermists to supply the demand.

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WRITE TODAY **for our catalog, and we will send you free a copy of the Taxidermy Magazine, a sample of our beautiful diploma, and hundreds of letters from our pleased students.**

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A GOERZ "CERTAR" RIFLE TELESCOPE

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The possession of such an outfit would increase the possibilities of the success of the hunt, assure you of the most thorough enjoyment of the trip, and enable you to preserve (in pictures) the pleasant memories connected therewith.

Write us at once for full information and the name of the nearest dealer who will supply you with our goods.

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A reliable revolver is a guard against surprise.
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Through the Savage Featherweight.
Model 99 Hammerless.

Six pounds of Savage efficiency—the lightest big game repeating rifle in existence.

In these six pounds is concentrated every quality a sportsman wants—the famous Savage distinctive merits :

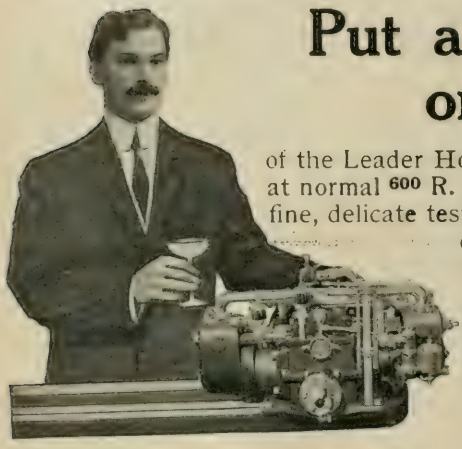
Death-dealing accuracy to 500 yards.
Projecting indicators. Free lever action.
True rifling; uniform flat trajectory.
Perfect balance—every shot.
Direct Feed. Revolving magazine.
Slight Recoil.
"Safety" that locks both lever and mechanism.

Send postal for catalogue —you'll be glad you did.

20-inch round barrel. Six shots. Caliber: 25-35, 30-30, and 303.

Model 99
Featherweight

SAVAGE ARMS CO.
5410 Savage Avenue, Utica, N. Y.



Put a Glass of Water on the Cylinder

of the Leader Horizontal Opposed Marine Engine, while running at normal 600 R. P. M. and not a drop will be spilled. This is a fine, delicate test and not another marine motor on the market could duplicate it. It simply shows that the Leader is the only *non-vibrating* marine engine.

There is a reason for it. The impulse vibration of one cylinder neutralizes that on the other, and practically eliminates vibration of the whole. The cylinders being opposed, take up all vibration between them, and the result is a silent, smooth running engine that can only be duplicated by an electric motor. Automobile manufacturers recognize this principle and use the horizontal opposed type of motor

Do manufacturers of upright engines tell you because their crank shafts are fitted with counterbalance bobs they eliminate vibration? Well, don't you believe it. Ride in a boat with a vertical engine and then in one fitted with the Leader Horizontal Opposed Engine, and note the difference. Let their makers say what they will, it is absolutely impossible to prevent considerable vibration in upright engines; vibration means discomfort and boat injury.

Owing to its compactness, the Leader Horizontal Opposed Engine can be installed beneath an athwartship locker in a launch, under the cockpit floor of a cabin cruiser, and under the deck of an auxiliary yacht, thereby not consuming one inch of available passenger room. This increases the passenger-carrying capacity of your boat 25 per cent. or more.

The Leader is by far the cleanest engine on the market, and very convenient because every part is readily accessible. It starts from the switch; after that, all you have to watch is the course ahead.

The Leader was the first successful horizontal opposed 4-cycle engine placed on the market and to-day it is easily three years ahead of it nearest competitor. I personally guarantee every engine that goes out of this shop, because I know that it is perfect in every feature. Running, as we are, more than full capacity, it would perhaps be a little cheaper not to give each one such painstaking care, but I will not permit an engine to leave the testing block until it has proven perfect in every part. Therefore, a guarantee from me with my long experience (22 years), and my personal standing in this field of work, means that you take no risk.

Write to-day for our Catalog No. 15-B, Free for the asking.

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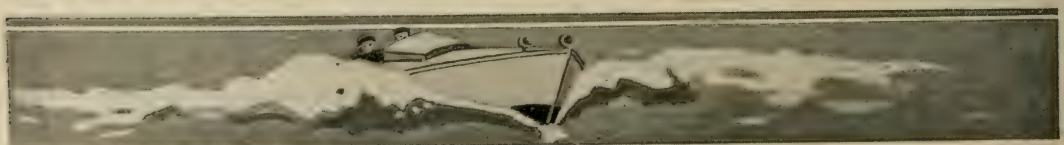
Leader Non-Vibrating Motor.



Little Giant

GASOLINE MOTORS

RELIABLE – REVERSIBLE – TWO CYCLE

LIGHT, SIMPLE AND EASY TO OPERATE. ONLY THREE MOVING PARTS. MAIN BEARINGS BABBITTED. MATERIAL AND WORKMANSHIP OF THE HIGHEST GRADE AND GUARANTEED. JUMP SPARK IGNITION.

BUILT IN MULTI-CYLINDER TYPES

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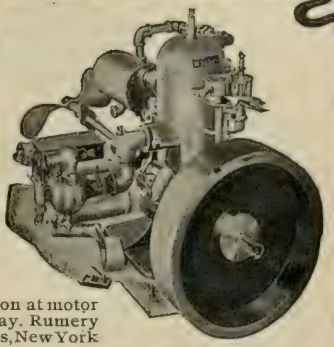

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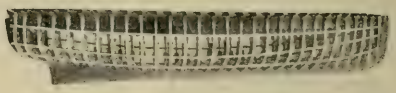

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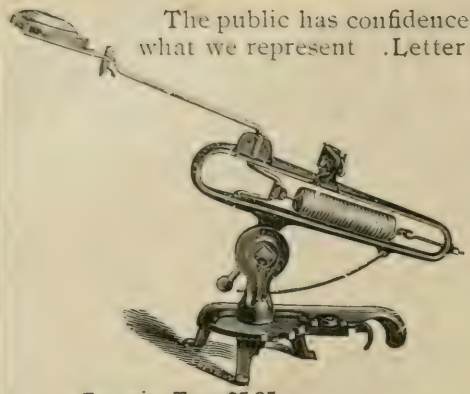

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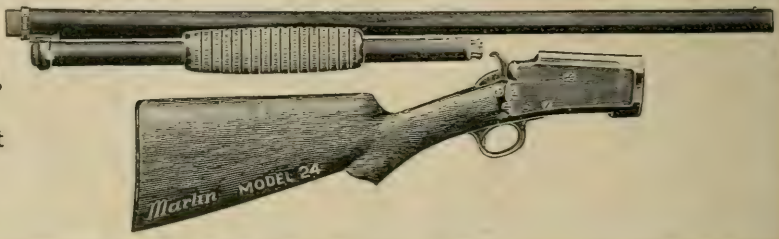

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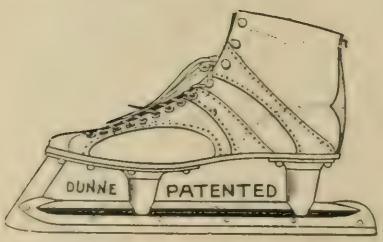

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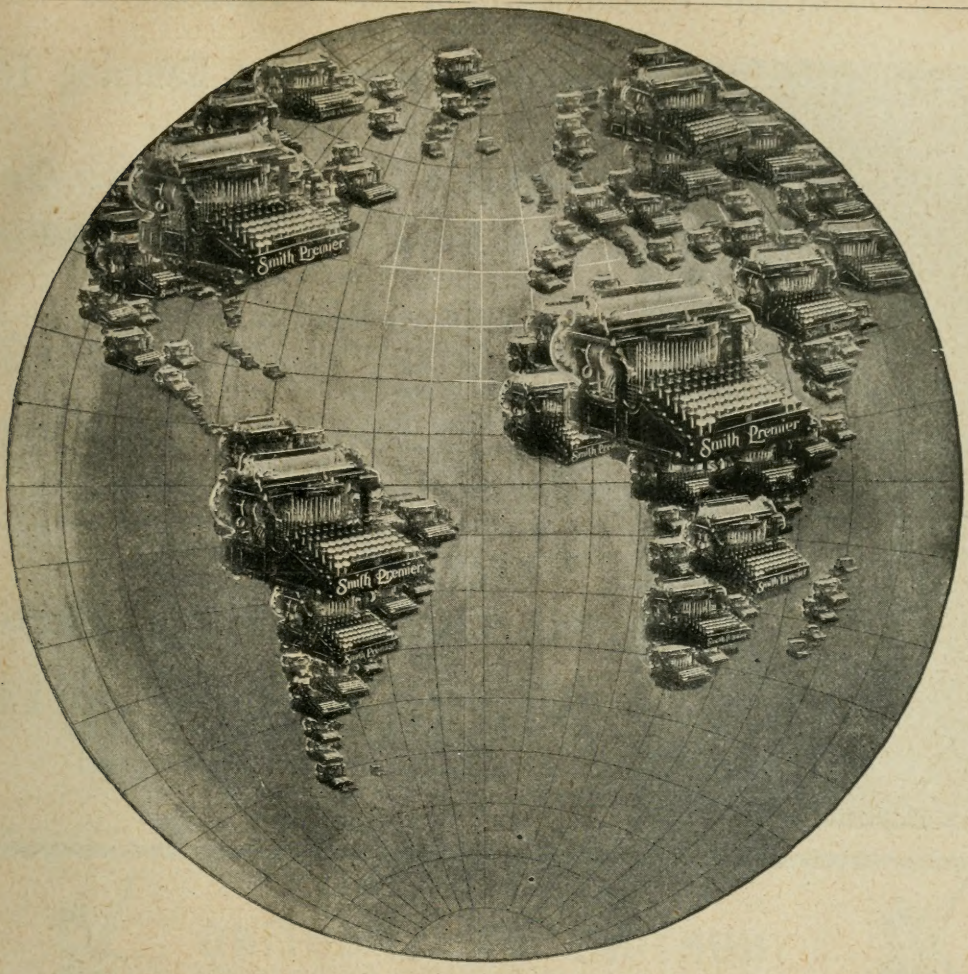

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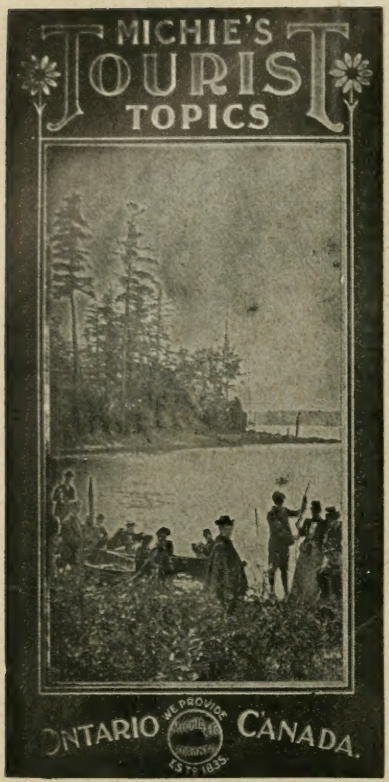

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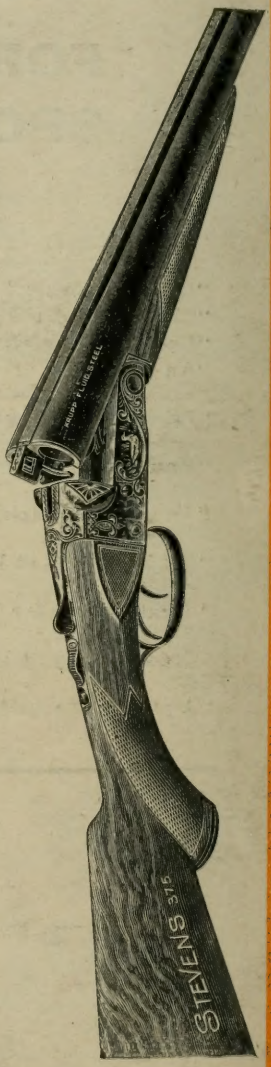

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